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A New England sampler

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By *Eleanor Early* MO

AND THIS IS BOSTON!

AND THIS IS WASHINGTON!

AND THIS IS CAPE COD!

BEHOLD THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

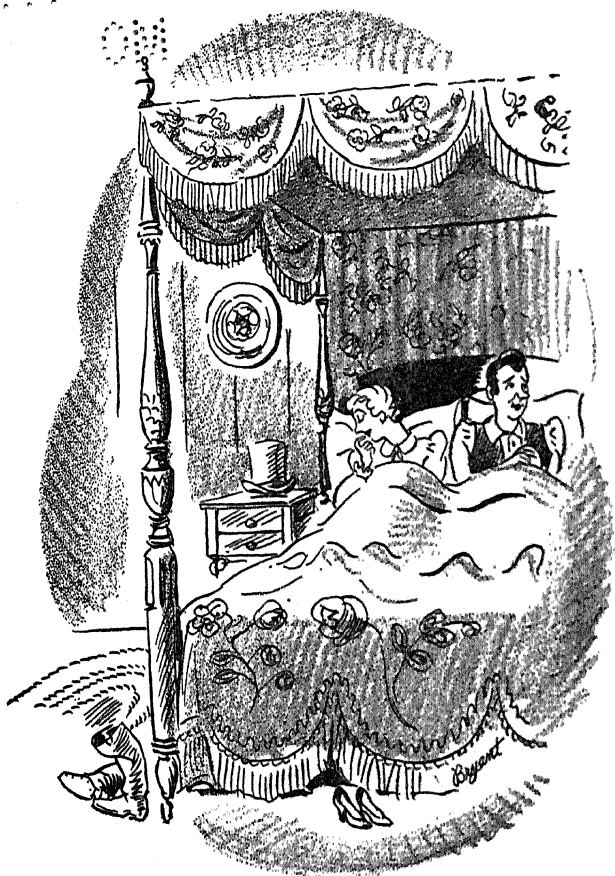
PORTS OF THE SUN

ADIRONDACK TALES

LANDS OF DELIGHT



WEDNESDAY
MAY 1900



Bundling was a cozy custom. . .

NEW ENGLAND



New England

SAMPLER

BY

ELEANOR EARLY



Illustrations by Samuel Bryant

WAVERLY HOUSE · BOSTON, MASS.

1940

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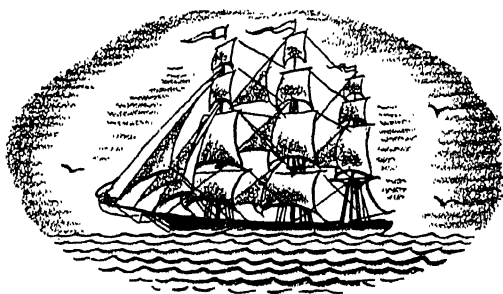
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When I am dead and laid in grave
And all my bones are rotten,
By this I may remembered be, when
I should be forgotten.

THOSE are the woeful lines an anonymous New England child embroidered on a sampler a long time ago—and I'd like them for my epitaph.

Samplers were my grandmother's youthful passion. And Mother did a pious little number that hung in the parlor. And now I am going to do one too. Only I can't sew—so I'll type it. O tempora—O mores!

My Sampler is also going to be a Patchwork—a *sample* of this, and a *patch* of that. In New England, our grandmothers made patchworks, and called them *comforters*—sometimes they called them *blessings*. And they were pretty cozy for New England.

In the West Indies, there are things called Dutch Wives (like bolsters) that they put in the middle of a double bed, to keep people apart. A blessing works the other way. When young people used to bundle, they did it under a blessing, and sometimes they had a blessed event. Bundling was a Puritan pastime, and

an economic measure. It saved light and fuel.

This book is a collection of odds and ends, including Puritans, grandmama, and bundling. It begins with Anne Hutchinson—whose statue is in front of the State House in Boston—and ends with Calvin Coolidge. Puritans called Anne *Jezebel*, but Coolidge said she only talked too much.

Besides people in my Sampler, there will be old towns and houses, clipper ships and captains, mountains and the sea, widows' walks and ancient doorways, and the wild roses that bloom by the shore.

There will be eating and drinking, and how to make a proper chowder, and mix an old Ward Eight. There will be Puritans; and witches and their demon lovers; ghosts and madmen; and ladies plain and fancy; John L. Sullivan, the Boston Strong Boy; Lydia E. Pinkham, the Patent Medicine Queen; and Lizzie Borden, the Hatchet Girl:

Lizzie Borden took an axe,
And gave her mother forty whacks.
When she saw what she had done,
She gave her father forty-one.

Miss Borden lived in Fall River, and I used to try to interview her. Being a reporter in New England helped to make this Sampler.

And being a New Englander also helped, because the characters in the book are mostly Puritans, and Puritans are rather better dissected by someone who knows a little about them.

Calvin Coolidge was a latter-day Puritan. And when he became President and went to Washington, I went too, because my editor had a mistaken idea that I knew Mrs. Coolidge, and I did not think it necessary to set him right and lose a nice assignment.

Before Coolidge became president—when he was Governor of Massachusetts, and I was a cub—I had an assignment that took me to the State House. There was talk in the Governor's office of old ways in New England, and Coolidge said, "It would be wholesome to think more of these things. It would reduce complaint, and increase contentment." I copied this in my little notebook (being a cub I carried a notebook)—and after a long while, I found it again.

There is an old Yankee motto that Coolidge used to quote—"Clean your plate—Wear it out—Make it do—Go without." Which reminds me of many of our best known New Englanders, and a number of my readers.

Every little while I get a letter from some New England lady who wants me to speak to her Friendly Aid, or the Tuesday Club.

She thinks, "I'll just write and tell her how low the treasury is, and I don't think she ought to charge anything, the charity we do."

In this way I have met a number of my readers, many of whom are Very Nice Persons, and seem to be descended, mostly, from the *Mayflower*. I would not hurt a Colonial Dame for apples, nor even a D.A.R. But I am rather tired of being polite, and now I am going to tell some of the things I know about some of the ancestors of our Best People.

I am going to make a patchwork of purple scandals, and gray sea-towns, with a ghost all white in the light of the moon, of blue bloods, and scarlet sisters, and lilacs that once in the door-yards bloomed. And when I am gone, by these I may remembered be—when all my bones are rotten (ugh!) and I should be forgotten (oh!).

A
NEW ENGLAND SAMPLER



*"I think her to be a dear saint and a servant
of God. . ."*

I

LIFE AND LOVE AMONG THE PURITANS

LIFE in New England was tough on the ladies. And love among the Puritans was a bed of nettles.

Boston magistrates fined "bould Virgins," hanged a threesome, and sent Anne Hutchinson to hell.

They said old lady Hawkins had the Devil for a lover, and swung Mistress Hibbens because she was a scold. They stript Margaret Brewster "to the middle," and paraded her through the town like a strip tease girl. And they lashed fancy ladies on their beautiful backs, and Quakers on general principles.

What the Puritans gave the world was not thought, but action. They whipped Provident Southwick for *Presumptuous Sabbath Breaking*, fined her ten pounds,—and to collect the fine (for Provident was poor as a church mouse)—ordered her sold for a slave.

Sunday Blue Laws were hardest on lovers. John Lewis and Sarah Chapman were arrested for sitting together on the Lord's Day, under an apple tree. Men who "saluted" their wives on Sunday were pilloried. And Captain Kemble, who "publicquely, lewdly—Lord's Day noon"—kissed his wife at his own front door, spent the rest of the day in the stocks.

Children born on the Sabbath were thought to have been conceived on the same day, and pious parents were accused by the ministers of making sinful, Lord's Day love. The wife of a Connecticut Magistrate had twins on a Sunday, and she and her husband were as surprised as anyone. After this there was less talk, for the Magistrate made the ministers back down—and only God kept tabs.

Love and toil were stolen sweets on Sunday, and Elizabeth Eddy was fined ten shillings for hanging out clothes, and her mother ten more for catching eels.

Less fortunate ladies were made to sit on the Meeting-house "stool of repentance," with their sin written in *Capitall Letters* on a paper above their foreheads. Scarlet Letter girls wore their shame on their breasts, and stood on a sheet beside the pulpit.

Bachelors in New England were not permitted a house of their own, but were assigned to some family by the magistrates.

Neither could a spinster live alone and like it. Spinsters were called *thornbacks*. And girls of twenty-five were *antcient maides*. Any woman without a hump could marry whom she chose in Colonial New England. But pious Puritans were dull husbands, the ranks of respectable women contained few who were not tired of their profession, and the *thornbacks* were the lucky ones.

Ambition in a woman was a sin in early New England. And when a Fairfield female lost her mind, the ministers said it was Reading and Writing that caused it. They tried to silence Anne Hutchinson whose intellect disturbed their peace. And when they couldn't, the Governor and the clergy put her on the spot. (I'll tell you about that in a minute.)

Aristocracy is always cruel, and Governor Winthrop, who was entitled to armorial bearings, was a staunch, fine snob. He reproached women of "meane condition and calling" for taking upon themselves the "garbe of ladyes," and forbade the wearing of silk hoods and lace. "Common men" were forbidden to wear "immoderate britches" and long hair.

Fifteen crimes were punishable by death in Boston. And almost everything that was fun was wrong—especially for the lower classes. The aristocrats were hard on themselves, but quite a little harder on their servants. And they all had slaves, and beat the hell out of them.

Thirty indentured white servants reached the Bay Colony as early as 1625, and there were more on nearly every ship. Among them were voluntary emigrants, convicts, and *kids*. "Wild Irish girls" were indentured to Puritan families for four years and given the equivalent of twelve dollars, when their time was up. Convicts and *kids* were sold into virtual slavery. The *kids* had been kidnapped from Scotland, Ireland or England, and were considered fortunate (by the Puritans) to have reached so regenerate a land. . . Kidnapping was in fair repute in the good old days.

Negro children were sold by weight in New England—sixpence a pound. Black adults were cheaper.

For "rebellus cariedge" toward Puritan "mastris" or master, white servants were sent to hard labor. And "pernicious jades" were lashed at the whipping post. When they could, they ran away—and Boston's first newspapers carried offers of rewards for the return of the runaways—red, black and white.

New Englanders were hard workers, and wore the foreigners down I guess, because members of the families of the rich Judge Sewall lived out as *help*. Native-born children were bound out at eight. And old gentlewomen worked for their keep. Love of labor was in the blood stream of the founders, and bred in their children. And descendants of early New Englanders get sick to their stomachs to see the WPA leaning on their shovels.

Little girls of four knit stockings. Small boys knit their own suspenders. And eight-year-olds stitched boastful samplers.

When I was young and in my Prime,
You see how well I spent my Time,
And by my Sampler you may see
What care my Mother took of me.

“Unsivill” (problem) children were taken in hand by the tithingman. Boys who “larfed” in Meeting were whipped, and sometimes fined. And Susan Smith, who “did smile,” *be-wayled* her little sin before the pulpit.

The three Puritan virtues were Sabbath-keeping, Chastity and Thrift, and we’re still pretty thrifty.

Chastity was a matter for official investigation, and public confessions were indoor sport. It was ~~exc~~iting to conjecture what might hap-

pen of a Sabbath when Meeting-house was Amateur Night, and the pastor kept the score.

A group of mechanics who formed the North Church in Boston agreed that any member who fell from grace was to stand before the congregation in a white robe and confess. But it was the girls who told oftenest, for then—as now—few women could hold their tongues. Mary Magdalene could repent and become a saint in heaven, and sit at her Maker's feet. But she couldn't have sat at a Puritan pastor's—and the girls should have known better.

Elizabeth Morse confessed to sin with her husband before marriage, and a committee was appointed to examine further into her life—a committee headed by Benjamin Webb, who testified that he knew Elizabeth before her husband did. When the committee reported, Elizabeth was excommunicated.

Excommunication meant ostracism during life and hell after it, and was the worst thing that could befall a girl. Temperance S. made similar confession, "spreading forth in Divers Particulars her Sin and Wickedness." But Temperance, weeping bitterly, *bewayled* her love—and was forgiven.

If there was one sin the Puritans hated more than another, it was breaking the Seventh Commandment, which they called "living after the Italian method."

Governor Winthrop's Diary tells of Sir Christopher Gardiner, who arrived in Boston with a girl he called his cousin. The Governor got a Puritan hunch, and felt that Sir Christopher and his "Cousin" were living *after the Italian method*. Confirming his suspicions with a little official snooping, he charged the pair with their sin—and forthwith deported the jade.

* * * * *

In the early days of the Colony the all-powerful minister could not perform the marriage ceremony. A magistrate, a captain—almost any man of dignity in the community—*except the parson* could be authorized to marry Puritan lovers.

A trying unregenerate in New London consummated a seventeenth century companionate marriage without benefit of clergy, and this, of course, was a great scandal to the town. A magistrate, meeting the ungodly couple on the street, reproved them thus:

"John Rogers, do you persist in calling this woman your wife?"

"Yes I do," violently answered John.

"And do you, Mary, wish this man to live with?"

"Indeed I do," said Mary.

"Then," said the Magistrate coldly, "by the

laws of God and this Commonwealth, I pronounce you man and wife."

* * * * *

No detail of domestic life was too insignificant for the attention of Puritan authorities. Winthrop heard that Captain John Underhill was calling on the young wife of an *antciant* cooper, and went one afternoon to investigate. And the Governor found the house locked—and the Captain within!

The lady was in great trouble of mind, explained Captain Underhill. And he had comforted her, he added, as best he could. . . . But she seemed very happy, the Governor said, and pulled his gray beard angrily. Extraordinarily happy, in fact.

Adultery in the Bay Colony was punishable with death. And it may have been significant that the Captain went rushing off to New Hampshire, where the Green Mountain boys and girls received him with open arms . . . adultery in New Hampshire was the mainstay of civilization.

The Bay Colony sent letter after letter exhorting the authorities to proper action. But the people retorted by electing the Captain for their Governor—and *that* for Boston Puritans!

* * * * *

In Governor Winthrop's Diary, side by side with affairs of state, are details of the sinful amours of Puritan girls and the obstetrical adventures of stainless matrons. Twice widowed and the father of seven children, the Governor was interested in sex and obstetrics.

To relieve the labor pains of the third Mistress Winthrop, he contrived a prescription "good for agues of all sorts"—and bequeathed it to prosperity.

Let the patient's nails be pared and gather ye parings (he instructs), and tie around the neck of an eel in a tub of water. Boil well.

The eel, we take it, died. And the patient, we trust, recovered.

* * * * *

It was rumored that Goody Hawkins, the illiterate midwife of the Colony, although she was very old, had the Devil for a lover. She was a widow who evinced no desire to re-marry, and for this reason, among others, she was suspect. It was believed that a woman who had known an infernal lover would never again content herself with a Puritan—Puritans being, after the love of hell, but pale and meagre men who could never please an amorous Witch.

In Jane's house were found clay and rushes for the making of *poppets* (dolls), and pins and needles to stick in the poppets, to cause pain to those whom Witches pleased to harry. Because of her past piety, Jane was not prosecuted, but only admonished.

And when Mary Dyer was brought to bed of a child there was Goody Hawkins—boiling Slippery Elm and Papoose Root, to help Mistress Anne Hutchinson whose knowledge of midwifery was greater than her own.

Mary Dyer was a bride—a woman of “good estate and learning,” delivered now, by great misfortune, of a Mongolian idiot—a creature with a queer, flat head that died as soon as it breathed.

Mistress Hutchinson consulted with the Reverend Mr. Cotton, who agreed to register the birth as still-born, and to keep Mistress Dyer's calamity a secret. But a few months later Mr. Cotton, on the outs with the ladies, decided to make a scape-goat of Mary, and—killing two birds with one stone—call attention to the miscarriage situation in the sinful town of Boston.

Assisted by his tireless Colleague Wilson, Mr. Cotton disinterred the corpse of the poor little monster, and “shewed it to above 100 people.”

After which, he publicly admonished *Mister* Dyer for his part in the matter!

* * * * *

Later the Dyers became Quakers, which was an even worse sin than having a Mongolian idiot, and a great mistake for poor Mary who was charged with blaspheming the ministers, and hanged on Boston Common. Mary was the stuff martyrs are made of but she was mad, as many zealots are. And taunting the magistrates, she carried her shroud on her arm to show them that she was not afraid to die.

The Reverend Mr. Wilson went with Mistress Dyer to the scaffold—not to offer consolation but to try to break her down, and when he couldn't, his fury was fearful to behold.

"I will carry fire in one hand!" he cried, "And faggots in the other, to burn all the Quakers in the world."

As a hater Mr. Wilson was practically tops, and I wouldn't be surprised if he was a misogynist for he had always trouble with the ladies. Before coming to New England he was chaplain to Lady Scuadamore, until the Sunday he rebuked her ladyship's guests for talking nothing but hawks and hounds and was felt to be undesirable company. Dismissed from the

castle, the censorious clergyman sought a more pious fold afar.

When John Cotton, persecuted in England for his Puritan proclivities, fled to America, Mr. Wilson followed on the first ship. On the same boat were Anne and William Hutchinson, with two hundred Puritans, and a hundred cows bound for New World pastures. . . Mr. Wilson was later to remark that the only things cheap in America were milk and ministers (milk was a penny a quart). But at the moment he was giving his hostile attention to Mrs. Hutchinson who, during the long voyage, debated the Bible and interpreted the Word in ways that displeased the Cloth.

When the ship reached Boston Mr. Wilson kept his eye on the lady, and in a preliminary skirmish tried to keep her from winning Church membership.

Now the Puritan Church in Boston was the Outpost of Life Hereafter. Once the Church was gained, Paradise was as good as won, for Puritans were God's elect and destined to sit in Heaven's front pews. . . And they were the Bay's elect too. Four-fifths of the Colony was outside the Church, but only Church members could vote. And without the vote there was no social prestige.

When a new-comer desired to become a

citizen of the Bay, and of Heaven too, he made application to be examined by the Elders. And it took only one vote to blacklist him to the Devil. Mr. Wilson gave testimony that Mrs. Hutchinson had boasted on shipboard concerning events in her life of which she had knowledge beforehand. This Mrs. Hutchinson affirmed to be true, and the ministers went into a huddle.

Intellectually she was too much for them. She was an agitator, and she made them nervous. She declared that a mere profession of faith did not prove salvation, since a hypocrite might lead the seemingly holy life of a saint—and only God could know what he was getting away with. This was in direct opposition to the Puritan covenant of works. But when the Elders asked her questions, she wearied them with quibble and repartee until the old men were tired. They admitted her against their better judgment.

Filled then with triumph, and brimming with zeal, Mrs. Hutchinson got the church women together, to improve themselves and the rest of the world—forming in this way the first Women's Club in America (if I'm up on women's clubs). On Mondays the ladies met to talk over Sunday's sermon—and that made it the *Monday Club*. Mistress Hutchinson re-

peated the sermon—developing, explaining, and usually criticising. When the criticisms held over, the ladies met again on Tuesday—and then it was the *Tuesday Club*.

Such goings-on, reported by the Reverend (Snooper) Wilson, incurred the withering wrath of the clergy, and the ministers rose as one. Wilson persuaded John Cotton, for whose sake Mrs. Hutchinson had come to America, to turn against her. Then, preferring charges, Wilson rallied the Cloth for the prosecution.

* * * * * * *

It was November 1637 in the town of Boston, and the stage was set for New England's first famous trial. Mistress Hutchinson, heavy with child, stood before the General Court of Massachusetts, charged with reviling the ministers. Conviction of the crime carried the terrible sentence of expulsion from the Colony and excommunication from the Church. Exile from life—and Hell after it.

On the bench was Governor Winthrop, who was both Judge and Prosecutor. Forty members of the Court surrounded the Governor, and before him were all the ministers of the Bay, with Mr. Wilson in the front row.

The people of the Bay Colony had deserted their appointed pastors to listen to the talks of

one who was unordained—and a *woman*! Mistress Hutchinson had talked to them of love and joy—and in Puritan Boston there was no room for love and joy. The meetings she held were not “tolerable or comely,” the ministers said. Nor were they “fitting for the brains of her sex.”

She said she had received a direct manifestation of the Holy Spirit, that she had a mission to deliver to the churches of New England. And considering her brains and personality, the ministers were afraid she was going to get away with it.

Mrs. Hutchinson had money, social position, and a tongue like an adder. She was forty-six years old, and carrying her sixteenth child. But she had strength to nurse and time to comfort. And she was beloved by many, including her husband.

Mr. Wilson had tried to persuade William Hutchinson to abandon Anne, and William had said, “I am more tied to my wife than to my Church, and I think her to be a dear saint and servant of God”—which lovely remark was William’s only public statement.

* * * * *

Boston Puritans did not want anyone to be happy. And although many of them seem to have acted pretty naturally they did not enjoy

it, because that fierce thing called Conscience kept them awake nights. They hoped to merit Heaven by making Boston Hell. And many of them brought up their children on verse that would make a psychologist jump in the river.

In hell at last thy soul must burn,
When thou thy sinful race has run,
Consider this—think on thy end—
Lest God do thee to pieces rend!

Mistress Hutchinson had taken occasion to protest child education (only you couldn't call it education), and this had further incensed the ministers, who called her Jezebel because she so harassed them.

* * * * * * *

There is a statue of Mrs. Hutchinson in front of the State House on Beacon Hill in Boston, showing her as she is thought to have looked at the trial. A majestic figure, in a long full gown of grace and dignity. Her head is flung back, as when she faced her Judges. And in her hand she holds an open Bible.

By her side is a little girl, her daughter Susannah. Susannah was captured by the Indians—rescued *much* against her will! And married at last to a white man. To her dying day Susan-

nah preferred Indians to Puritans—and no wonder, the way the Puritans treated her mother.

* * * * *

There were chairs and tables for the magistrates, chairs for the ministers and benches for the audience. . . Mistress Hutchinson standing before them drew her cloak about her, and smiled at William sitting among their enemies. Life with its curious loneliness had its warm moments, and William, through un-Puritan tears, smiled back.

It was a bitter winter, with sleet and snow and a wind from the roaring sea. The cattle froze. The dead could not be buried. And the magistrates brought their foot-warmers into the Meeting-house where court was held, and huddled in their great chairs.

The trial lasted three days, and when they found her guilty, Wilson, the man of God, arose. His voice was like a prophet's word and in its hollow tones he cried,

We do cast you out, and deliver you up to Satan . . . and account you from this time forth to be a Heathen and a Publican . . . and command you, in the name of Jesus Christ, as a Leper to withdraw yourself out of this Congregation.

* * * * *

William Hutchinson went to Rhode Island to make arrangements for a home for his family. And the magistrates sent Anne, while he was gone, to a house in Roxbury, where she was separated from her children, and badgered by nearly every minister in the Bay. For four months her Inquisition went on. And this was the time between her excommunication and exile.

In March William returned, and the family set out for Newport, via the Providence Plantations where Roger Williams had gone before them. It was a six-day journey, and Mistress Hutchinson with a young child in her arms, slept at night on the ground.

Roger Williams gave the Indians wampum, ten hoes and twenty-three English coats for the island of Aquidneck (which is now Newport), and nineteen Englishmen became Proprietors of the land. People came, for Anne's sake, from Boston to settle there. And Goody Hawkins came, to deliver Anne of the child she carried.

But when her time came a terrible thing happened, and there was no living child, but something dead and fearful that Goody buried in the night. The story was whispered about as such stories are. And it reached Boston where the Governor heard it, and the ministers.

Winthrop said it was no human child that

Mistress Hutchinson bore, but *twenty-seven monsters!* He wrote it in his famous *History*. And the ministers proclaimed it from the pulpit.

The twenty-seven monsters, they said, were God's punishment for a woman who had reviled His ministers.

Three years later William Hutchinson died—and that was more of God's punishment. His widow moved then to the Dutch territory of New Netherlands, and settled near what is now New Rochelle. And there the Indians came down like the wolf on the fold, when sunrise was gleaming in purple and gold—and killed Mistress Hutchinson and all her family but Susannah, as well as a number of persons who had never reviled the ministers at all. Even Mr. Wilson could scarce make sense of the bloody business.

II

THE DEVIL WAS A TALL MAN FROM BOSTON

AN old black woman in Antigua (in the British West Indies) dropped a frog at midnight before the door of a white man who lived, last winter, on the road that leads to the Fort.

The frog was decorated with long strips of knotted red flannel, and in the knots were roots and sewing needles. Frogs in the West Indies are about the size of hens.

The white man's servants, returning from a dance in the village, saw the strange frog, and ran away, knowing it to be bewitched. It was extraordinarily large, they said. And one, who claimed to have seen it plainest, said it was not a frog at all—but the Witch Woman herself, quite naked, and hopping about on all fours.

There was a good deal of talk. And, of course, the white man heard the story. Unfortunately, perhaps, he refused to take it seriously.

The Witch Woman was seized by the police, but furnished an acceptable alibi, and returned



*They distrusted her young beauty and the faraway
look in her eyes. . .*

to her home in the village called Little Kiss.

Natives watched the white man apprehensively. There was no apparent effect of the bewitchment. . . But a month later, quite suddenly, he married a colored girl.

He resigned from the Tennis Club, and was dropped by the Government House set. And since he was the only eligible bachelor on the island, the white women were furious. The natives said that the Witch Woman had worked a charm on him, to make him fall in love with the girl. And a number of whites agreed.

To provoke unlawful love is a crime in the West Indies, punishable with one year in prison, as it once was in New England. And maybe it is lucky I left the Indies before I got in a provoking mood, because I have a love charm that I bought from the *obeah* woman of Little Kiss. The police, hearing a rumor of the unholy transaction, came to question me. I was obliged to admit visiting the woman, but denied all knowledge of her brews; and in this way I protected her. It would be interesting to report on the efficacy of the potion, but I am keeping it for an emergency.

* * * * * * *

In March 1929, I covered a Witch Story in York, Pennsylvania. Old Man Rehmeier, who

practiced Black Magic, had cursed Milton Hess and Milton's wife, Alice, who subsequently lost their appetites, and were pining away.

John Blymyer, another Voodoo man, told the Hesses that they must get a lock of Reh-meyer's hair, and bury it eight feet underground. This, he said, was the only way to break the spell, and he himself would negotiate the matter.

Accompanied by the two Hess brothers, Blymyer went to demand of Old Man Reh-meyer a snip of his hair. The Old Man protested.

"The few locks which are left me are gray; now why should I cut them off, pray?"

One query led to another. And the last one led to a fight. Blymyer picked up a piece of wood, and let the Old Man have it — and it was more than the Old Man could take.

Blymyer was charged with murder, and convicted in the second degree. . . Old Man Reh-meyer was buried, with all his hair. . . And Milton and Alice Hess are feeling better.

* * * * *

Witchcraft flourished in Europe for centuries before it came to New England. And the Reverend Montague Summers says it still flourishes in England.

"Up and down England," says Mr. Summers (a celebrated London clergyman), "there is hardly a village without a witch. In our great cities, our larger towns, our seats of learning, Satanists abound, and are organized (as of old) into covens of wickedness. Black Masses are celebrated in Mayfair and Chelsea. . . A band of Satanists have their rendezvous not far from the city of Cambridge. . . I am perfectly certain that there are Witches today—both men and women—who do a great deal of harm by their foul practices. . . I do not consider this is superstition at all, but just common sense."

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When Louis XIV was on the throne of France, and Madame de Montespan was fearful of losing his fickle affections, she went to La Voisin, the most celebrated Witch of all times.

There was no sin that La Voisin did not sell—no magic she could not procure. Among the loathsome creatures who haunted her evil house were the two executioners of Paris—M. Guillaume and M. Larivière—who brought her fine presents of the limbs and fat of murderers who had been be-headed, and political prisoners broken on the wheel. From these, La Voisin made tall black tapers for her hellish

rites. M. le Prieur, who celebrated Black Masses in the chapel of the Chateau de Villebousin at Saint Denis, was her friend.

It was these two who received the King's mistress, and spread the black velvet pall upon the altar, on which Athénias de Montespan, all nude, prostrated herself. Then M. le Prieur said a Black Mass upon her naked body. And when the Host was consecrated, and the Precious Blood, La Voisin crept forward with an infant in her arms. And she held the child over the King's mistress, and slaughtered it there, so that its blood fell into the chalice. And streamed over the white body of the wicked woman who loved the giddy King.

When La Voisin was finally brought to justice, she admitted that 2500 French babies had been murdered for the Black Mass. Her confessions implicated the highest in the land. Several nobles committed suicide. Thirty-six Witches were executed—147 were sentenced to dungeons. Others went to the gallows—and some to perpetual exile.

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When the English monarchs saw what was happening in France, they decided to clean house too. For over a century, English sorcerers had been tortured and burned—but in a com-

paratively small way. Nothing like Geneva, where 500 were executed in a single week. But now James I got tough with the Witches—and, after him, his daughter Mary and her husband. The witches of New England were then tried for conspiring “against the peace of our sovereign Lord and Lady, the King and Queen, their crown and dignity.”

In the fourth year of the reign of William and Mary (1692), Massachusetts declared an open season on witches. And eight of the nastiest brats on record sent twenty persons to the gallows.

The brats made up a “Circle for Entertainment and Practice in the Black Arts.” And they met on Tuesday afternoons at Elizabeth Parris’ house. Elizabeth was the nine-year-old daughter of the Reverend Samuel Parris, and she was President of the Circle, because of the books her father had. (This reminds me of the Sunshine Club, and the way I was President, on account of my father had a store and anything the Sunbeams wanted could be managed. Little girls are so practical!)

The book that Elizabeth’s league liked best was *Discourses on the Damned Art of Witchcraft*, by William Perkins (published in London in 1600). This was the most thrilling of Mr. Parris’ interesting library on Demonology.

Elizabeth was so smart, she could almost read it backward. But most of the girls could not read at all.

There was Abigail Williams, Elizabeth's cousin, who was eleven; and Ann Putnam who was twelve. The other girls were older—Mary Walcott, the Deacon's daughter, Mary Lewis, Elizabeth Hubbard, Sarah Churchill and Mary Warren. Sarah and Mary were servants.

Mary worked for John Proctor, and when she began her goings-on, Mr. Proctor threatened to whip the devil out of her. But before he got around to it, Mary paid him back. She said he was a wizard, and that Mrs. Proctor was a witch. They were arrested and brought to trial, and Mary did most of the testifying. When she had finished, Mr. Proctor was hanged, and his wife convicted. Mrs. Proctor was pregnant at the time, and sentence was deferred until her baby was born. But by that time, Salem had come to its senses and called the whole thing off. And Mrs. Proctor lived to collect twenty pounds from the Government—for her husband's death and anguish!

Mary Warren was principal witness against twelve persons, all of whom were found guilty, and seven killed. What happened afterward to Mary I cannot discover, but I hope it was nothing trifling.

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The Parris family had a black slave named Tituba, who came from the West Indies. The old records call Tituba an Indian, but she seems to have been part Carib and part Negro. She came from the island of Antigua, where the frog in red flannel bewitched the white man.

Tituba knew witchcraft out of Africa, and all the dark superstitions of her people—red and black. She lived with a man called Indian John, who also came from Antigua, out of Africa. Mr. Parris had wed the two with bell and book. And they lived on the square like a true married pair, in an out-house adjoining the parsonage.

When the girls formed their jolly little club, they let Ann Putnam bring her mother along, because Mrs. Putnam was more like a sister than a mother, as the girls in the Bridge Clubs say about themselves. What Mrs. P. really was was a case of retarded development, which is the last thing a woman ever suspects about herself.

She practiced mumbo-jumbo with the girls, and listened when Elizabeth went to work on Author William Perkins, expert on Witches. Then Mrs. Putnam went to work on Tituba. She got Tituba to show them a lot of tricks,

and she told the black woman what Elizabeth read from Mr. Perkins' book. Before long they were all giving points to each other. Then one day Mrs. Putnam did not come to meeting. And that afternoon, when Mrs. Parris finished whatever good works she was doing, she heard a most peculiar sound in the Reverend Samuel's study.

The girls were talking gibberish, crawling under chairs, rolling on the floor, and making monstrous noise. Mr. Parris, happening home, she told him she didn't know what had got into the children, and he should speak to them himself.

Mr. Parris hurried to the study, and was shocked at what he saw. He patted his wife on the shoulder, and told her it probably was nothing serious, but they had better be on the safe side. We'll call Dr. Griggs, he said.

Dr. Griggs was the uncle of 17-year-old Elizabeth Hubbard. And problem children were not in the Puritan vernacular.

"Grr-rr," said Elizabeth, when he felt her forehead. "Grr-rr"—and she bit his ankle.

The others mewed like cats, and then they moo-ed.

"They are most plainly bewitched," said Doctor Griggs, who was considered a very good diagnostician.

Mr. Parris called in the neighbors, for prayers—and appointed a day for public fast.

"Elizabeth," he besought his daughter, "has the Devil bewitched thee?"

"Good," muttered Elizabeth. "Good. . . Osburn. . . Tituba."

And the other brats took up the refrain. "Good. . . Osburn. . . Tituba."

Good and Osburn were two old women of the village. On the last day of February, warrants were issued against them, on complaint of three of the most prominent men in town. Then they were indicted—along with Tituba—and brought forward for examination, charged with "torturing, affecting, consuming, wasting and tormenting" the members of the Circle.

On the first of March, two distinguished magistrates—Jonathan Corwin and John Hathorne—came in their official capacity to Salem. And the brats stayed up all night, practicing their stuff.

The crowd next morning was so great that Court adjourned from the Ordinary, where it usually convened, to the meeting-house. The Judges sat on a raised platform in front of the pulpit. And the accused were brought before them. They were not permitted counsel. Ezekiel Cheever acted as secretary. His notes, transcribed in a nervous hand, and faded now,

(so that you will nearly lose your eye-sight, as I did, if you want to read them) are in the Clerk's office in the Superior Court in Salem.

The WPA was working on a Witch Project this spring, and the WPA thought they owned the Witches. They had the records practically impounded. But in a glass case in the Clerk's office—which they apparently hesitated to appropriate—are ten pins that Sarah Good was accused of sticking in the brats. There is the death warrant of Bridget Warren. There, in the hand-writing of the Reverend Mr. Parris, is the examination of Rebekah Nurse, who was also hanged. And there, one of these days, will be a WPA tome on the Witches, I expect.

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In my day I have covered many murder trials, and interviewed some very tough dames. But for girlish viciousness, none could compare with those eight little maids from Salem—plus Mrs. Ann Putnam, mistress of ceremonies.

Mrs. Putnam had been married at sixteen to Sergeant Thomas Putnam, a contentious Puritan, who quarreled with nearly everyone, including the ministers. There had been three ministers in the Village shortly before Mr. Parris. And they all went away mad. Sergeant Putnam had gone so far as to attach, for debt,

the body of the last one—the Reverend Mr. Burroughs. Which was a scandalous thing to do, and most unfair, since the parish had never paid Mr. Burroughs what was due him, and the poor man hadn't a sou.

Mr. Parris, who succeeded the unfortunate Mr. Burroughs, was a merchant in the West Indies trade before he prepared for the ministry. And he was—perhaps—a little shrewd and cunning for a man of God. He and the Sergeant were excellent friends, however, and saw eye to eye on the Witches.

The first three who were arrested were poor and unimportant. Later there were rich and powerful persons who were enemies of Sergeant Putnam. But this was undoubtedly a mere coincidence.

Sarah Good was seventy years old, and a beggar-woman. Sarah Osburn was bed-ridden. And Tituba didn't have the brains she was born with, if any.

Later the Circle bagged bigger game—a captain, a merchant prince, and the minister. But, for the first sacrifice, there was Sarah Good.

The Worshipful Mr. Hathorne leaned from his high-backed chair.

“Sarah Good, what evil spirit have you familiarity with?”

“None,” said Sarah Good.

"Have you made contract with the Devil?"

"No."

"Why do you hurt these children?"

"I do not hurt them. I scorn it."

"Who do you employ then to do it?"

"No creature; but I am falsely accused."

The Worshipful Mr. Corwin cleared his august throat.

"Why did you go away muttering from Mr. Parris' house?" he demanded.

"I did not mutter, but thanked him for the penny he gave my child."

"Then Mr. Hathorne ordered the children to look upon Sarah Good, and see if this were the person that had hurt them. And they did look upon her, and said this was one of the persons that did hurt them. And presently they were all tormented. . ."

Pretending to be bewitched, they rolled about on the floor, screaming and writhing. Sarah Good looked stonily on.

"Sarah Good," said Hathorne. "Do you not see now what you have done? Why do you not tell us the truth? Why do you thus torment these poor children?"

"I do not torment them," she said.

"How came they thus tormented?"

"I have no hand in witchcraft."

Samuel and Mary Abbey then took the stand.

They had befriended the Goods, they piously attested, and taken them into their house, and fed and clothed them, as the Savior bid. . .

"But Sarah was so Turbulant a Spiritt, Spitefull, and so Mallitiously bent that they were forced for Quietness Sake to turn her out." . . Mr. Cheever's quill raced across the pages. Quickly he sanded them. . . "And when Sarah Good was told what a Sad Accident her naybor Abbey had, that he had lost, moreover, 2 Cowes, both dyeing within halfe an hower, Sarah sayed she did not care if he lost all his Cowes. . . Samuel Abbey opened ye dead Cowes and found nothing."

Then Johanna Chibbun testified that an apparition of Sarah Good and her last child came to her in a dream . . . "and the Child did tell its Mother that she did Murder it . . . and Sarah Good said that she was a Witch, and that she had given the Child to the Divell."

Although the records say that Sarah was seventy, she had a daughter Dorcas, age five, who testified that she thought her mother was bewitched. And if the old lady had Dorcas when she was sixty-five, maybe she was—or her old man was.

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All Witches had *familiars*—demons sent by the Devil. Sometimes a black man—sometimes

a dog—or a bull—generally invisible to the virtuous. Sarah Good's demon was a little yellow bird—Sarah Osburn's a monkey. Other Witches had cats, toads, and rats. There was a secret place on the body of a witch said to secrete milk that nourished her *familiar*. The *familiars*, even in animal form, could talk. They were almost always hateful, and usually wicked. But each Witch loved her demon, and called him pet names.

The child Dorcas testified that her mother kept a small bird the color of mustard—and at this Ann Putnam cried out:

“See where Good sits upon the beam, sucking the yellow bird between her fingers!”

All in the meeting-house looked where she pointed. But only the children could see the apparition there—poor old Good astride a beam, a yellow bird between her fingers!

Then it was Cousin Abbie's turn. . . . “Good has stabbed me!” shrieked Abigail Williams—and pulled a broken blade from her bodice, which she had planted there.

Good was then removed from the meeting-house, and Sarah Osburn brought in. And again Mr. Hathorne desired the children to stand up, and look upon her, which they all did. And every one of them said that this was one of the women that did afflict them. And Abigail Williams said she had seen Osburn

drink her own blood. The old woman denied everything, and swore she served only God.

"Before my Eternal Father, I am innocent," she said.

Then Tituba took the stand—and Tituba was made in heaven for the Worshipful Magistrates to question. They asked her if she served the Devil, and she told them Yes. If she rode on a broomstick? If she tormented the children? If she had a *familiar*? And Tituba told them always Yes.

She had two cats—a red one, and a black one, she said. And Sarah Osburn had "a thing with a head like a woman, with two legs and wings"—and she had, also, "a thing all over hairy that walked on two legs, like a man."

Tituba said she saw Good set a phantom wolf upon Elizabeth Hubbard, to torment her. And she saw Good set a hog from hell upon Ann Putnam.

Tituba said the Devil was a "tall man from Boston," and that he had promised her pretty things, if she would do what he asked.

The examinations were repeated for a week—Good and Osburn steadily denying, and Tituba confessing all. Each night the prisoners were sent to Ipswich, ten miles away. And on the seventh day, they were sent to Boston, and put behind iron bars, with heavy chains upon

their arms and legs, as was considered necessary with a Witch. And there they were abandoned.

Sarah Osburn could not wait to be hanged, but died in gaol, in nine weeks and two days. Tituba was sold in a year and a month, to pay the jail fees. And Sarah Good went to the gallows, on a nice June day.

Pious Puritans believed that Witches and Wizards made contracts with the Devil. Some to be rich—some to be eloquent—and others, great in strength. Some wanted lovers. . . And the Devil pleased them all.

The old women of Salem were little girls, when a spinster in Hartford confessed that a demon had carnal knowledge of her—with much delight to herself, she added pertly—and though she swung, 'twas worth it. . . And swing she did.

It was reported that demon-lovers were "icyee could." And the children they gave mortal women were tall, hardy, arrogant, and deliberately wicked.

Susanna Martin, a widow of Amesbury, was said to have a Black Man for a *familiar*. Charged with this and other sins, she was indicted and brought to Salem Village.

Susanna was "a small, active woman, wearing a hood and scarf, plump and well-developed in her figure, and of great personal beauty."

It is possible to look at some women and know that they lead a secret life of ardors and ecstasies, and Susanna, I expect, was one of these. Such a one should re-marry, and save young men sinful dreaming.

She laughed easily. And twitted the Elders, as she sighed to herself in a pensive way. And in the Puritan marrow of their bones, they distrusted her young beauty, and the far-away look in her eyes.

One accusation against her was singular. A woman of Newbury deposed that Susanna walked from Amesbury to her home "one very dirty season, when traveling was not fit to be abroad in." When Susanna entered the room, the children were bid make way for her at the fire, to dry herself.

Said Susanna, "I am dry as you are." And when she cast aside her coat she was, indeed, as dry as a bone.

"I'd scorn to have a drabbled dress on," said the damnably neat Susanna, and preened herself in front of the *keeking* glass.

As this dangerous testimony was concluded, the girls began to shout.

"Susanna pinches me! . . . Susanna bites! . . . Oh, my throat—Susanna is choking me!"

And Indian John getting into the spirit of things, cried:

"She bites! She bites!"

"What ails these people?" demanded Mr. Corwin.

"I do not know."

"But what do you think ails them?"

Susanna shrugged. "I do not desire to spend my judgment upon it."

"Do you think they are bewitched?"

"No, I do not think they are."

"Well, tell us your thoughts about them," urged His Worship.

"My thoughts are my own when they are in," retorted Susanna. "But when they are out, they are another's."

"Have you not compassion for these afflicted?" inquired Mr. Hathorne.

"No, I have none," Susanna said.

Then the children cried that they saw the Black Man whispering in her ear. . . And Susanna was consigned to prison. And on the nineteenth of July she was hanged.

Deliverance Hobbs—arraigned, like the rest, on complaint of the Circle—was a feeble-minded girl who confessed that she knew the Devil. And that she went to a meeting of Witches in Mr. Parris' field, and saw Bridget Bishop there.

Bridget Bishop kept an Ordinary called the Ship's Tavern, where she sold sailors more rum than was good for them, and played with them

at shuffleboard till late into the night. Goody Bishop wore bright colors, and the Elders had reproved her for this sin. They had guessed her for a Trollop. And now the Circle said she was a Witch. She was speedily indicted and tried after Tituba.

The Judges reproached Goody Bishop because her eyes were dry. (It was believed that Witches could not cry.)

"You do not know my heart," the poor thing said. And when they sentenced her to hang, still she did not cry.

Three sisters followed Bridget Bishop to trial—Rebecca Nurse, Mary Eastey, and Sarah Cloyse—who were women of wealth and social position. The Circle claimed that the sisters had visited them in apparitions, and tried to make them sign the Devil's Book. And Ann Putnam said:

"I verily believe in my heart that Mary Eastey is a most dreadful Witch, and that she hath very often most dreadfully tormented me."

Then the Circle performed as usual.

Judge Sewall wrote in his Diary: "It was awful to see how the afflicted were tortured—and in the margin, he wrote, "Alas! Alas! *Alas!*"

As tumblers, rollers and screamers, the girls were experts now with fancy trimmings.

Mrs. Nurse went first to the noose on Witches

Hill—and then Mrs. Eastey, who had seven children and a husband who loved her. Mrs. Eastey sent a letter from her cell, addressed to:

“The Governor, the Judges, and Ministers of the Bay Colony”—which did her no good at all, but is so touching, you might like to read it:

Not for my own life I plead, for I know I must die. But that no more innocent blood may be shed. By my own innocency, I know you are wrong, and I humbly beg that your Honors would be pleased to examine all afflicted persons, separately, and to keep them apart. These confessing Witches, I am confident, have belied themselves and others, as will appear, if not in this world, then surely in the world to come, whither I now am going.

It had been discovered that the way to be saved was to confess—and the accused became accusers. Margaret Jacobs accused her grandfather, and Richard Carrier his parents—and all were hanged.

Sarah Carrier, age eight, testified that she had been a Witch for two years. Richard said that he and his brother were Wizards.

It was asked little Sarah: “Who made you a Witch?”

“My mother. She made me set my hand to the Devil’s Book. And she turned herself into a black cat.”

"How old are you, Sarah?"

"Near eight—Brother Richard says I shall be eight in November."

Martha Carrier's children were taken with her into confinement, and their little minds terrified into confession.

Cotton Mather, who aspired to be considered the leading champion of the Puritan Church, tells us that "This rampant hag was found guilty on the words of her own flesh and blood. Her own children, among others, agreeing that the Devil had promised Martha Carrier that she should be Queen of Hell."

Now husbands and wives accused each other. Parents acknowledged their children bewitched. And children swore away the lives of their parents.

* * * * *

Samuel Wardwell declared that for many years his favorite exclamation had been, "Devil take it!" He was sensible, he admitted, that this put him in the snares of the Devil.

When he was twenty-four (which was shortly before the trial), the Devil appeared to Samuel in a dream. Samuel loved a maid ("a gurll of 14," the records say)—and, at this time, could not have her. He promised to serve the Devil for twenty-six years—for when a man is twenty-

four and in love, he knows that life after fifty is not worth living—and the Devil promised him the *gurll*—Abigail Martin, of Andover. . . And they were happy, for to their young eyes each was an angel, and earth paradise.

It was strange that Samuel should want this small and indifferent maid. But want her he did—and married her too—though he was a man whom many would have loved. For he was of prodigious strength, with dark, good looks. And he could drink strong rum, yet keep his head. He stood six-feet-two, before the shriveled magistrates, and dwarfed them sitting there.

Men arrive, sometimes, at being moralists by judging guilty those whom they cannot, or dare not, imitate. And so their Worships, whose bodies were frail, judged Samuel, who could drink rum, and pleasure the women. They judged him guilty of selling his soul to the Devil—and they sent him to the gallows.

It is difficult to separate hallucination from reality in the mass of witchcraft testimony. Did Samuel Wardwell really believe he owed his dear wife to Satan? That he had sold his soul for her arms and kisses, and her yellow hair upon his pillow? We can better understand the old women who slipped their pitiful heads within the noose on Gallows Hill. They went to their Master who loved them well, and left a

troublous world behind. But Samuel and his yellow-haired wife! . . . Why, Heaven was not Heaven if Abbie was not there.

While Samuel languished in jail and Abbie wept, Cotton Mather of Boston came again to town, to hear testimony and watch a hanging. Dr. Mather wrote a book called *Memorable Providences* that begins:

"Go then, my little book. . . Go tell Mankind that there are Devils and Witches in New England!"

Dr. Mather tells of Mrs. Elizabeth Howe, who was baptised by the Devil at Newbury Falls . . . before which (says Mather) he made them kneel down by the Brink of the River and worship him." And after which, the Puritan wives "kisst the Devill's arse" . . . and went home to their husbands.

And if you think Cotton Mather was an ignoramus who went around telling terrible lies, I must remind you that he was the distinguished son of Increase Mather, President of Harvard College, and he spoke with the tongues of angels, practically. For he was fluent in seven languages, including Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Iroquois. He was undoubtedly the most learned man in America, and he was the greatest authority on Witches in the New World. And he saw to it, you may be sure, that Mrs. Howe was hanged

—on the same day as Susanna Martin, and Sarah Good, and Sarah Wildes.

And on this day Dr. Cotton saw a colleague on the way to Gallows Hill. It was the Reverend George Barrows, who had been pastor, before Mr. Parris, of Salem Village, and was said now to be a Wizard. Cotton Mather rode among the crowd on his white horse, shouting to them to "Beware the Devil!" when they would have shown George Burroughs mercy. For the wretched man stood on the ladder with the rope about his neck, making so noble and moving a speech—protesting his innocence, and forgiving his enemies—that all the people murmured—and some wept.

"Let Satan triumph?" cried Cotton Mather. "No! Burroughs must die!"

A year after the Salem trials, Mrs. Mather bore her husband a monstrously mal-formed child that died soon after its birth, and how Dr. Mather explained the matter I cannot say. . . . But now he was God, on his fine white horse—and God's finger in the Circle's pie.

Never had testimony been so blood-curdling as at the trial of the Reverend Mr. Burroughs. Ann Putnam, in a new dress, took the stand. She had been visited in a dream by an apparition of Mr. Burroughs, who grievously tortured her, she said, and urged her to write in the Devil's

book. The apparition told her that his two dead wives would come to her, with their tongues full of lies.

And the next night the wives did come, in winding sheets, with napkins round their heads. And when they talked of the man they had married, their faces were "red and angry." They said he had murdered them both. And one removed her winding sheet, and showed Ann where he had stabbed her under the left arm, and covered the wound with sealing wax. This, she said, was done in the Village parsonage. The second said she had been killed by Mr. Burroughs, assisted by a strange woman. The "strange woman," she added, was now the third Mrs. Burroughs.

"Because," said twelve-year-old Ann, "they would have each other."

As the apparitions told these things, they looked "as pale as a white wall." Then there came the dead wife of the Reverend Mr. Lawson, with a dead babe—new-born. And also the dead wife of Goodman Fuller. And these said that Mr. Burroughs had killed them also.

On hearing these dreadful charges, the screams and tumblings of the Circle were so great and so protracted, that they were removed for a while from the room. The prisoner was then asked what he thought of the carryings-on.

He meekly replied, "It is truly amazing, but I understand nothing of it."

Mary Warren, who had been a servant in the minister's house, said that Mr. Burroughs had a magic trumpet he blew, to call the Witches to their sinful Sabbath, in the orchard near the parsonage. Its notes reached every town in New England, she said. And the Witches came on their broomsticks, from Casco to New Amsterdam.

* * * * *

Philip English was the first merchant prince of Salem, and the richest man in the New England Colonies. He lived in a mansion above the ocean, with many projecting porches and upper stories that hung over the street—and twenty servants, to make it shine. He owned a wharf and warehouses. Fourteen buildings in the town, and twenty-one ships upon the sea. But, for all his wealth, Philip English and his wife Mary * were "cried against" by the Circle, and committed to prison in Boston (for the Salem gaol was filled to over-flowing). And they would have been executed, except for the

* There is a sampler that was made by Mrs. English in the Essex Institute in Salem, and another—the oldest in America—made by Anne (Gower) the first wife of Governor Endicott, when she was a little girl in England.

connivance of the Government and clergy of Boston, who "provided a conveyance for their escape and arranged their flight to Manhattan."

While they were in exile, Philip and Mary English learned of the wants of the poor in Salem, and sent a vessel of corn, with a bushel for every child. And when the persecution was over, Mr. English returned to Salem—because he loved it so!—and opened his Great House on the sea. But poor Mrs. English died in New York.

* * * * *

One of the most brutal features of the Witch persecution was the legalized plunder. Homes of the accused were pillaged by the sheriff and his men, and all livestock, furniture and food confiscated. Persons arrested were compelled to pay for their board, fuel, and traveling expenses from jail to jail. There were fees for clerks and sheriffs. A fee for a reprieve, a fee for a discharge—and a fee for the hangman! And there were fees for the bodies of the dead.

* * * * *

Superintending the executions, there was generally someone like Cotton Mather, whose heart was in it—or the Reverend Mr. Noyes.

On the twenty-second of September, eight

women were hanged, and Mr. Noyes, having assisted them from cart to gallows, mounted a hummock and made a speech.

"How sad it is," cried Nicholas Noyes, "to see eight firebrands of hell hanging from our trees!"

* * * * *

Captain John Alden, Indian fighter and naval commander—son of the famous John and Priscilla—was seventy now, and living in Boston. How he came to be "cried against" is not known. But the Circle got after him, and he was brought to Salem to meet their charges.

"There stands Alden!" cried Abigail Williams. "A bold fellow with his hat on before the Judges. Take your hat off, Alden!"

"He sells powder and shot to the Indians and French," cried Elizabeth Parris.

"And he has Indian papoooses!" chimed in Ann Putnam, who was indubitably precocious, in an interesting sexual way.

"Papoooses!" screamed the Circle. "Alden has papoooses!"

And they fell down before him, writhing and screaming, and into their act again—the Puritan Song and Dance Girls.

"So what?" said the Captain. . . And he was hustled off to gaol—from which, it is pleasant

to report, he escaped in nine weeks. And beat his bill for bed and board!

* * * * * * *

The accusing girls followed the cart that carried their victims from the gaol to Gallows Hill, and stayed to watch the hangings. And when the time came that a new Governor ordered the prison doors thrown open, one hundred and fifty were freed whom the girls had "cried against." And their day in the sun was over.

It was a sad time for the Circle. In vain they summoned ghosts and visions. And in vain they cried against the Governor's Lady who had roused his pity.

One by one, their supporters deserted them—all save Judge Stoughton, who never forgave the Governor for reprieving seven whom the Judge had condemned.

"We were in a way to have cleared the land of Witches!" cried the Judge. "The Lord be merciful to the Country!" . . . And so (the ancient records say) he went off the bench, and came no more into that Court.

Judge Sewall, who had condemned the Witches with much satisfaction, did a right-about face. He rose before the congregation of the Old South Church in Boston, and, handing

the Pastor his written confession, remained standing while it was read aloud. Then the old man begged the people to pray for him, and for their guilty State. And as long as he lived, Judge Sewall spent one day each year in prayer and fasting.

“All the day long, from dawn to dawn,
His door was bolted, his curtains drawn,
As he baffled the ghosts of the dead with charms
Of penitent tears, and prayers, and psalms.
His faith confirmed and his trust renewed
That the sin of his ignorance sorely rued,
Might be washed away in the mingled flood
Of his human sorrow and Christ’s dear blood!” *

The stern old Judge repented. But the girls were brazen, and “vile varlets” from childhood to the grave—all but Ann Putnam, the star of the Circle.

Ann’s mother, who was said to have been largely responsible for her daughter’s conduct, died when Ann was eighteen, and her father a few weeks later. They left a large number of children, all younger than herself, in Ann’s care.

By the time she was twenty-six, the kids had Ann down. Then she joined the Church, and made a public confession of sin; “wept an be-

* John Greenleaf Whittier.

wayled" the wrongs she had done; said she was deluded by the Devil; and begged to lie in the dust.

Three years later—still blaming the Devil—she died.

Now Ann is dust, long laid in grave,
And all her bones are rotten.
But for her sins she'll be remembered,
When better girls are all forgotten.

III

MERCHANTS AND MASTERS MAGNIFICENT

When the twilight mist from the harbor blows,
O'er the lilac bush, and the trellised rose,
Where the garden walls near the ocean lie,
There are wraiths that drift from the deep
nearby. . .

From the masted ships of the long ago
There are scents in the thin white mists that
blow,

Of Arab coffee, Madeira wine,
Of figs and grapes from a Tuscan vine,
Of Indies rum, and molasses brown,
That float with the dusk o'er Salem town. . .

And Derby wharf lies long and black,
And the ghosts of the years come floating back.
Now trippingly in the misty shades,
In scarlet hoods, come little maids,
Now Captains home from the salty sea,
With Loewstoft cups and with Bohea tea,
And roots from the flowers of Zanzibar,
From Mombazique, and from lands afar,

Brought home to a maid in a hoopskirt gown,
To plant in a plot in Salem town.

THE first ship in New England was built in Salem in 1636, and they called her *Desire*. (*Desire* meant *God* and *Heaven*, and not what it does in the movies.) And then was the beginning of the Golden Age of Adventure in the New World. As time went on, there were more ships—and more, and more—until their masts were like a forest in the sea.

Philip English built sloops and queer little ketches, for coastwise trade; and bigger ships, to cross the ocean. Ann Putnam had cried against Philip and his wife Mary, and called them Wizard and Witch. But when the persecution was over, Philip English went on building, and traded salt cod with Barbados, for rum and molasses. And in this way he opened trade with the Indies. (Ann and her league were *thornbacks* * by then—and a *thornback* was the worst thing a girl could be.)

A grandson—Philip English the third—inherited the wharves and ware-houses, and sold them to Richard (King) Derby, who became the father of Elias Hasket Derby, who became the greatest merchant in New England, and the first millionaire.

* Spinsters.



*In scarlet hoods come little maids . . . and captains
home from the sea*

Shipping that began in Salem spread rapidly, and marine dynasties flourished like woad-waxen. . . Woad-waxen was a weed that Governor Endicott brought from England as a packing for his belongings, and it grew and spread after the Governor threw it in his back yard, until it filled all the meadows of Salem. Deep and yellow like a sea of gold, it mocked the Puritan air with color idly spread, 'til there was woad-waxen everywhere—and is to this day.

But shipping is as dead as a door-nail. Scions of the marine dynasties are land-lubbers now. And only the gadding woad-waxen roams.

Woad-waxen, which some call *broom*, grows in mid-summer in fields of purple asters and oxeye daisies. And when you see it—blossoming yellow in the sun—you will be glad that the Endicotts packed so carefully.

Endicott was the fierce old man who hated Quakers—and hanged them on the Common. And he didn't think much of sailors either. Governor Endicott wanted everyone to go to church, and worship as he did. And the sailors were contrary-minded. "Presumptuous Sabbath-breaking" was a crime punishable with death. But public opinion would not sanction such a hanging—and all the Governor could do was talk.

"It is a matter of saddest complynt," he

mourned, "that there is little serious piety in the sea-faring tribe."

* * * * *

There was a passion for the sea in the first New Englanders who lived on its shores. Their sons, born within sight and sound of the ocean, felt its challenge, and dreamed of the sea, and longed to follow it from the time they were children.

New England women sailed with their husbands to Mozambique, Fayal, and Zanzibar—and raised their daughters to marry, and do the same. They sailed to the Indian Ocean, and rounded the Horn. And it was said that children conceived at sea were never seasick.

Commerce had begun with ship-building. The first ships of Colonial days were built for the trade of the expanding Empire. New England was all seacoast then. Down to the sea marched forests of oak and white pine and pitch pine. And the forests were felled to make wooden ships with tall masts. On nearly every navigable stream that bordered the woods arose small shipyards, where farmers, trappers, and fishermen worked in their off-seasons, building ships for His Majesty's Navy. As trees became thin in Massachusetts, men moved to Maine where the great oaks grew. Until every sea town

on the coast was loud with hammers day and night.

Ship building in New England lasted for two hundred years and more. The young merchant marine of the New World sailed uncharted seas, to ports where none had dared to go. And the masters traded where no one had traded before.

About 1670, early sea-farers started chasing whales, in a rather small way—mostly off Long Island and in Delaware Bay. But when a Nantucket whaler captured a sperm whale at sea, the fleet got ambitious. And men set forth on voyages that took two years, and three. They came home with Oil for the Lamps of America, and Whalebone to corset the World. And New Bedford became the greatest whaling port in the world—New Bedford first, and Nantucket second.

Whalebone is not a whale's backbone, as most people think—but the hard palate of his mouth. And to appreciate the mouth a whale has—you should know there are about two thousand pounds of whalebone tucked away on the roof. All mammals have bony ridges on the roof of their mouths, but the whale's are an exaggeration. Whalebone was valued in the old days at five to seven dollars a pound, and was regarded as "a necessary for females."

Little girls, who always dressed like their mothers, wore stays—or a “paire of bodices”—from the time they were two—not for fashion’s sake, but because it was the custom. As clothes grew elegant, full skirts were distended with hoops of whale-bone. And when wigs became enormous, silk hoods were shirred on frames of whalebone, to protect the powdered hair. Head-dresses were elaborate, with tiers of curls and ornaments of all kinds, until it was all a girl could do to keep her chin up. After the Revolutions, the young Republics of France and America became friendly. And Paris set the styles we learned to copy. Then bodices were boned, and so were quilted, satin petticoats. And every stylish lady wore whalebone by the pound.

Another whaling revenue came from spermaceti—a fatty substance in the head of the whale that was used for making candles. And the blubber was tried out for oil. But after a while, somebody tapped a well in Pennsylvania that gave the whales a rest, and the whalers a headache.

Meantime there was other trade. Pious captains saw no wrong in taking cargoes of New England rum, to seduce the black tribes of Africa—and no wrong in exchanging gunpowder for slaves. The *Sally* and *Polly* went winging early out of Salem, with rum and tobacco and

gunpowder for Senegal. And when the *Sally* and *Polly* came home again, they had slaves in the holds. And on deck, there was palm oil and gold dust and ivory. A little later, Newport and Bristol became the great slave ports of New England.

Puritan towns were tainted soon with magnificence. And Merchants and Masters became great and polished gentlemen.

* * * * *

New England was English still. When the Queen had a baby, the church bells rang. When the King had a birthday, there were banquets and balls. And the hearts of the people fell, when His Majesty went to bed of the gout.

With prosperity, an aristocracy was rising. New Englanders were no longer middle-class, nor bleak and grimly virtuous. There was color in imported finery. Girls wore scarlet hoods, and used rouge, and patches. And in their monstrous wigs, grand ladies wore little ships with colored sails, and love-birds in golden cages! And their gowns were so low they were a scandal. Patrician youths wore French *trousers*, and gaudy satin vests. And they were so pleased with their magnificence, that many of them had their portraits painted. Canvases in the museums tell the story of their glory.

It was the fashion for ladies to give sixteen sittings to portrait painters. They sat for six hours, with time out for wine and cakes—and to flirt with the young painter. There are portraits by Blackburn, who painted the fine, beef-eating Tories of Portsmouth, with their red coats and their red faces. And by Copley and Stuart—the fashionable John Singleton Copley, of Boston—and Gilbert Stuart of Newport, who was the son of a snuff grinder. Many of these portraits hang in the Peabody Museum and the Essex Institute in Salem. Among them are black, old paintings of Governor Endicott and Cotton Mather that bring back the days of the Puritans. And if anyone visting New England and interested in Americana, should fail to visit these museums, they might almost as well stay home.

* * * * *

Those were days of high adventure and strange romance. William Tudor cut ice from a New England pond, and sent it to Jamaica, for Creoles to cool their wines. And Timothy Dexter sent forty-two thousand warming pans to Martinique—and the planters used them to skim molasses!

David Whepley, a New England seaman, deserted in the Fiji Islands, and became a chief-

tain, and a friend of the King of Bou. John Young, a Cape Cod boatswain, married the daughter of a cannibal King. And John's granddaughter became Queen of the Cannibal Isles! *

But the greatest adventurers of all were the masters and merchants for whom the world had grown too small. The men who owned the ships, and the men who sailed the ships, that sought the mysterious East—the ports on the other side of the earth, that no man knew.

* * * * *

It was on a bright May morning (in 1787) that Elias Hasket Derby's ship, the *Grand Turk*—Captain Ebenezer West—returned from China. She had been gone eighteen months. And when she came into port, all Salem was out to greet her. The *Grand Turk* was the first American vessel to round the Cape of Good Hope. And now she had opened trade with the Orient!

“Here comes the ship from China!”

The people flocked to Derby's Wharf. Sailors and merchants, pretty girls, and old ladies, and every little lad in town. It smelled exciting on the water front. The lovely smells of hemp and rum mingled with Eastern spices and Madeira wines, and coffee from Arabia, and

* For more stories of New England seamen, read the author's travel books: *And This Is Cape Cod*; *And This Is Boston*.

tropical fruits ripening in the sun. And the wind from the sea blew the beautiful smells to every nose in town.

* * * * *

“What was the cargo?” the people cried.

And all the while men were clearing the hold, and taking queer bales to the warehouse. The ladies could hardly wait to see! Silks, and tea, and china. Jade, and fans, and pearls! Cabinets, and statuettes, and inlaid tables. Teakwood, and mother-of-pearl. And chests of shining, crimson lacquer.

Now, with such treasures to show, men built mansions from the fortunes they made. They built on the elm-shaded streets of every seaport town. Some on the sea—and some away from the black wharves, and the slips, and the sea-tides tossing high.

There is no street in New England that can compare with Chestnut Street in Salem, where Samuel McIntire carved beautiful doorways and slender columns, and made the loveliest fan-lights in the world. For a few days each summer, mansions and gardens of Salem are open to visitors. And then, for fifty cents, you can walk through a McIntire doorway, and into a Captain’s parlor.

The first wealthy Colonists had furniture

from England. But before long they were bringing mahogany home from the Indies. Then Mr. Duncan Phyfe made handsome tables and chairs and sideboards, in his little shop in New York. And John Goddard of Newport made splendid cupboards and writing desks—and William Savery of Philadelphia, the finest highboys that ever were seen. Besides these three men—who were designers—were many craftsmen who could copy. They copied Chippendale and Hepplewhite and Sheraton. And the pieces of these Early American cabinet makers are a lovely heritage in New England today.

Slaves rubbed the mahogany with beeswax until it shone like silver and damask. And every afternoon the ladies sat in their drawing-rooms, as straight as poplar trees (*a lady's back never touched a chair's back!*). And they poured Bohea tea from a Mandarin pot. They had kumquot and mango marmalade, and shaddock jam with their bread and butter. (*Shaddocks* were brought from the tropics by Captain Shaddock—but now we have forgotten, and call them grape fruit.) They nibbled sweets from a celestial chest—and Barbary almonds. And wondered what another ship would bring.

Every seaport household had Lowestoft china—or deep blue Nanking. Ladies wore crepe-de-chine gowns, and little girls, gay yellow, or

striped Nankeens. And they all had Indian shawls, with gorgeous fringes. Old-fashioned merchants still wore knee breeches and embroidered waistcoats, and buckles and buttons of silver. Younger men wore the new, tight trousers, and beautiful shirts with ruffles, and form-fitting coats, that made them tall, and very slender.

* * * * *

The Sultan of Muscal sent a snow-white stallion to Salem, with an Arab groom to ride him. A Rajah in India sent a cage of monkeys, to make New England children laugh. And home came Jacob Crowninshield with an elephant! No one in America had seen an elephant before. The newspapers said he was ten feet high.

. . . and of large Volume. His skin black, as though lately oiled. A short hair was on every part, yet not sufficient for a Covering. His tail hung one third of his height, but without an hair on the End of it. His legs were in command at the Joints, but he could not be persuaded to Sit. . . Bread, Hay, and Porter were given him. . . He will probably live between Two and Three Hundred Years.

There was a *Lyon* exhibited in Boston—and an advertisement in the *Boston News Letter*:

All Persons having the Curiosity of seeing the Noble and Royal beast, the Lyon, never one before in America, may see him at the House of Captain Arthur Savage for six pence.

A few years later, a *Tyger-lyon* and a *Lepard* were shown together, for a shilling—and a *2-headed* Foal and a Catamount, for six pence.

The most marvelous collection of wild animals ever seen paraded through a dozen sea-side towns, one summer long ago. Twenty wagons were drawn by sixty horses. In the wagons were a lioness, two tigers, a leopard, a llama from Peru, a Russian bear, and a panther, a kangaroo with her pocket full of babies, and a hyaena that laughed its head off. Heading the procession was an elephant with ten musicians on his back. And following it, two camels, sniffing quizzically and looking extremely bored.

* * * * *

New England Masters who had been beyond the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn formed the *East India Marine Society*, which started out Benevolent, and ended up Immortal. The first purpose of the Society was to help widows and orphans of deceased members. The second was to collect facts about navigation. But it was the third purpose that made the Masters deathless. They resolved to found a museum

of "natural and artificial curiosities" collected in their far-flung wanderings.

They put up a stone building on Essex Street in Salem, and had *East India Marine Society* chiseled on its face. Later, the building housed a bank and an insurance office, and both names were added: *Asiatic Bank*, and *Oriental Insurance Office*. And there, still, the three names stand, giving the building a pleasing, ancient air.

A hundred years later, George Peabody, who founded the Peabody Academy of Science, left a behest to perpetuate the glory of the Marine Society, because the Marine Dynasties were on the Rocks, and the Masters in Heaven. Then the Museum was put in charge of the Academy. And, that is why the *East India Marine Museum* is called the *Peabody Museum*, which is a little confusing.

This *Sampler* did not set out to be a guide (I'm sick of guiding!) But if it sends you to the Peabody Museum and the Essex Institute, it's worth what you paid for it.

From museum walls, Merchants and Masters gaze on Sultans and Rajahs, and the hong merchants of Canton. And New England wives smile from gilded frames—smiling still for Mr. Copley and Mr. Stuart, who painted them in gauze and satin gowns.

In the museums are the Paisley shawls the ladies wore, and the vanities their husbands brought from Singapore and Pula Penang. China, and silver, and furniture from their stately drawing rooms. Their wedding gowns, and mourning rings. Their jewels, and their bonnets. Babies' christening robes, and children's toys. . . And the stays the ladies wore, when whalebone made the whalers rich!

* * * * *

There was a gentleness in New England seafaring men that made them dig up roots, and ask for seeds in every land they knew. So that seaport gardens bloomed like gardens of the East, with Lilies, and Poppies, and Persian Roses. Roses were the flowers the Captains loved the best. They brought the Musk Rose home from Jerusalem, and the hundred-leaved Red Rose from India. The Persian Rose from Turkey, and hundreds of Tea Roses from China. Then New England wives made Rose Conserves and Rose Water, and Potpourri. And of the hips of Wild Roses they made a *Saracen Sauce* with pounded almonds, cooked in wine and sweetened.

A Rose hedge is the most beautiful of garden walls, and the most ancient. In New England there are many Rose hedges—and near the sea

they are of Wild Roses. Wild Roses make people pretty sentimental:

Every man's a lover,
Every maid a bride,
When they pass a wild rose
By the wayside.*

If you want to make a *Potpourri* such as was made in New England when the first gardens bloomed, I'll tell you how. (And if you don't want to, you can skip the next couple paragraphs, and get on to the Pirates.)

Rose Potpourri.

A Chinese Jar
A lot of Rose Petals
And a Handful of Salt
Two Ounces of Whole Allspice—crushed
Two Ounces of Stick Cinnamon—broken in pieces
One Ounce of Orris Root—bruised and broken
Two Ounces of Lavender Flowers (the toilet counter kind)
Eight Drops of Oil of Rose
One-fourth of a pint of Cologne (which should be rather choice)

Gather the roses while the sun is on them, and all the dew has gone. Add, if you wish, a few rose-geranium leaves, syringa blossoms, spicy

* Mary Sinton Leitch.

little pinks, heliotrope, and mignonette, and—for color—add bachelor buttons and marigolds. But there should be three or four times as many rose petals as of all the others together.

Separate the petals, and let them dry. Then sprinkle them in a large covered dish (it sounds unromantic, but I use a roasting pan myself), and sprinkle each layer with salt. Stir every morning for ten days. Then let them stand for six weeks in a covered glass fruit jar, with the allspice and cinammon at the bottom. And when you put them in the Rose Jar, add the orris root, the lavender, the rose oil, and the cologne.

A proper Potpourri will last for years and years. All you have to do is add a little lavender, or rose oil, when you wish—and cologne, when you can spare it. Then—

You may break, you may shatter the vase if you
will

But the scent of the roses will hang round it
still . . .

or anyhow that's Tom Moore's story.

* * * * *

During the days of Privateering (in the French War of 1756-'68), New England merchants took their ships from foreign trade, and

sent them chasing Frenchmen. Prize ships were brought to New England ports, and officers and crews split spoils with the owners.

Then the merchants and their ladies went to the wharves to bid in the loot at auction, and in this way many fine Regency pieces became the heirlooms of our Best Families—or so I suspect. For there are old Aubusson rugs, Beauvais tapestries—and a magnificent *bureau du Roi*—in a certain house I know. And if the original owners were not pirates, I bet they went to auctions. It was about this time that the King's mistress got interested in china, and persuaded Louis to buy a third interest in the factory at Sèvres (Pompadour period in Porcelain dates from 1753 to '63), and you'd be surprised how much of it there is in New England.

The *America* took for a prize a ship carrying a valuable library from Ireland to Montreal. A Salem clergyman saw the books, and persuaded his ministerial brothers to pool their resources, and buy the lot. Then they formed a Society, and called the books their Philosophical Library. But their consciences smote them, and they wrote to Richard Kirwan of Dublin, who owned the books, and offered to pay him. Mr. Kirwan replied that he was glad his library had fallen into appreciative hands

—and said he wouldn't take a cent. So the ministers prayed for his Catholic soul, and called it square.

* * * * *

During the Revolution, New England topped the maritime map. Then Yankee topsails, like flying clouds, flecked every ocean, everywhere. And everybody had an interest in every ship that sailed. For they all arranged "adventures" with someone on board. . . . A box of salted cod, to be exchanged for Moroccan red slippers—a gallon of rum, for East Indian bangles—and "Please to lay out \$5 for a shawl of sky-blue with cherry blossoms." It was the Golden Age of Adventure—but the Golden Age was fading.

In 1807 Jefferson proclaimed an Embargo as a counter-blow to England's unofficial war on American commerce, and her wholesale impressment of American seamen. The State Department announced that there were six thousand American sailors captives on British war vessels. The Embargo forbade the departure of American merchant ships for foreign ports.

Then ships lay empty and bare. And the ports were filled with the idle shipping. Counting houses were closed, and water-front taverns deserted. And grass grew up on the wharves.

The Embargo was lifted in 1809. And when the Yankee ships spread their white wings and flew to Europe, Napoleon set a wicked trap for them.

"Let American ships enter your ports," he wrote the Prussian Government. "And seize them afterward. You shall deliver the cargoes to me, and I will take them in part payment of the Prussian war debt."

He ordered that all American shipping found in the ports of France, Spain, Italy, Denmark and Norway be also confiscated and plundered. This was accomplished under the flimsy pretext of violations of paper blockades.

Then there was a battle cry in New England of "Free Trade And Sailors' Rights!" And after this was the War of 1812.

Once more we beat the King. And then we went after the Bey of Algiers. For the Bey was a kidnapper too. The Turks were making slaves of American seamen, as casually as Americans were making slaves of Africans.

The Bey said we could have our sailors back for \$800,000, a frigate worth \$100,000, and an annual tribute of \$25,000.

For a while we kow-towed, and gave him what he asked. Then we went to war. At the end, an American schooner lay victorious off Gibraltar. And a Yankee lieutenant wrote to his girl:

The Spaniards think we are devils incarnate, as we beat the English who beat the French, who beat them, whom nobody ever beat before, and the Algerians whom the Devil himself couldn't beat.

* * * * *

After the War, New England ship builders built a new type of three-masted vessel, with a long bow and a very deep keel—designed to sail faster than ships had ever sailed before. Clippers replaced the old East Indiamen for China and Australia. And they not only were the fleetest ships, but the most beautiful, that ever were seen. Gayly they sailed in the gaze of the world, with streamers afloat and canvas unfurled—and nobody guessed that soon there would be ships *without* a sail!

It was the clipper fleet that took the argonauts around Cape Horn to San Francisco, when news of the California gold discoveries swept the country. Out of New England they sailed, with every man on board a-singing:

I come from Salem City
 With my wash-bowl on my knee,
 I am going to California
 The gold-dust for to see,
 It rained all day the day I left,
 The weather it was dry,
 The sun so hot I froze to death
 Oh, brother, don't you cry!

* * * * *

Horatio Greenough, the sculptor, returning from Italy, saw a clipper in Boston Harbor, drifting into port like a white cloud.

“There,” he exclaimed, “is something I should not be ashamed to show Phidias.”

When Rufus Choate lay dying in Halifax, he said, “If a schooner or a sloop goes by, don’t disturb me; but if there is a square rigged ship, wake me up.”

No longer scuds the clipper
 Across our summer seas,
 With sails of snow, in sunset’s glow—
 Ah!—tamer days are these.

When jade and teak from China
 Go puffing slowly by
 On smoky freight as drab as slate—
 Oh, Sister, don’t you cry!

IV

DRUMS ALONG THE CONNECTICUT

JOHN ELIOT and Roger Williams were two Puritans who resembled Christians—and this made them unique in New England.

Threatened by proceedings in England's Ecclesiastical Courts, saintly Pastor Eliot fled to Boston, and became the Apostle of the Indians. Throughout his long life he pleaded their cause with his pious, hating brothers, and on his death bed he remembered the Indians still—and plugged charity with his last breath.

"My understanding faileth," said Eliot. "My memory faileth, my tongue faileth, but my charity faileth not."

Unfortunately, the Apostle's last words did not impress his contemporaries, who had little use for charity.

* * * * *

The Colonists hated the Indians, and wanted to exterminate them as rapidly as possible. You can't blame a man for preferring not to



"The Town Drummer was up for Drunkenness. . ."

with molasses than vinegar, and a little charity might have saved a number of scalps.

In 1636 there was a seventeenth century Real Estate Boom. And many Bay Colony families moved to the Connecticut River Valley to establish settlements and take a whack at the Indians.

Whole congregations migrated, led by their pastors, and followed by their cows. Eight hundred persons settled three towns—and thought they owned the Valley.

Pequots are sheets now, but they were Indians then. And the Pequots thought *they* owned the Valley.

The results of this difference of opinion was the extermination of the Pequots and the beginning of a nice little residential development.

* * * * *

When Indians broke Pale Face laws there was no use fining them, because they had no money. So the big-hearted Puritans permitted them to pay in terms of land. This happened so often that the Indians ran out of land. But being “stupid savages,” they failed to understand. And it was not until they were excluded

from their hunting grounds, that they began to *savvy* and get sore.

The white men explained about titles, and reminded the Indians of the deeds they had signed with crosses. . . And the Indians grunted.

A Pequot was fined for carrying wood on Sunday, who had carried wood on a thousand Sundays, and his fathers before him. They were fined for fishing and hunting—and for failure to “heare the word of God preached by Mr. Fitch”! The punishment for not hearing Mr. Fitch was a fine of four shillings or a whipping. But I never heard of the Pequots whipping Puritans for not worshipping the Great Spirit.

When an Indian got drunk on rum sold by white men, he had to work for twelve days for the white man who accused him—and the town treasury got a cut.

Finally, the Pequots did a little retaliating, and kidnapped two white girls, whose sex appeal—from a Pequot’s point of view—was practically nil. But, of course the men of Wethersfield, where the girls were captured, did not know that. . . And, besides, the girls might have been roasted, which was almost as bad as being raped—or maybe worse.

Mary Rowlandson, who was later kidnapped

by the Indians, lived with them for three months and wrote:

“O, the wonderful power of God! I have been in the midst of those roaring lions and savage bears, that feared neither God nor man, nor the Devil, day and night, alone and in company; sleeping all sorts together—yet not one of them ever offered the least abuse of unchastity to me.” *

Mrs. Rowlandson attributed this singular inattention to the grace of God. But Indians preferred Squaws to Puritans, and Mrs. Rowlandson's captor had three of his own—an old one, a middle-aged one, and a young one, and Mrs. Rowlandson was servant to the middle-aged one.

It is probable that the Pequots who captured the Wethersfield girls would have preferred livestock, or a couple of broadcloth coats. But the girls were handier, and they took what they could get. And now the town considered the poor little girls in danger, and the Colony rose as a man.

Before this, some Block Island Indians had killed John Oldham and seized his vessel. By way of teaching the savages a lesson, three ships were sent out to ravage the Island. The Eng-

* A Narrative of the Captivity and Removes of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson.

lish burned the wigwams and sank all the canoes they could find. But the Indians took to the woods and saved their necks. Then the English crossed to the mainland and demanded the surrender of Oldham's slayers.

* * * * *

Surrendering culprits was a grim reciprocal practice, inaugurated by the Pilgrims, who wanted everyone punished who broke their laws. . . Sometimes, to satisfy the Indians, the Pilgrims even hung a white man!

One day, while a carpenter was cutting down a tree, a crowd of Indians stood around watching. Suddenly, the tree fell and killed one of them. The other Indians set up a great howling, while the carpenter ran away and hid himself. The English tried to persuade the Indians that he was not to blame. But nothing short of the carpenter's death would pacify them. Until, at last the English promised to hang the unlucky man themselves; and told the Indians to return in the morning, and they would see him hanging.

But the carpenter was young and strong, and a useful man. The Elders decided they could ill spare him—especially since there was a bed-ridden old weaver in the village. So they dressed the old man in the young one's clothes—and

hanged him in place of the carpenter, which ruse, we are told, completely satisfied the Indians.*

* * * * *

The Pequots, in spite of previous promises, refused—after the Block Island affair—to surrender Oldham's slayers. For the Pequots were not so amenable as the Plymouth Indians, and had a constitutional aversion to hanging. . . . So the English killed a few—not entirely in malice but rather in zeal, because they were infidels. Then they seized the Indians' ripe corn—and burned all they could not carry away.

This expedition led to reprisals, which included the kidnapping of the young ladies from Wethersfield. They were the girls who launch'd a thousand fights. And when the fights were finished, so were the Pequots.

In the Spring of 1637, the General Court of Connecticut decided to march against the Indians. Ninety men were drafted, and joined by twenty more from Massachusetts. For allies they had six hundred and fifty Mohicans and

* An interview with Governor Dudley, as told in Captain Uring's *Voyages*. Thomas Morton of Merry Mount relates a similar event. And, as if to corroborate these stories, Bradford says, "*Wessaguscus* (Weymouth) planters were fain to hang one of their men whom they could not reclaim from stealing in order to give the Indians content."

Narragansetts, who were hereditary enemies of the powerful Pequots.

On a lovely morning in May they marched all together on the long way to West Mystic. And two days later—an hour before dawn—they stole up Pequot Hill in the soft gray light of another sweet day.

On the top of the Hill were seventy wigwams, surrounded by palisades. . . And seven hundred people asleep.

The surprise was a success. Both entrances were taken, for the sentries slumbered in the dawn, and the slaughter began. Captain John Underhill of Massachusetts, in charge of the expedition, ordered Firebrands thrown over the walls among the wigwams. And the flames were swept by a rising wind.

The entrances were barely large enough for a man to pass through. Those who ran out were shot down. And the flames that lit the palisades shone round them on the dead.

The destruction was complete. There was only one Pequot left, and she was too pretty to kill. So they took her back to Wethersfield—and out of pure, Christian love, made a praying slave of their little Red Sister.

The remnant of the tribe, encamped a distance off, saw a burning and a shining light, and fled before it from the wrath of the white men.

Two months later, in the Great Swamp Fight of Fairfield, they were also destroyed. . . Never had Indians dreamed of vengeance so complete and so terrible.

The rest of the Pequots—some two hundred warriors and their families—submitted to the English and were divided, in modern European fashion, among their enemies, the Mohicans and the Narragansetts. . . And now the way was prepared for the last wave of migration that brought to an end the great Puritan exodus from England to America.

Not until the time of King Philip's War, thirty-eight years later, dared the Indian lift his hand against the white man . . . and Philip, son of Massasoit, friend of the Whites, was not yet born.

In 1675 Philip's warriors, determined to recover their hunting ground, in a last desperate offensive spread over New England, burning, killing and plundering. They violated their pledge to the Narragansetts, and violated the peace of the Connecticut Valley. The war spread into Rhode Island, and neutral villages were involved and destroyed. Both sides begged help from their Allies. And the English launched the first propaganda in the New World. They told the Indians that Philip was a mad-man, leading his people to destruction,

and all he wanted was to be Dictator and God.

Philip's wife and child were captured, and the little son sold into slavery. The white men offered the Indians two yards of *trucking cloth* (worth five shillings a yard) for every scalp they took. And in fourteen days a few Praying Indians brought in eighteen heads. (Praying Indians were Christian converts, but still handy with hatchets.)

For every live Indian the white men offered an English coat. For Philip's head, twenty coats. And for Philip alive, *forty* coats! (with brass buttons, and chevrons). . . But Philip, champion of a lost cause, was shot. And all the Englishmen could do was cut him up.

His head they sent to Plymouth, where it stayed for twenty years, on a gibbet. His body was quartered and the pieces hung from four trees, in Connecticut. His hands and feet they sent to Rhode Island.

* * * * *

Guilford Connecticut is a beautiful Colonial village, with authentic early houses of nearly every architecture, and a green-house where ten thousand roses bloom every day—the largest green-house in America, I think—and the sweetest I know.

The oldest stone house in America is in

Guilford, in a lovely grove of trees. And the W.P.A. has lifted its face and given it a permanent. It is a museum now, with big pine rooms and enormous fireplaces—four-poster beds and hooked rugs all over the place. The house was built in 1639 by the Reverend Mr. Whitfield, just two years after the Pequots had been liquidated. The Reverend Whitfield founded Guilford, and in those days the parsonage was also a fort.

On Broad Street were the Leete houses—Jared's and the old Governor's. Jared Leete was famous for his ribald verse. They say that one day he dropped into a farm house and asked for a drink of cider.

"If you'll write me an epitaph, I'll give you one," said the housewife, with her mind's eye on a nice stone on Guilford Green.

Jared could make rhymes as fast as he could talk.

"Margaret, who died of late
Ascended up to Heaven's gate," he said.

And Margaret, pleased as could be, brought him the cider. Downing it at a gulp, he continued:

"But Gabriel met her with a club,
And drove her down to Beelzebub."

On the site of the Governor's house, a few doors from Jared's, is a later house. And under the garage, behind the house is the cellar where Edward Whelley and William Goffee, two of the judges of Charles I, were concealed for nine days, while zealous Royalists sniffed their trail like blood-hounds.

* * * * *

A man advertised all over England as "tall, about two yards high, his hair a deep brown, near black" was wandering not far from the Scottish border, about three centuries ago, with a thousand pounds on his head. . .

The father of the fugitive had been beheaded in 1649. The son escaped across the Channel, but returned the following year to Scotland. In 1651, in the Battle of Worcester, his little army was nearly annihilated by a force three times as large, commanded by Oliver Cromwell. Then, the defeated Prince fled north.

He found a temporary hiding place at Boscobel—and bided his time later in Normandy and Germany. After Cromwell's death, he returned to England, and, as Charles II, ascended on his thirtieth birthday the throne his father had lost.

The splendid story of the wanderings of Charles after the Battle of Worcester are related,

in a curious way, to a young New Englander, named Thomas Walker.

Because Joan Penderel healed the blisters on Charles' royal feet, and put little wads of paper between his bleeding toes, Mr. Walker is going to get sixty dollars a year as long as he lives—because Joan Penderel, who married Francis Yates (who boosted Charles up the Boscobel Oak) was one of Mr. Walker's ancestors.

When Charles, after twelve years in exile, made his triumphant way to London, one of the first things he did was to settle a pension on the Penderels and Yates "forever." In the beginning it was a hundred pounds, but through the centuries it has dwindled considerably.

A few years ago, a member of Parliament objected to a King's pension for a New Englander, but nobody wanted to argue about it and Mr. Walker still gets it.

On May 29, 1660, when Charles II was proclaimed, New Englanders were ignorant of affairs abroad. And Englishmen when they went to bed at night could scarcely be sure who would govern them in the morning. News of Charles' ascension reached the Colonies in October. And the Judges, who had condemned his father, sought refuge with the Governor of Guilford.

Records of the Plantation Court of Colonial Guilford reflect, naïvely, the life of the times and the conscience of the people. Given names and place names have a quaint and sometimes amusing quality. There was Mindwell Chittenden, who lived on Petticoat Lane. There were the Starrs—Comfort and Elizabeth—and their children, The Seven Starrs, who were called the Pleiades. There were Guilford girls named Desire, Thankful and Pain. And there was old Bilious Ward, who had a servant named Maudlin. There were Zerviah Leete, Bathsheba Baldwin, and Eliphalet Hall—a Jehoshaphat and a Jedediah—and a lady called Lovely.

The Naughtys of Guilford owned the Nut Plains, and an estate called, *Cohabitation*. When Mr. Naughty died, he left money for his widow to build a house on the estate for their slaves, Montrose and Phillis. To Pompey, son of Montrose, Mr. Naughty willed fifty pounds outright, his own best suit, “and all things comparable to said suit, from top to toe.” And when Pompey grew up, he did the family proud.

After the death of Madame Naughty, Pompey was sold to the Reverend Amos Fowler who allowed him to work out, and save his wages. Mr. Fowler was kind hearted but he was also improvident, and when his only son was ready

for college, there was no money to send him. So *Pompey* sent him!—and gave him a nice allowance all the time he was there.

* * * * * * *

Guilford people were so good their crimes were only peccadilloes. But for their venial sins they were haled to court, and solemnly charged with lying, slandering and “cheating.”

William Dudley complained that Benjamin Wright said he had a *cuntry conshuns*.

Richard Hubbell swore that John Hill said that he (Richard) “made no more of lyeing than a dogge did to wagg his taile”—and John was fined five pounds.

Richard Guttridge accused John Linsley of saying that Mrs. Guttridge had told “a thousand and a thousand lyes”—and Mr. Linsley also paid a five pound fine.

The village cobbler was sued for shoes that did not wear, and ordered to make another pair.

The Reverend Mr. Whitfield paid five pounds damage to Richard Hubbell whose cow died of being *pushed* by Mr. Whitfield’s bull. The bull continued *pushing*—and Mr. Whitfield was ordered to sell him and give Mr. Hubbell half the proceeds.

The town drummer was up for drunken-

ness. . . "He doth confess that he hath drunk too much that day, considering that he was Empty and had eaten Little, and being disabled in his Understanding, fell against a stile."

* * * * *

On the Sabbath, the drummer beat his drum to call people to worship. The town had authorized the selectmen to "seat the meeting" and pews were assigned according to rank. Whittier tells us,

"In the goodly house of worship, where in order
 due and fit
 As by public vote directed, classed and ranked
 the people sit;
 Mistress first, and good wife after, clerkly squire
 before the clown
 From the brave coat, lace embroidered, to the
 gray frock shading down."

Besides "seating the meeting," the selectmen had also to "dignify" it . . . that is, to arrange the seats in different places so that they might still be reckoned equal in dignity. For instance, the seating committee—using their *best discretion*—found that "the third seat below be equal in dignity with the foreseat in the front gallery—and the fourth seat below be equal in dignity with the foreseat in the side gallery."

In winter the women brought footstoves to Meeting, filled with hotcoals from the fire at home, or thrust their feet into bags of wolfskin. But the men scorned such effeminacy, and sat like frozen Spartans through the interminable sermons. . . In Woburn, Zachary Symmes used to preach between four and five hours. The Reverend Mr. Whitfield was no slouch, but I think Mr. Symmes hung up the all time New England record. . . Early New Englanders were very good people—but not the sort you'd like to spend a week-end with.

V

AN OLD TOWN BY THE SEA

MARTHA HILTON of Portsmouth was an old man's darling and a young man's slave—and which a girl might better be, Martha never told. Her first husband was Governor of New Hampshire—Governor Benning Wentworth. When they were married, the Governor was sixty, and Martha was twenty. And when he died and left her a fortune, she married Colonel Michael Wentworth (no relation), ex of the Army.

The Colonel was young and handsome; and he gave Martha a good time, and a baby. And when he died, he said a very nice thing.

"I've had my cake," said the Colonel, looking at Martha—"and et it too."

* * * * *

Longfellow wrote a poem about Martha—about how she was a scullery maid in a great house on Strawberry Bank. And the Governor watched her growing up, and he waited and waited—until he could wait no longer.

Then the Governor had a party to which he invited all the big-wigs in town, and among them the Reverend Arthur Browne, who was minister of Queen's Chapel, where the blue-bloods prayed. When his guests assembled, the Governor rose in shining glory. He wore a gold-laced coat of purple, and scarlet satin breeches, and a long, embroidered waist-coat. His powdered wig was tied with ribbons, and from his sleeves fell showers of ruffles, threaded in gold.

"This is my birthday," said the Governor. "It shall likewise be my wedding day. . . The Governor bowed to the minister. "And you, Sir, shall marry me!"

Then from the kitchen came a vision in corn-colored silk, with diamonds in her ears, and her hair three stories high! The vision curtsied. The Governor took her hand.

"This is the lady. . . What, Sir—you hesitate? As Chief Magistrate, I command you!" . . . And so Martha Hilton became Lady Wentworth of the Hall!

* * * * *

The Hall had fifty-two rooms and no baths, and a cellar for thirty horses—not that Martha was any equestrienne. It was just an idea of the Governor's. He had inherited the place from



And I would have a Tory beau to tea

his grandfather, who built it in 1695. The Governor had the cellar dug, and added a number of wings that dwarfed the first little house—until—in 1750—it was the grandest place in town. On Little Harbor, the Great House of Benning Wentworth still looks out to sea. You cannot visit it unless you know the Coolidges, who own it now.

But if you are interested in Colonial and Federal architecture, there are several places in Portsmouth you can visit (for a quarter), and others you may admire from a distance. A cat can look at a king, and a tourist can look at anything. And if you are a sight-seer in New England, you should spend a day, just looking. Then, from Portsmouth you should go to the White Mountains—accompanied by a certain little book, for which I'll say a good word any day.*

* * * * * * *

There is one thing to be said for Portsmouth that cannot be said, I think, for any other city in the country. And that is that any lover of old buildings can pick out for himself structures of every period since 1650 (or thereabouts).

And now—I hate to sound pontifical, and stick

* Behold The White Mountains—By Eleanor Early. Little Brown & Co.

my chin out for architects to wallop—but, in my amateurish little way, I'll tell you what I know about the beautiful old houses of Portsmouth.

There is the Governor John Langdon mansion on Pleasant Street, which was chosen (in 1907) as a model for a New Hampshire house, at the Charlestown Exposition. This house was built after the Revolution (1784). And that was a wonderful period in American architecture, since there were no more taxes on glass and a number of other things, that must have hampered the earlier builders.

Langdon was five times Governor of New Hampshire, and a stalwart patriot. Before the War, when the town was filled with Tories and discord, the Governor pledged himself and his chattels to Washington.

"I have," he said, "a thousand dollars in hard money. I will pledge my plate for a thousand more. I have seventy hogshead of Tobago rum, which will be sold for the most it will bring. If we succeed in defending our homes, I may be remunerated. If we do not, nothing will be of no value to me."

Many Portsmouth patriots did considerable profiteering during the Revolution; and the Governor, we take it, was "remunerated." With the spoils of war, he built his house. And

when it was completed, he gave a great party to celebrate. Even George Washington came all the way from Mount Vernon to visit, and it was no overnight jaunt in those days.

When General Washington left, the Governor said that the General had pronounced his (the Governor's) house the handsomest house in town. Which it doubtless was—for the commodious Benning Wentworth place lacked the restraint that glorified a Federal mansion, and no other house was nearly so grand.

At this period there were more private carriages and liveried servants in Portsmouth than in any town in New England. The gentlemen were elegant with their huge wigs and gold-headed canes. Their velvet coats gleamed with silver and gold. And their ladies wore tinsel brocades and quilted satins. And their ball gowns were studded with rubies and pearls.

But, by and by, the ladies grew tired of this excessive finery—and then they set a new and most *outrageous* style! They discarded their petticoats, one by one—and their voluminous skirts. And they cut down their bodices—and laid aside their wigs—until—in the summer of 1800—their clothes (including shoes and ear rings!) weighed no more than half a pound. Then in the winter, they all caught cold, and went sniffing around their drafty mansions.

And the doctors said they had the *Muslin Disease*.

The elite worshipped at Queen's Chapel, and belonged to the blue-blooded flock of the Reverend Mr. Browne. The Chapel was named for Queen Caroline, who sent over a silver christening basin, a chalice, and a plate for the Eucharist—all emblazoned with the royal coat of arms. She sent a Bible too, that is known as the *Vinegar Bible*, because the Parable of the Vineyard is spelled *Vinegar* (which reminds me of a booklet published by the City of Portsmouth, in which mention is made of the Society for the *Prevention* of New England Antiquities).

Caroline also sent a chair that was carried, one Sunday, from the vestry to the Governor's pew, for George Washington to sit himself upon. That was when Washington was visiting Governor Langdon. He attended church in breeches and coat of black silk velvet, with no ornaments but his silver buckles—and thereby set a fashion in masculine attire.

Before the Revolution, Royalty had staunch friends in Portsmouth. And the Queen, who was more thoughtful than her consort, sent many beautiful gifts to the Royal Governors. But people gossiped and told appalling stories about her. They said that Caroline picked the

King's mistresses—and that each mistress was obliged to dress the Queen's hair—every morning.

When Caroline died, Mark Hunking Wentworth was in London—and this is the story he brought home to Portsmouth:

George was at the royal bedside, weeping—and the Queen, with practically her dying breath, told him he must marry again.

"No," said George, "I shall have some more mistresses."

* * * * * * *

In 1760 the Wentworth-Gardner house was built. It was built by Madame Mark Hunking Wentworth for her son, Thomas, who was in the West Indies. Thomas seems not to have particularly valued the gift, for it was sold shortly to Major William Gardner, which is how it got its hyphenated name. And now it is owned by the Metropolitan Museum in New York. And it is in charge of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, who have borrowed most of its furnishings from the good people of Portsmouth. This splendid home, shadowed by an ancient linden, is said to be a perfect Georgian house. . . And now a word about architecture.

There was Early Georgian and Late Georgian,

because the four Georges were on the throne from 1714 to 1830. Maybe you know the old rhyme the people used to say:

George the First most vile was reckoned;
 Viler still was George the Second,
 And what mortal ever heard
 Any good of George the Third?
 When the Fourth from earth descended
 Thank the Lord the Georges ended!

There are people who don't know beans about periods, and when they hear a thing is Georgian, they exclaim ecstatically, as if that made it perfectly grand—when, as a matter of fact, Georgian (on the whole) was a pretty unpleasant period.

George I, who could not speak a word of English, brought to London the horrors of the worst of the French rococo—copied, and completely surpassed, by his own German craftsmen. And, along with rococo, he brought his mistresses—one of whom he made a Countess, and another a Duchess. George left affairs of state to his Prime Minister, Walpole, who said:

“England has now arrived at a time when the arts have sunk to their lowest ebb. The new monarch is devoid of taste.”

When George II and Caroline came to the throne, things were better. Then taste was on

the up-and-up—but it had a long way to go.

After George II, there was his grandson—George III—King for sixty years, and mad for fifty-five. After George III lost America, he started talking to himself.

In 1821—in the reign of George IV—there was the Greek War of Independence. Then the Grecian influence was reflected in architecture. And Thomas Jefferson, in America, launched a vogue for columns. Greek Revival interiors had tall doors and windows, high ceilings, and marble mantles.

In Portsmouth there are buildings of all these periods. And the houses generally referred to as *Colonial* are frequently not Colonial at all—because Colonial means *before* the Revolution. It is impossible, of course, to divide periods into neatly bounded eras. And I am not trying to be arbitrary, but only to help you get things straight, if the mania for old-houses-in-New England has you down, and confused.

Portsmouth was a great Colonial port, and it has remained fairly intact, because it never was a big center. It was not a direct route to the interior, and so shipping gradually left it. There was wealth and trade enough to keep things up, but not enough to destroy and rebuild. And although Queen's Chapel and a

number of other buildings have been wiped out, enough of the old town remains to help you feel the glory that was here, and the grandeur that has gone.

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When the first colonists came to New Hampshire, the hillsides were covered with vast virgin woods of white pine. The pines grew one hundred feet, and more—and they were four feet around.

This was in the days of wooden ships, when strong masts were needed for the lives of nations, to bear the white sails, of commerce and of war, to the ends of the seven seas.

The original settlement was called Piscataqua, for the river—and also Strawberry Bank, for the sweet berries that grew in the sun. The forests were called the King's Woods.

Backwoods people, who cut the trees, were rough and strong, and wore deerskin, and came to town only to trade. In the town were the merchants and the aristocrats, who wore brocades and fine velvets. And among them, by and by, was Mark Hunking Wentworth, who had contracted with the King to deliver—in Jamaica, in Antigua, and in London—the finest masts that could be hewn. The ships that carried trees to the Indies brought rum to Portsmouth. And

it was not long before the town, between exports and imports, was rich, and getting elegant.

* * * * *

In the beginning, there had been trouble with the Indians. And one day Mrs. Mary Brewster was scalped and left for dead, under the pines in the King's Wood. Several less fortunate people stayed scalped, and dead as door nails. But Mrs. Brewster, a bride at the time, pulled herself together, and made for the stockade, her head in her hands. Her husband fixed her up, with a silver plate and a wig. And Mrs. Brewster lived to have four sons, and die of old age. Governor Langdon had a mourning ring from her funeral, that he gave to George Washington. And Tobias Lear, who was Washington's secretary and came from Portsmouth, vouched for the scalping story.

This reminds me that the Lear house, on Hunking Street, is open for visitors. It is not particularly imposing, but it is really Colonial (1760)—all but the dormers. Tobias was born the year the house was built, and in 1783, when General Washington was looking for a private secretary, Tobias was graduated, with honors, from Harvard.

Martha thought it would be a good idea to find someone who could tutor the children,

when the General was not keeping him busy answering letters. Tobias was highly recommended, and Martha was delighted. But one morning, shortly after his arrival at Mount Vernon, the young man was late for dictation. Apologizing for his tardiness, he said his watch was slow. The General, who valued punctuality above most virtues, said nothing. A few days later, Tobias was late again. And again he blamed it on his watch.

"Mr. Lear, you must get a new watch," said the General, "or I must get a new secretary."

Madame Lear, Tobias' mother, told the story herself. But it was not long, she boasted, before the General appreciated her son. And when he came to Portsmouth, the General proved it.

One morning he sent a note, to tell Madame Lear that he would call that day and that he would like to meet all the children. He came on foot from the Governor's mansion. And in the front parlor, Mrs. Lear, surrounded by her children and her grand-children, awaited him. There was a new baby named George Washington—the little son of Tobias' sister. The chairs in the parlor were cherry-wood that grew in the garden, and I think they are still there.

When Washington returned to Mount Vernon and told Martha what nice children the little Lears werè, she sent them some china

mantle ornaments from the study in Mount Vernon. And, after Washington died, she sent Mrs. Lear some of his hair, and some of her own. Then little Mary Storer—one of the grand-children whom the General had admired—embroidered two remarkable samplers. They belong to the Lear descendants, but sometimes they are loaned to custodians of the house, and hung in the parlor where Mary proudly placed them. The inscriptions tell the story:

*This is work'd with our Illustrious and
beloved General*

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S HAIR

Which covered his exalted head;
But now enroll'd among the dead,
Yet wears a crown above the skies,
In realms of bliss which never dies.

This is work'd with Lady

MARTHA WASHINGTON'S HAIR

Relict of our beloved General
I pray her honor'd head,
May long survive the dead;
And when she doth her breath resign,
May she in heaven her consort join.

This hair was sent to Mrs. Lear
By her good friend Lady Washington.

During the General's visit at Langdon's, he frequently exclaimed on the finery of Cyrus Bruce, a slave in the mansion. It was said that only the Governor dressed more elegantly than Cyrus. The black man wore silk stockings, and linen ruffles. And his clothes were of fine black broadcloth. But at last his sartorial magnificence was eclipsed by the finery of another black man.

Captain Charles Coffin of Portsmouth was a ship master who sailed to Russia, and with him he took his black man, Toby. In Russia they had hardly ever seen a negro. And when the Czar saw Toby, he wanted him at once. Captain Coffin could have made a handsome deal, but he thought it would be more diplomatic to make a fine gesture—so he handed Toby over with a flourish, and never expected to see him again. But the next year, with the consent of the Czar, Toby returned to Portsmouth, to collect his family. Cyrus Bruce, when he saw Toby's gold-laced clothes and diamond ring, could hardly believe his eyes—the Czar had outfitted him like a Prince!

Opposite Governor Langdon's fine mansion is the humbler home of his cousin Samuel (built in 1740). Samuel was minister of the North Church—but for 125 years his home has been the parsonage of the South Church. Now the

Reverend Mr. Jones lives in it—and nobody has *ever* lived there but a minister. It makes me think of what Hawthorne wrote about the Old Manse in Concord, where the Emersons lived.

“A priest built it” (said Hawthorne). “A priest succeeded to it. Other priestly men dwelt in it. And children born in its chambers grew up to assume the priestly character. It is awful to reflect how many sermons have been written there!”

One of the early ministers of the North Church was the Reverend Mr. Shurtleff, whose grandfather died in the most uncanny way you ever heard. He was sitting in the kitchen, with two children in his lap, and a third between his knees. When down the chimney came a streak of lightning—and burned Mr. Shurtleff to a crisp! People in those days saw the hand of God in practically everything, and I shudder to think what they must have said about poor Mr. Shurtleff—especially as the children were not even singed.

When the Reverend Mr. Shurtleff died, his widow presented a tankard to the parsonage, in his memory. “For the minister,” she wrote—“for the time being.” Which looked, of course, as if she meant to take it back. But she must have forgotten, because it is on Mr. Jones’

dining room table this minute, engraved just like that: "From Mrs. Mary Shurtleff to the minister, for the time being." The Garvin Collection at Yale recently offered \$5,000 for it, but it cannot be sold, since it belongs to unborn ministers.

Mrs. Shurtleff was a very mean woman, for all her silver tankard. A historian of her time says that Mr. Shurtleff "will long be mentioned for his uncommon meekness and patience under *great trials*"—and what he meant by Great Trials was Mrs. S. Once she found the parson bending over the fireplace, broiling a fish for his supper that she had told him should not be cooked.

"Has this been salted, Mr. Shurtleff?" she enquires.

"It has," he replies.

"It needs peppering then," she says, and takes up a shovelful of ashes.

The fish and his hopes for supper forthwith disappear beneath the liberal peppering.

One Sabbath, Mr. Shurtleff retired to his study, to brush up on his sermon. Presently it was time for service. The parishioners waited. Mrs. Shurtleff, seated in the front seat, waited. Everyone waited. Finally the deacon asked Mrs. Shurtleff where her husband was. He was at home, she said. A hastily appointed com-

mittee hurried to the parsonage. And there was Mr. Shurtleff—locked in the study! He begged them to keep the matter quiet—and until he died, they never told a soul.

* * * * *

The Warner House, built in 1716, was the first mansion in Portsmouth—and maybe the first in New England. It was built by Captain Archibald MacPhaedris, a Scotch merchant, who married Sarah Wentworth, one of the sixteen children of Governor John Wentworth. And the Captain gave her the house for a wedding present.

The MacPhaedris had one daughter, Mary. Then the Captain died—and Mrs. MacPhaedris married George Jeffrey. And Mary grew up, and married Jonathan Warner. Then Mary died, and Jonathan married again. And when Jonathan died, there were no MacPhaedris heirs—but only some Warners, who were nephews and nieces—and *they* inherited the mansion. If ghosts have feelings, Captain MacPhaedris must be pretty sore.

There are portraits, by Blackburn, of the two Marys, mother and daughter. And there are portraits of fine Tories in red coats who'd have led a girl a pretty chase, I bet. Red coats, and the sea. . . Oh:

If I could be where I wished today
 O'er the waters blue of Portsmouth Bay.
 In a stately Georgian house I'd be
 And I'd have a Tory beau to tea,
 In his scarlet coat and his cuffs of lace,
 With his powdered wig, and his high-born face.
 And I'd dress in a ruffled crinoline,
 And my silver'd shine with a wondrous sheen,
 And the china egg-shell thin would be.
 And we'd sit and sip of our jasmine tea. . .
 And the lily'd grow with the purple phlox
 In my garden hedged with the close-clipped
 box. . .
 If I could be where I wished today
 O'er the waters blue of Portsmouth Bay.

Before we go around to the garden, let me call your attention to the lightning rod that Benjamin Franklin put on the Warner house, when he came to visit Joshua. The Doctor's talents were so diversified that it was difficult to keep track of them—but did you ever hear about the international illegitimacy he fathered? . .

Benjamin's son, William, was born in Philadelphia—William's son, Temple, in London—and Temple's son in Passy—and they were *all* illegitimate. But Temple's son was short-lived, and—dying—broke the record. Temple became unofficial secretary to the Legation in Paris,

and his grandfather, when he was dying, asked the U. S. Government to give the boy a grant of land.

"I find it practically impossible to be good," observed the Doctor on his deathbed. "But I can do good."

From his fiftieth year to the end of his life, women delighted in the ageless charms of old Doctor Franklin. And the girls of Portsmouth adored him.

The Warners at this time had a slave named Peter. One day Peter asked for a new hat, and his master told him he could have one for a rhyme. Peter couldn't make up a rhyme to save his life, so he appealed to the literary guest. And Franklin gave him this:

"Peter Warner threw his hat in the chimney corner."

Peter was charmed. "Massa!" he cried. "I done made up that rhyme, Massa. . . Peter Warner took off his hat and threw it in the fire-place."

* * * * *

The finest old gardens in Portsmouth are at the Moffatt-Ladd house. But there are lovely ones, also, at the Peirce, the Boardman-Marvin, and the Aldrich houses.

Captain John Moffatt, Commander in the

King's Navy, built the Moffatt-Ladd place in 1763 for his son Samuel. Samuel died in the West Indies, and the house passed into the hands of a grand-daughter, Mrs. Ladd.

A Colonial garden is lovelier, I think, than a Colonial house, for there is a wistful beauty in an ancient garden, while houses change and spoil. Colonial gardens rose in terraces. There were arbors and bowers wreathed in honeysuckle. There were blossoming cherry, and apple, and plum trees. And, under the pink peach petals and the snowy blossoms of apple and pear, there grew English violets and lilies-of-the-valley. There were narcissus and daffodils and tulips, in the spring. And then there were lilacs and flowering almond. And in the summer there were damask roses and poppies and marigolds. And lupins and sweet-peas. And bell flowers of violet-blue, and lemon lilies and sweet-smelling stock. There were red and white peonies (called *pinys*), and moon-white honesty. And there were primroses of pale pink and rosy-yellow, and fuchsia and flame. There were holly-hocks of strawberry and raspberry and cream—and sky-blue larkspur, and sweet William.

There were pavilions twined with virgin's bower and matrimony vine. And there were garden seats under the syringa and snow-balls.

Box grew low about the herbs, and in hedges along the paths. And it grew with a strange and bitter fragrance, dear to Puritans as the odor of Eternity. I have heard New Englanders say that they have an affinity for Box—that it exerts a power like a hereditary memory, and affects them with an almost hypnotic force. This is not felt by everyone, but only by those who have loved Box for centuries, in the persons of their ancestors.

There was a New England girl who went to Cuba as governess in the family of a planter. The planter's wife died, and the girl married the widower, by whom she had a daughter. Then she herself died, and her child was brought up by the Cuban grandmother.

When this girl was twenty years old, she returned to New England. And shortly a maiden aunt took her to visit a garden her mother had loved. As they walked down the path between high rows of Box, the girl suddenly screamed.

"The dog! Oh save me—he will kill me!"

No dog was there—But at that very spot, twenty-five years before, her mother had been attacked and bitten by a dog. And her aunts, good New Englanders, believed that the Box remembered, and could tell.

It is interesting to know that there was a fine commercial nursery in Colonial New England. A group of French Huguenots brought many French fruits, by seeds and cuttings; and, establishing themselves on Long Island, started a mail order business. Then a gentleman in Portsmouth set himself up as a landscape gardener. Seeds were sold in the bonnet shops, and a lady could buy a bonnet like a flower-garden, and a package of Love-in-the-mist and rosemary, to go home in the same bandbox. And when the bonnet withered, the flowers were fresh and sweet.

Before you leave the Moffatt-Ladd house, I should tell you about the Grinling Gibbons mantel in the back drawing room. Captain Moffatt brought it, they say, from his father's home in England. If you are especially interested in old houses, you probably would enjoy a book called *Some Historic Houses*, published by the Colonial Dames (Macmillan). The Moffatt-Ladd place belongs to the Dames, and is typical of the way they restore and furnish.

There are so many fine houses with ripe old rooms, that it would be tiresome to enumerate them—but I like the polite traditions of the pleasant Wendells of Pleasant Street. Five generations of Wendells have lived in the same

house, and all the furniture and treasures of their forefathers are there. No division of property has ever taken place—Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Sheraton and Phyfe! What keeps the heirs from quarreling? And, since the place is filled to the roof, what does Mrs. Wendell do when she can't go shopping?

The Boardman-Marvin house is a splendid place, with *Lady of the Lake* wall-paper, and McIntire mantels and doors—but it is not open to the public (except on special occasions). And the paper, which is very grand and about a hundred years old, affects me like Box. . . . When we read *The Lady of the Lake* out loud in high school, the boys substituted *Eleanor* for Ellen. . . . “Nay, Eleanor, lovely lady—nay,” they would say. Then the teacher would make *me* stand in the hall! And when I saw the *Lady of the Lake* wall-paper, with Eleanor (nee Ellen) “like a sunbeam swift and bright, darting to her shallop light,” I felt like the girl who screamed, “Oh save me!”

There is a Friendly Fire Society in Portsmouth that was organized in Colonial days. Membership descends from father to sons, and equipment consists of a leather bucket holding a bed screw (to take apart four-posters), and two linen bags “capable of holding 2 bushels of silver.”

The Portsmouth Athenæum was designed by Bulfinch, and so was the Public Library. The Library was originally an Academy, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich went there—which reminds me that the Aldrich house (the “Bad Boy’s” house) is open to visitors. Once a maiden aunt named Abigail went to Aldrich’s to call—and stayed for seventeen years! . . . But what I started to say was that the City Fathers, proud of their Library, put Bulfinch’s name over the door. *Charles Bulfinch, Architect*, it says—and Dorothy Vaughan, the assistant librarian, says that salesmen are forever calling, to sell Mr. Bulfinch a T-square or something.

* * * * *

There is another Wentworth story I’d like to tell—and then I want to tell about the Small Pox parties.

The story is about Joshua Wentworth, whose debts would make a man grow pale, and George Jaffrey, who left a fortune, to point a moral and adorn a tale. Young Joshua was the bosom friend of old Mr. Jaffrey, and heir expectant to his great wealth. Mr. Jaffrey signed some notes for Joshua. And when Joshua could not meet them, Mr. Jaffrey was so angry he changed his will, and named as his beneficiary a boy from Boston named Jeffries. The conditions

under which Jeffries inherited were these: First, he must change his name to George Jaffrey—Second, he must become a permanent resident of Portsmouth—Third, he must be a *gentleman*—and nothing else at all!

The conditions were strictly complied with—upon the death of old George Jaffrey, young George Jaffrey came to town. And all his life he was a gentleman of leisure, with a gold-headed cane and a tall silk hat. As an eligible bachelor, he received considerable flattering attention from the belles of Portsmouth. And once he beamed a young lady to a Small Pox party. But nothing came of it—and George Jaffrey the Second died a bachelor.

* * * * *

In 1782, the French fleet anchored in Portsmouth harbor. The girls couldn't decide that summer whether to take the Small Pox, or take up with an officer. The officers had a delightful peculiarity—they knit silk gloves! And every pretty girl in Portsmouth had a pair. Everywhere the French boys went, they took their knitting, and local lads, sulking on the side lines, called them whatever was 18th century for *pansies*.

Pest Island was a little green isle in the Piscataqua, where "the flower of youth and

beauty" went to get vaccinated (from 1774 to 1797). Old diaries tell us that "a greater amount of love-making was never before concentrated in so brief a space and period." Small Pox parties became social gatherings, and it was smarter to spend a summer month getting vaccinated than at the watering places.

Patience Wentworth wrote to the mother of a friend in Boston:

Aunty has invited a few young friends to take the Small Pox with me. If you wish to get rid of your fears in the same way, Aunty bids me say we will accommodate you in the best way we can. Aunty has several friends that she has invited, and none will be more welcome than you.

Every night were candy parties and sings in the houses on Pest Island where the patients lived. And, after midnight, the Dutch Doll went calling.

The Dutch Doll was the invention of the Prince of Wales and his friend Beau Brummel. They were in a tavern one night in London when Beau dressed a broom in a bar-maid's dress, made a mask for the face, and topped it with the tavern keeper's wig, and the bar-maid's cap. Then he presented it to Prince George, and dressed another for himself.

The young men held the brooms in their up-raised hands, so that the skirts concealed their faces. Then they wrapped themselves in sheets, and went roaming through the streets, terrifying the bobbies out of their wits.

French officers introduced the sport to Portsmouth. And the girls on Pest Island were awakened by Dolly, poking her head in their bed-room windows. . . Vaccination isn't so much fun now.

VI

GHOSTS GO WAILING DOWN THE WIND

THE Devil came personally to New England toward the end of the seventeenth century, in a determined effort to root out the Christian religion. His presence and motive were declared from the pulpit by Cotton Mather and a number of lesser lights. And, as men in an emergency turn usually to God, the people fasted and prayed. And some had visions. But Margaret Rule had the d.t's.

Miss Rule was haunted by "8 malignant spectres," led on by a "principal demon," who wanted to be her lover.

With maidenly modesty, Miss Rule demurred—"and the Devil lifted her bodily off the bed," like a cave man. He also pinched and stuck pins in her.

When the Reverend Mr. Mather heard what was happening to his unfortunate parishioner, he took her to his home for observation. There

she languished "for just six weeks together"—during which time she could not eat food. But subsisted on rum altogether!

Finally the Devil, intimidated by Dr. Mather, gave up the siege, and the lady's chastity was saved.

Dr. Mather, greatly pleased with himself, wrote *A Brand pluckt from the Burning*—or the story of a Puritan Spinster and her Demon Beau. And Margaret (we hope) went on the wagon.

* * * * *

After this struggle with such a worthy, if evanescent adversary, Dr. Mather could not decide whether ghosts were evil spirits, or only poor, unhappy souls with something on their minds.

Now, however, there were no more immediately at hand to be investigated, and the Doctor had to carry his research elsewhere. He had heard, of course, about the phantom ship of New Haven, and since the facts about it were now permanently set in the firm mould of time, and not likely to get complicated by the love-pattern of a living woman and a rum-weary demon, it looked a likely field to Dr. Mather.

He had been gathering material for his *Magnalia Christi Americana*, and forthwith set out for Connecticut to interview those, still



Jonathan became avaricious

living, who had seen the ship. Since practically every one had seen it, confirmation was not difficult and Mr. Mather confidently added the miracle to his immortal opus.

New England ghosts are harmless enough, but hard to get rid of. Dr. Mather spied out much, as any true Mather would, but to his dying day, he pondered the lot of that shipload of spooks. The man who had handily vanquished the Devil, let those ghosts get him down. His record of them is the oldest, and so I'll tell their story first. Then I will tell about Ocean Born Mary and the Moultons.

* * * * *

In mid-December, a Rhode Island ship, carrying a rich cargo—"and a far more rich treasure of passengers"—put out for London from New Haven, with several of the most eminent persons in the colony on board. The Reverend Mr. Davenport and all the town came down to see them off. As the ship passed slowly out to sea, Mr. Davenport fell upon his knees—and his invocation was wafted across the ice, like a prayer for the dead.

"Lord, if it be thy pleasure to bury these our friends in the bottom of the sea, take them; they are thine."

It was in the heart of winter—oh, the long and

dreary winter! The harbor was frozen over, so that the ship's way had to be cut through the ice—oh, the cold and cruel winter! While Mr. Davenport prayed, gloom crept in from the sea like an icy fog, so that men trembled. And all the women cried.

* * * * *

In the spring, ships arriving from England brought no tidings either of the ship or her company.

"Then," recounts Dr. Mather, "New Haven's heart began to fail her." And the people began to pray, "both public and private," and begged God, "if it was His pleasure," to let them hear what He had done with their friends.

"Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs bloomed and died,

In the broad river ebbcd and flowed the tide,
Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea,
And the slow months sailed by and ceased to be."

Then one afternoon in June a great thunderstorm came out of the northwest. And when the black clouds rolled away—about an hour before sunset—the watchers saw a large ship, with all her sails spread, and her colors flying, sailing gallantly up from the harbor's mouth. Though the wind was dead against her, she

moved as if her sails were filled with a heavenly gale. And the people looked on in wonder and in awe.

Children clapped their hands, and cried out,
"There's a brave ship!"

And up the harbor she sailed, stemming wind
and tide—without a ripple at her bow!

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,
Right against the wind that blew,
Until the eye could distinguish
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,
And her sails were loosened and lifted,
And blown away like clouds.

She crowded as near as there was depth of water for such a ship. Those on shore could see a man, with a naked sword, which he pointed out to sea. . . Then suddenly, noiselessly—as if struck by a squall—her main-top was blown away, and—falling in a wreck—hung limp among the shrouds. Then her mizzen-top, and all her masts, and spars, and sails.

And the masts, with all their rigging,
Fell slowly, one by one,
And the hulk dilated and vanished,
As a sea-mist in the sun!

And the people who saw this marvel
Each said unto his friend,
That this was the mould of their vessel,
And thus her tragic end.*

The learned and devout Mr. Davenport declared on Sunday, from the pulpit, that "God had condescended, for the quieting of their afflicted spirits, this extraordinary account of His disposal of those for whom so many fervent prayers were made continually." . . And so Mr. Davenport voiced the belief of the people in an anthropomorphic God who guided the destinies of ships, and the affairs of the people of New Haven.

* * * * *

A hundred years after the Phantom Ship was sunk, the seas were filled with pirates, and sailors sang of Captain Kidd:

My name was Robert Kidd, when I sail'd, when I
sail'd,

My name was Robert Kidd, when I sail'd;
My name was Robert Kidd, God's law I did forbid,
And so wickedly I did, when I sail'd.

I'd a Bible in my hand, when I sail'd, when I
sail'd,

I'd a Bible in my hand, when I sail'd;

* Henry W. Longfellow.

I'd a Bible in my hand, by my father's great command,
 But I sunk it in the sand, when I sail'd.

I'd ninety bars of gold, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
 I'd ninety bars of gold, as I sail'd;
 I'd ninety bars of gold, and dollars manifold,
 With riches uncontroll'd, as I sail'd.

Come all ye young and old, see me die, see me die,
 Come all ye young and old, see me die;
 Come all ye young and old, you're welcome to my
 gold,
 For by it I've lost my soul, and must die.

* * * * *

Philip Babb was one of Captain Kidd's men. When Kidd was hanged, Babb took his place as King of the Pirates.

Legend says that Babb was murdered by his own men, so that his ghost might guard their buried treasure. The murder is said to have taken place on Appledore Island in the Isle of Shoals, off the coast of New Hampshire. And if this is true, poor old Babb is still there, because a pirate's ghost could not desert his gold if he wanted to.

Babb was pretty sentimental for a pirate, and he fell in love with a little girl on a ship he captured. His attachment to Ocean Born Mary

began the day she was born. He gave her a bolt of sea-green brocade for a wedding gown. And waited until she was a widow, to build her a house.

* * * * *

In 1720 a company of emigrants on their passage from Ireland to New Hampshire were captured by pirates, captained—according to tradition—by Philip Babb.

Among the emigrants was a recent bride named Elizabeth Fulton, who was so frightened, that she had a baby right then and there. This must have embarrassed the pirate captain, who probably did not know much about maternity cases. But when he saw the baby, he was touched by its tiny helplessness. And he asked Elizabeth if she would name the child for his wife, whom he had loved and lost.

Elizabeth, who was still very scared, promised. And the pirate sent one of his men back to his ship for a bolt of Chinese brocade, as delicately green as young leaves in the spring-time, and shimmering like the sea in the sun. And he gave it to Elizabeth.

"Save it for the child's wedding gown," he said. "And call her Ocean Born Mary."

Now it happened that a child born on the *Mayflower* had been christened Oceanus. And

John Cotton's son, who was born at sea, was called Seaborn. Both babies had died. And some people said their names were too much for them.

When the emigrants reached Boston, and everyone heard about the pirate, people advised the Fultons not to call their baby by any such outlandish name. But Elizabeth said she had promised. And since the pirate had been extraordinarily kind to them, she meant to keep her word.

There was little worth taking on a poor emigrant ship, and that little the pirate had left alone. Nor did he harm a soul, but called his men and returned to his ship. And as they rowed away, the Captain stood in the boat and called back:

"Tell Ocean Born Mary I'll see her again!"

Ocean Born Mary's father died in Boston soon after landing. And his widow brought their baby to New Hampshire, to the settlement called Londonderry, in memory of their home in Ireland.

Ocean Born Mary married James Wallace when she was twenty-two—and she married him in a gown of green brocade, as soft and green as moss.

Legend says that Ocean Born Mary was then six feet tall, and a lovely Irish Juno. She bore

her husband four great sons. And the tallest of them was six feet and eight inches tall.

With this imposing family, Philip Babb, the pirate, kept in touch. When he grew old and tired of pillaging, he built a house in Henniker—in the foothills of New Hampshire. A square, high house such as sea captains built—and a much grander house than any of the farmers round-about.

When Ocean Born Mary's husband died, the pirate brought her and her sons to live with him. And Mary brought her sea-green wedding gown. She put it in the attic, and the moths got into it. But what the moths did not eat is still there.

There are some who say that Babb went again to sea, and on his return was killed on Appledore. Others say that his body was found in a meadow west of the house, with a cutlass through his throat. But nobody knows what he did with his gold (and they're looking all the time).

Ocean Born Mary lived to be ninety-four, and was buried in the Center Burying Ground in Henniker, among many of her descendants. Then for more than a hundred years the big old house was neglected, and it went to rack and ruin.

Once some boys set a fire to burn it. But

Ocean Born Mary "sent a man from town" to discover them, and save her house.

Finally the Roys, who live there now, saw an advertisement in a farm paper.

"I was brought to Ocean Born Mary's house," says Mrs. Roy. "I never saw it—I only read the advertisement. But I knew I must have it. When I came, someone walked up the path with me, and through the door. She is here now. We feel her presence always."

Ocean Born Mary haunts the bedroom where she slept, and flits through the shadowed yard. They feel, but never see her, in the rooms she loved.

Yet on the night of New England's historic hurricane, Mrs. Roy saw Ocean Born Mary as plain as though she were flesh and blood. Mrs. Roy's son, Gussie, was propping an out-building with joists. By his side, his mother, watching from the window, saw a tall woman helping. When he moved, she moved—and her arms were raised, protecting his head from the storm that blew about them. When the work was finished, Mrs. Roy saw them come toward the house together. Ten feet from the door, the woman vanished.

When darkness came, ghosts went wailing down the wind that night. And in the morning, the Roys found that a giant elm at the corner

of the house had been broken off from the roots. The boughs, instead of lunging through their roof, had uncannily folded in pieces, and lay beside a doorstep.

A twin elm—the only other in a plot of birch and pine—was uprooted from a hummock, sixty rods distant, in line with the north star. No tree between was damaged.

The isolated elms, the Roys think, offer a clue to the pirate's buried gold. Radiating west from the shattered elm, lies the stump of a third elm—also at sixty rods. This stump, in turn, is sixty rods from the uprooted elm on the hummock. In the exact center of this equilateral triangle is a gravel slope—a logical spot for buried treasure.

Mr. Roy began digging at once. It would be pleasant to tell that Ocean Born Mary led him to the pirate's gold. But all he found was the rusty hinge of an old chest—a chest such as seamen used.

* * * * *

New Hampshire has more ghosts, I think, than any other state in New England—and the most famous are the ghosts of Hampton.

When Lawyer Whipple bought the Jonathan Moulton house, he sent to Portsmouth for two ministers to lay the Moulton ghosts. The

ministers drove the ghosts into a bin in the cellar, and kept them there until the hired man got the bin boarded up. But when Squire Towle bought the place, he foolishly had the boards taken down—and the ghosts went back to their old tricks.

Now Mr. Harland Little and his sisters have restored the house for their summer home. The ghosts, they say, are little bother these days. Sometimes they blow out candles. The Littles hear them on the stairs at night, and sometimes feel them drifting through the rooms. But there is none of the clanking of chains that drove the Whipples mad, and terrified the Towles.

The Littles have restored the Haunted House to its ancient dignity. It is a square-set, yellow mansion, with a fine hip roof, and pediments over its shining small-paned windows, like arched eyebrows over wide eyes. For the kitchen, there is a little ell—a hundred years older than the mansion. And the ell has a gambrel roof. And there is an old-fashioned flower garden, with larkspur and hollyhocks growing side by side, and fox glove and bee balm and Canterbury bells.

* * * * *

General Jonathan Moulton was a self-made man with a flair for the flamboyant. And he

got more publicity than the Royal Governor. If Jonathan were alive today, *Time* would put him on the cover, and the Associated Press would have a two-column obit ready for the day he died.

He was born in New Hampshire in 1726, as poor as poverty. And he wanted to be the richest man in the Province. Almost everybody who is poor would like to be rich, but most of us do not go about it the right way. . . Jonathan bought a young ox as white as a daisy.

He fattened the ox until he weighed 1400 pounds. Then Jonathan hung him with flowers and ribbons—and gilded his hoofs, and tied a bow on his tail. And drove him to Portsmouth, for a gift for the Governor.

The Governor offered Jonathan a present in return. Jonathan remonstrated politely—but finally said—since the Governor insisted—he would accept a parcel of land adjoining the town in which he lived. The Governor made out a grant, without a suspicion of what it amounted to—and Jonathan went home with a deed for half a dozen towns! And in this way he became the richest man in the Province.

But instead of becoming loving and giving, he got as hard-boiled and mean as a miser. People said he sold his soul to the Devil, and

that was how he got his money. And Jonathan never denied it. They said that the Devil, in exchange for his soul, agreed to fill Jonathan's boots with gold pieces, on the first night of every month. Jonathan had ordered a pair of enormously large, high boots—too big for mortal man to wear. And this extraordinary purchase, broadcast by the bootmaker, gave credence to the story.

The Devil was as good as his word, and filled the out-size boots regularly, though it must have annoyed him to see the size of the things. Then Jonathan became more avaricious, and determined to out-smart the Devil. He cut the soles out of the boots—and the Devil's gold flowed down cellar through two holes in the floor! But the Devil was no fool, and that night he burned the General's house to the ground.

With the house went much of the gold. But there was enough buried in the ground to build a mansion grander than the first. And when it was finished, the old General married the prettiest girl in town.

His daughter Nancy, the child of his first wife, was married at the same time to John Marston, who was the General's secretary. For a wedding present her father gave them the whole town of Sandwich—which is quite a town. After the wedding, Nancy sat in state

for two weeks, receiving all the Tories and half the yokels in New Hampshire. And everyone said she was the luckiest girl in the Province.

Things were not going so well with Nancy's stepmother, Sarah. For on her wedding night a most terrible thing happened.

"Asleep she lay where the first wife's head
Had pillowed itself on the fateful bed" . . .
when—

waking—Sarah saw Jonathan's dead wife, Abigail, bending over her! And Abigail's cold hands were drawing the rings from Sarah's fingers.

Sarah nudged Jonathan, who jumped a foot.
"Sh!" she said, "your wife is here!"

Tremblingly her hand she raised,
There no more the diamond blazed,
Clasp of pearl, or ring of gold—
"Ah!" she sigh'd, "her hand was cold!" *

The General, who was a doughty old soldier, and not afraid of his first wife (not much), got up and looked around. But he could not find the rings. And nobody *ever* found them, nor saw them again. . . And that was the *first* of the ghosts.

* * * * *

* John Greenleaf Whittier—*The Old Wife and the New*.

Jonathan had a son Josiah who hated his stepmother, and made accusations against her to recover his mother's old clothes:

My Mother's Riding Hood Sarah took to wore, and would of kept, but a small remain of Modesty she had left discovered to her her Shamefacedness, and she gave it up. A neat costly black lace from off my Mother's black Silk Cloak she put on her own. She took my Mother's Best Caps. . . Nothing short of a Representation of Images of Hell can represent her true Conduct & Character.

* * * * *

The General, in his old age, became friendly with a chemist who boasted that he could make a poison so subtle it could not be discovered by taste, or smell, or color. With an astonishing lack of caution, the General cheated this chemist friend in a business deal, and a little later invited him for dinner. That night the General died in a strange and inexplicable spasm. . . Then there were *two* ghosts. . . And I wonder if they made it up, and go wailing down the winds together—or if Sarah, when she got to be a pale phantom, got between them, and raised hell about the rings that Abbie took.

VII

MADMEN AND LOVERS

DIFFERENT sorts of madness are innumerable. Jonathan Edward's madness was born of hell-fire and a vision. Timothy Dexter's was a pleasant madness. And Henry Tuft's a very mid-summer madness.

Jonathan was a minister; Timothy, a Lord. Tufts was a vagabond, with a girl in every town. And each of these three reflects, in a nice mad way, a bit of old-time New England.

Jonathan Edward's life was dark and gloomy—Jonathan is the black star in our crazy-quilt. For Henry and his amours we'll make a purple patch. And for Lord Timothy Dexter, yellow—in a pumpkin splash.

Jonathan Edwards loved the Lord—and lovers' songs he turned to holy psalms. Timothy Dexter loved money, and made a fortune on the Bible. Don Juan Tufts loved the girls—and kissed and told.

Jonathan Edwards wrote *The Freedom of the Will*, on which his fame rested for a hundred

years. Timothy Dexter wrote *A Pickle for The Knowing Ones, or Plain Truths in a Homespun Dress*. And Henry Tufts, *The Autobiography of a Criminal*. . . And they all were best sellers.

"There is a pleasure sure
In being mad which none but wise men know."

That goes for Lord Timothy and Mr. Tufts.
But I don't think the Reverend Mr. Edwards
got much fun out of it.

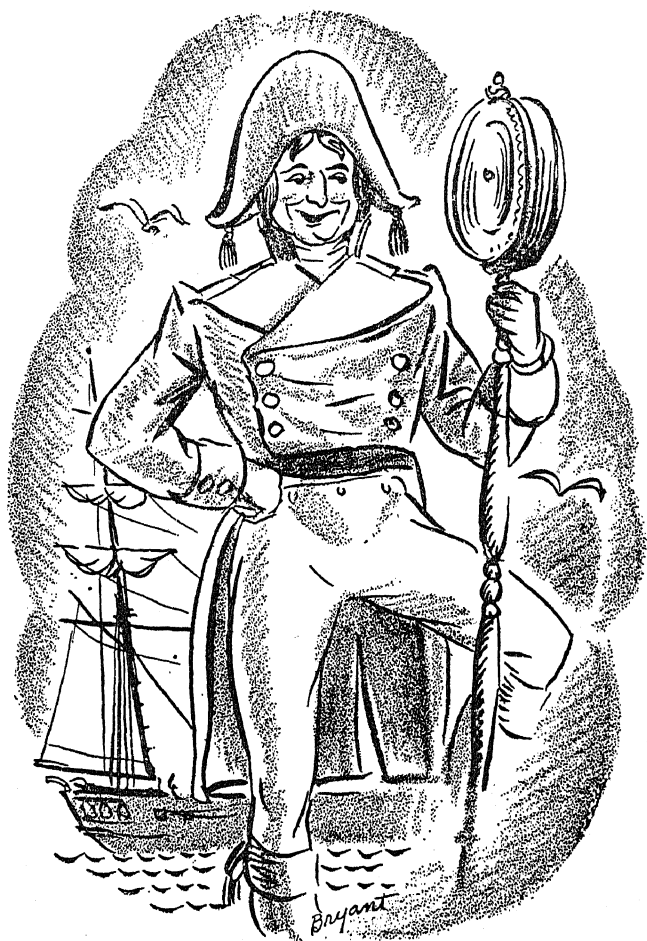
* * * * *

When Jonathan in the bush with God did meet,
Jonathan was eight, and of high conceit.

It was hell being a child in Puritan New England. And, to be fair to Jonathan Edwards, his lot was likely worse than most, for he was the only son of a Connecticut clergyman—and he had ten sisters!

Like most sensitive children in extremely religious environments, Jonathan had a morbidly precocious interest in salvation. When he was eight, he was affected by a revival of his father's church at East Windsor, and built a hut in the woods so he could say his prayers in peace.

There he went to pray five times a day. Or anyhow that is what he told his sisters. And with ten sisters to work on it, you can see how a story like that would get around—so that



Lord Timothy took a flier in warming pans. . .

everyone in town was saying what a good little boy Jonathan Edwards was.

Of course, it wasn't all Jonathan—or his father's preaching—or his ten sisters. Children in Colonial days learned to read from the *New England Primer*. And the Primer's nursery rhymes gave them heeby-jeebies.

In the burying ground I see
Graves shorter there than I,
From Death's clutch no age is free
Young children too must die.

Little girls embroidered samplers, for reminders:

REMEMBER YOU WAS BORN TO DIE!

They were brought up on original sin:

In Adam's fall
We sinned all.

And many of them had hysterics, which were regarded as a sign of grace.

Judge Sewall tells how his small Betty "could scarce read her chapter for weeping. She said she was afraid she should goe to Hell, since her Sins were not pardon'd. She cried so hard, she caus'd all the Family to cry too."

Jonathan abandoned his chapel in the woods to enter Yale when he was twelve. There he wrote his father of the "Monstrous Impieties and acts of Immorality lately committed in the Colledge." There was "Unseasonable Night-walking," he said, and "playing at Cards." There was "Cursing and Swearing and Damning, and Using all manner of Ill Language." There was also "Breaking of People's windows." And, particularly, there was "Stealing of Hens, Geese, turkies, piggs, Wood, etc."

"The Upshot," predicted the twelve-year-old, "will be the Expulsion of some and the Publick Admonition of others."

Johathan had a *chamber-mate* who joined the student body in protesting meals served in Commons.

"But, through the goodness of God," reported Jonathan, "I am free of all their janglings."

He was taking his tonic, he said (his *lignum vita*). And he sent his *humble Duty* to his Mother—his *heartly love* to his sisters.

And

"I am
Honoured Sir
Your
Most Dutyful
Son
Jonathan E."

The letter sounds self-righteous. But Jonathan was a good boy, and he knew it.

When he was eighteen, he accepted a pastorate in New York. At twenty, he was appointed Tutor at Yale. And at twenty-three, he went to Northampton.

* * * * *

His parish was large and important. But Northampton was a provincial town, and young Mr. Edwards ran into trouble almost as soon as he arrived. There were various difficulties, but for the purpose of this sketch, we will review only the most colorful, which have to do with *Bundling*, and a "Bad Book."

* * * * *

Cotton Mather had recently prepared a Discourse (and preached it in installments) Shewing what Cause there was to Fear that the Glory of God was Departing from New England.

But people paid less attention to Dr. Mather than they used to. He said that God would punish "with multiple and repeated miscarriages" all women who cried against the labor of child-bearing.

Dr. Mather had three wives (one at a time, of course) who had borne him fifteen children, and done their share of crying. And who was

he, the women asked, to say who God should punish? Superstition and implicit faith in what the clergy said was dying. And Puritan preachers were preaching in vain.

* * * * *

Jonathan Edwards married Sarah Pierrepont shortly after he reached Northampton. Sarah was seventeen, and very religious. She had eleven children—one every two years, until she was forty. And she loved Jonathan devotedly.

From this union there have been (so far) some fifteen hundred descendants, and most of them distinguished—thirteen college presidents, more than two hundred professors, missionaries and ministers, eminent doctors and jurists, Governors, Senators, and a Vice President, famous editors and writers—J. P. Morgan, and Winston Churchill. . . And so seventeen-year-old Sarah—with Jonathan's help—became the Great American Ancestress.

In school we were told about the Edwards and the Jukes, who have been the last word in heredity arguments for nearly seventy years. The Edwards—without reproach. The poor old Jukes—bad, sad, and awful mad.

In 1875 Richard Dugdale made a study of the two families, and his findings became textbook gospel. But what Mr. Dugdale (and I

suppose our professors) didn't know about was the Edwards before Jonathan—and if you don't mind a little digression, I'll tell you about Grandma Tuttle, who was Jonathan Edwards' father's mother, and the scandal of her day.

Elizabeth Tuttle married Richard Edwards in 1667. Three months after their marriage, she named another man as the father of the child she was carrying. Richard paid the customary fine, and kept his peace. When the child was born, Elizabeth gave it to her mother—and bore Richard a houseful of his own.

Twenty-four years after their marriage, Richard divorced Elizabeth. Her faults, he said, were "too greivous to forgitt, and too much to relate"—and for her first sin he "did never yet forgive her."

Elizabeth's brother killed one of his sisters, and another sister killed her own child. So it seems that through the Tuttle family, a taint of insanity must have entered the Edwards' inheritance.

Timothy was the only son of Richard and Elizabeth—and it was he who became the father of Jonathan and the ten girls. Timothy, at twenty-two, had testified against his mother, and God punished him with a queer daughter, who was called Martha. Martha had two

daughters who were also queer. Pierrepont, the son of Jonathan, was erratic, as was also the son of his daughter, Mary Dwight.

Aaron Burr was the son of another of Jonathan's daughters. And people said that Aaron was the black sheep of the family, and as mad as a hatter. After he became a political scapegoat, Aaron won distinction as an A. No. 1 Lady Killer, which was probably more fun than being Vice President, or a missionary. But his morals would certainly have made Grandpa sit up in his shroud. Because, if there was one sin Jonathan Edwards hated worse than any other, it was lovemaking.

There was a curious New England custom in those days called Bundling, which was love-making under peculiar circumstances. And Jonathan knew it and Jonathan couldn't rest.

Boys and girls who bundled went to bed together, with their clothes on, and stayed until morning. Sometimes they got married afterward. And sometimes they didn't.

Bundling was the cozy custom of rural New England, and hardly anybody thought it was wrong—except the Reverend Jonathan Edwards and his cultured associates. Very few ministers opposed it—and some even practiced it.

From the journal of an 18th century divinity student, we learn that he had five love affairs

in succession, and bundled with the fourth of his inamorats *magna cum voluptate*.

The Reverend Ebenezer Parkman tells of making a journey with a brother minister (it was the custom of the clergy to travel in pairs). Putting up for the night, they slept in one bed—for beds were very scarce. . . . “And the daughter of the house,” relates Mr. Parkman, “thought nothing of bundling in another bed in the same room.”

It was a lovers’ custom as old as the first settlement, and until Mr. Edwards got excited about it, it was scarcely a matter for gossip. But after Mr. Edwards’ first “hell-fire and conniption-fit sermon,” his colleagues took up the subject. And one of them wrote a poem with twenty-seven verses dedicated to “Ye Youth of Both Sexes,” that ended like this:

Should you go on, the day will come
When Christ your judge will say,
“In bundles bind each of this kind,
And cast them all away.

“Down deep in hell there let them dwell,
And bundle on that bed.
There burn and roll without control
’Till all their lusts are fed.”

The Reverend Samuel Peters of Hebron, Connecticut, wrote a History of the Colony in 1781, and in it he tells us that:

Notwithstanding the great modesty of the females is such that it would be accounted rudeness for a gentleman to speak before a lady of a garter, or her leg, yet it is thought but a piece of civility to ask her to bundle.

If she was an honest, country bundling girl, she probably expected it.

Boys came a long way to court. When they had done their day's chores and reached a girl's home, it was supper-time. And after supper, it was bed-time—and the fires went out, and the house grew cold. Then, in a big feather bed, there was warmth and loveliness—and the long, long night to talk!

Since in a bed, a man and maid
May bundle and be chaste,
It doth no good to burn up wood.
It is a needless waste.*

Many Mayflower Descendants have a bundling ancestry, though they never mention it. And the rural grandmamas of the D.A.R. went to bed with their beaus, and took the consequences. (Mr. Peters says "the consequences commonly made its appearance within seven months of a country marriage.")

City folk became sooner sophisticated, and in 1745, according to Mr. Peters:

* Old Song—1786.

Salem, Newport, and New York, resolving to be more polite than their ancestors, forbad their daughters bundling on the bed with a man, and introduced a sofa, to render courtship more palatable and Turkish.

Northampton, being countrified, clung to the four-poster. And the Reverend Jonathan Edwards determined to do something about it—that, and the general sin that was then rife.

* * * * *

People in Colonial New England had long believed that God punished them with the "throat distemper"; and blasted their harvests, for their sins. For years they had pleased and placated Him as best they could. And things were going pretty well between God and the Puritans. Then a new generation grew bold, and tempted Providence.

Men began to smoke in public. Young people organized husking bees, and bonfires. There were "journeyings, and unsuitable discourse on the Sabbath."

The elders devised laws to insure a return of piety. Connecticut passed resolutions against "covetousness, extravagance, and drinking." But still the people sinned—until Jonathan Edwards was given strength to save them.

Mr. Edwards was a revival preacher—a hell

and brimstone preacher. He could preach for hours. His passion and ruthless sincerity made people weep and groan, as he compelled them to face their eternal doom. Women screamed and fainted when he set forth the evils of mirth-making, company-keeping, and bundling.

His first converts were the "greatest company-keeper in town" and "a young woman addicted to night-walking"—which did not mean at all what we might mean by the same expression.

Then there was Phoebe Bartlett, age four, who "feared hell and shut herself up in a closet, until she had received evidences of salvation." . . . And after Phoebe, were many hardened sinners—so many that the meeting-house could not hold them. So they built one twice as big.

Religion had struck like lightning, and the hearts of the people were filled with fear. Hell yawned for young and old—and especially for babies.

"God is very angry," said Mr. Edwards, "with the sins of little children."

Small boys, he declared, were vipers—and since he had a houseful of his own, perhaps he knew.

Schools closed, so that little ones would have more time to repent. Merchants locked their stores, to pray. And it was said that the shrieks

of the terrified could be heard for a mile. . . If only Cotton Mather had lived to hear! Cotton Mather, by the way, was the grandson of Mrs. John Cotton, whose husband persecuted Ann Hutchinson, and called a miscarriage a *monster*. When John died, his widow married Richard Mather, who had a little boy named Increase. And when Increase grew up, he married his step-sister—Mrs. Cotton's daughter, Mary—and became president of Harvard and the father of Cotton Mather.

Men of the Mather family were always ministers, and girls became the wives of ministers, so that the Mather blood and influence spread throughout New England, until Mather traits of character were felt in most of the cities and remote parishes of the six Yankee States. For good or evil, we owe much of our New England character to the intolerance and bigotry—the God-fearing faith and example—of that terrible tribe of incorruptible, malevolent Mathers.

* * * * *

Jonathan Edwards was spiritual kin to this pious brood, and as extraordinarily virtuous as any of them.

The Great Awakening was in full swing when some unrepentant small boys found a book

called *The Midwife Rightly Instructed*. When their mothers went to prayer meeting, the unregenerate vipers gathered to read it. Before long a large circle had passed the book around. And someone—it may have been one of the young Edwards—told Jonathan, who immediately told the congregation—and took a vote authorizing investigation.

A few Sundays later Mr. Edwards read from the pulpit the names of the young people who were involved—and among them were the children of the elite. Oh tactless Mr. Edwards!

There was a terrific row, with inquiries lasting three months. But finally the confessions of the ring leaders were read aloud in Meeting, and the affair officially closed.

Time passed, the Bad Book boys grew up. . . And six years after the "Midwife Scandal," the Reverend Jonathan Edwards was dismissed from Northampton, and the church he had made the most famous in the world.

Forsaking prestige, he went to an Indian mission in Stockbridge. There, with an unerring instinct for discovering the prevalent fun, he preached mostly about rum—the "darling vice" of the Red Men.

"If you don't do your duty," he told the Indian, "you will have a hotter place in hell than the heathen who never heard of Jesus Christ."

Stockbridge was less demanding than Northampton, and between sermons, Mr. Edwards wrote his dreary *magnum opus*. After it was published, he was called to Princeton, to be President of the College. There he was inoculated for the smallpox, and died in a week.

Now his theology is dead—and his books unread. But his intellectual and moral force has held out through eight generations. . . . Though Jonathan may have been a prig, he was a grand ancestor.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, lecturing at Harvard, counseled his students, "To be a gentleman, see that your grandfather was one."

The Edwards prove the precept, but now comes Henry Tufts, whose grandfather was a Harvard man and a Boston minister—but *Henry* was a thief!

* * * * *

By his own confession, Henry Tufts was "accounted the greatest knave and most arrogant horse-thief in all the country." And to prove it, Henry wrote a book. He did not write it himself, but employed a ghost and split the profits. Henry was a good talker, but his only

books were woman's looks, and folly's all they'd taught him.

Henry could never resist a woman (or a horse). He cultivated them all over New England, and loved and left them everywhere. And when he was old, and sated and sick of sin, he hired him a ghost and settled down to write his memoirs (which are now worth \$45 a copy).

Henry Tufts was born in Newmarket, New Hampshire, in 1748, and fell early into sin. First he robbed the neighbors. Then he stole his father's horse. He done a girl named Sally wrong. And then he robbed a store. They put him in jail, and he burned it down. When he was caught, he was exposed for sale. But no sane man would buy such a boy (and the girls hadn't any money).

When Henry was twenty-two, he married Lydia Bickford. His vices, he tells us, "then lay listless and dormant, as though they had lost primeval energy, and were fast progressing toward oblivion, while each succeeding day wore a more serene aspect, and glided away in tranquility and peace."

There were six blissful months. Then the "dormant vices" raised their ugly heads—and *Henry* glided away. Occasionally he returned (Lydia had nine children by him). But the rest

of his life was spent mostly with other women, or in jail.

"I have often," he says, "heard it observed of a sailor that he has a wife in every port, and supposed myself entitled to a like privilege, though belonging to a different element."

It was spring when Henry left Lydia:

"Now had the vertical rays of propitious Phoebus subdued the rigors of the inclement year, and transformed the surly, hiemal blasts into pleasing zephyrus gales, renewing the beauties of vernal bloom, and restoring to the animate world the festive joys of a mild atmosphere. . ."—
Toodle-de-oodle-de-oo! and a hi-nonny-nonny for Henry's May-time amours.

The first was a widow in Exeter named Lucy. For three weeks, our hero boasts, he was rarely absent, night or day, from her arms:

"In soft battles I could pass the night,
And rise next morning, vig'rous for the fight,
Fresh as the day, and active as the night."

He had serious thoughts of marrying Lucy, but to enter "Hymen's soft domains within so short a distance of Lydia would be a procedure too perilous for experiment."

So he robbed a store with a pal named Smith, and went to jail instead. He was put in a cold, dark dungeon to await trial, with his feet

shackled together and chained to a staple in the floor. After ninety days, he and Smith were found guilty, and given twenty-five lashes each, sentenced to imprisonment for thirty-one days longer, and ordered to pay damages with costs—in default of which they were to be sold from the pillory.

In a few days Henry's friends supplied him with tools, and he succeeded in drilling a hole for his escape. He told Smith, who was in a nearby cell, that he was going to leave. And Smith begged to learn how.

"By the help of the Devil," said Henry, "who is always at my beck and call."

Smith had heard it reported that Henry was a Wizard, and implored his help.

"If you will follow my directions," said Henry, "you may leave when I do."

Smith promised, and Henry told him he must take off all his clothes, and throw them out the window. Then he should wait ten minutes, and say:

"Come in old man, with the black ram,
And carry me out as fast as you can."

When Henry gained his freedom, he picked up Smith's clothes, which he expected to need—and hurried away, leaving poor Smith to mumble his rhyme.

From Exeter, Henry went to Canada, and lived with the Indians for three years, learning about herbs, and making love to Polly Susap, a niece of King Tumkin Hagen. Polly wanted to be married. But infidelity, among the Indians, cost a man the tip of his nose—and Henry valued his nose.

He left the tribe to enlist, and in the Army won fame as a wrestler. (Our Henry was six feet-two, and strong as an ox.) He deserted because the food was poor, and wretchedly scarce. And spent his last cent for a new black suit, a Scotch plaid gown, and a cocked-up beaver hat, that he might pose as a wandering preacher. Then he stole a horse, and rode to Little Falls in Maine.

Attending a revival, he addressed the assembly, who declared him to be a heaven-born saint. . . Whereupon a young woman, by name Peggy Cotton, exclaimed:

“He a saint? He is the Devil incarnate! My opinion is derived from his conduct, as it is said a tree may be known from its fruit. I took notice, on his entrance into the meeting, that he first surveyed my face—then my ankles. Then my whole person. And in such a carnal way and manner, that I perceived he has Satan in his heart.”

This accusation (which Henry would be the last to deny) “disordered his muscles not a little.” But the minister and the people defending him, Peggy prudently took her departure.

For some time, Henry pursued his ministerial ways. Then he became a strolling physician, curing with Indian herbs. Then a sooth-sayer of such sagacity that he was known as the Salem Wizard. But before long, he was stealing horses again—painting the white ones dappled, and the black ones gray.

In Hampton Falls, he wheedled away a large dog, and sold him near Newbury for ten shillings. He scarcely had crossed the ferry, when the dog swam after him. Henry sold him for a second time in Newburyport for six shillings. Then taking the road to Bradford, he went on two miles, when the dog again overtook him. At Bradford he parted with him once more for five shillings. With the proceeds he bought a jug of rum. And before long he found another Charmer:

“With the joys of great Bacchus I quicken’d each
sense,
Till my guineas and pounds were transmuted to
pence;
In the arms of my mistress, entranc’d ev’ry night,
I pass’d the soft moments in am’rous delight.”

One day Henry called at the house of a gentleman who owned a valuable horse, and knew Henry by repute.

"This horse," said the gentleman, "I keep closely locked up, and guarded by sentries every night; so, if you can make out to steal him, you shall be extremely welcome, and never be called to account."

That was enough for Henry. Feeling somewhat nettled, as a gentleman of his profession would, at being bantered, he added, he says, a suitable quantity of opium to a quart of rum, and that night approached the stable. Hailed by the sentries, Henry said that he was looking for a thief named *Henry Tufts*. They said that they had frequently heard of Tufts whereupon their "dialogue growing Familiar," Henry offered them a drink—and another—and another. Until they were "stretched on the ground, encircled in the arms of Morpheus." Searching their pockets, Henry found the key to the stable, and soon had "the pleasure of finding himself on a fine horse."

Next Henry purchased an elegant suit, a laced hat, and embroidered waistcoat—"rings of gold, to adorn my dainty fingers, and a costly watch to decorate my fob." In this splendid garb, he rode to Hudson, N. Y., where he took

shelter in a house where there were two young ladies—one very beautiful, the other, ugly and uncouth.

Henry's recital of the night's adventure sounds like a piece from *Esquire*. He scraped some acquaintance with both; but felt the most irresistible inclination to make the more beautiful his companion for the night. Unable to conquer his insatiable desire . . . but the story is Henry's, and Henry should tell it:

I mustered courage, with silent steps, to invade the precincts of the handsomest damsel; and had the supreme felicity to find her so far from obstinacy, that at the first summons, she surrendered the castle, and admitted a friendly parley until morning. Even yet, O, memory, thou presentest to view this feast of love, as of yesternight! How delighted, how transported was I, with the elegant person of my fine companion!

The hours passed away in transports of ecstasy unutterable; nor was the potent charm dissolved 'til Phoebus shot his officious beams through the casement, and imparted to my, until now intoxicated senses, a view of surrounding objects.

Paint now in imagination my surprise, my confusion, when I saw myself encircled in the arms of the ill-favored, the rejected damsel, in close contact with the same bundle of deformity I had contemplated with such cold indifference, such killing disgust, the preceding evening.

The scene was truly farcical; I was planet struck. What surprise she noted in my aspect, I pretend not to say; but she demanded with a sarcastic sneer, whether I had been deceived in my partner. I answered that I had been confoundedly so.

"See," cried she, "*the force of imagination!*"

Her logic was irrefragable. But, as I wished, for cogent reasons, to wave further discussion, I quitted the house abruptly. And upon revolving in my mind, as I paced the street, the ludicrous adventures of the night, came to the following resolution: Never to differ with a wife, much less a mistress, upon so light and trivial a consideration as the want of external beauty.

* * * * *

Henry had an adventure with cannibals in Poughkeepsie. . . He passed counterfeit money. . . And he practiced black magic.

Occasionally he went home to see Lydia and the family. In the meantime, besides many mistresses, he accumulated another wife. Girls cried when Henry left, and some had Henry's children to remember him by. But Nabby cried the hardest and was the one he loved most, so he married her too. She bore him four children, and she clung like a burr.

When Henry was not making love, or stealing, he was usually being whipped, or loaded with chains in a dungeon. . . And, for stealing

spoons he never stole, he went to Salem jail, and was sentenced to be hanged.

In the spring of the year 1793 (he writes) I bought of a John Stewart one silver tablespoon and five teaspoons of the same metal (would to God I had never set eyes on them, or him!) Stewart being bare of clothing, I supplied him with a fustian coat and pair of stockings by way of payment, and thought no more of the matter.

Someone saw the spoons in Henry's house, and told Daniel Jacobs, who was the rightful owner. Jacobs swore out a warrant—Stewart disappeared—and Henry was arrested. He was taken first to Salem jail, where he nearly succeeded in cutting a hole through a wall. Then he was moved to Ipswich, which was the strongest jail in New England. And there he was strongly handcuffed, and chained to the floor. A month later, he was brought to trial, charged with burglary—a capital offense, and punishable with death. Samuel Sewall, who was appointed by the court to defend him, was a grandson of old Judge Sewall who tried the Witches. Sewall was an able attorney, but the jury was greatly prejudiced, and:

“On their oath they presented that Henry Tufts, Not having the fear of God before his eyes, but moved and seduced by the instigation of the

Devil, feloniously and buglariously did break and enter in the night the dwelling house of Daniel Jacobs, and stole six silver spoons of the value of 18 shillings . . . also 1 beer glass, 1 beaver hat, an iron spoon, and a walking stick.

The Judge, pronouncing sentence, declared that Henry should be taken to the jail from whence he came, and from thence to the place of execution . . . "there to be hanged by the neck until dead."

He was loaded again with chains, and carried to Ipswich—to wait six weeks to be hanged.

While waiting, he was visited one day by a *certain physician*—"sunshine sat upon his person, honey distilled from his lips"—and he offered Henry two guineas for his skeleton!

The next day, a newspaper man from Newburyport offered seventy dollars, for what Henry calls "a license to publish a narrative of my adventures."—Meantime, Nabby had been to see the Governor. The "young gentlemen of Harvard" had sent His Excellency a petition—and "likewise the ladies of Ipswich"—all begging clemency for Henry.

Weeks passed—"and now appeared the dreadful morn of August the 14th." At eight, Henry saw a grave digger passing with pick and shovel, to dig his grave beneath the gallows. An hour

later, a school mistress looked through the bars, and exclaimed, in a tremor, that she had just beheld an awful sight—a coffin made, and a grave dug, for a living man! By noon, there was a multitude collected (three thousand people, the papers said). And Henry could hear them asking:

“Where is the man who is going to be hanged?”. . . “At what time will he be hanged?” (The time was set for the hours between two and four.)

At three, the warden told Henry he had received no order for his removal from cell to gallows. At four, there was still no word; and then the warden said the execution was respited. But for how long he could not avouch.

Henry says he sent to the Governor, “to know the result of his destiny, but could receive no intelligence in the least, and lingered in uncertainty until the middle of September.” Then he was sent to the Castle—an island prison in Boston Harbor.

Prisoners lived on black bread and bullocks’ heads. Henry broke his arms, and froze his feet. But faithful Nabby went to see him, and brought him all that she could buy with her small earnings. And one day Henry wrapped his head in sea-weed—and swam away! But a guard from the watch tower saw the grass

floating against the current. And men put out in a boat, and brought him back.

Five years later, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts ceded Castle Island to the Government, and the prisoners were transferred to other prisons. Henry, by great good fortune, was sent to Salem. And Salem was a jail he could always get out of. He arrived in the afternoon.

"Scarce had twilight discolored the face of things," ere he fell to work. In half an hour, he had "opened a sufficient breach—clambered into the entry—and gained the open street."

Nabby and her four children were living in Rockingham, Vermont—Lydia and her nine in Limington, Maine.

"I loved Nabby unquestionably beyond all women on earth," says Henry.

But Henry was fifty-two, and very tired. His sons were prosperous farmers—his daughters married.

"I began to think," he admits, "that it was high time to have sown my wild oats, and at the same time set about a very necessary piece of business—to wit: reformation."

So Henry returned to Lydia. . . . "Of that venerable dame, my spouse, it could only be said, *she was once young*."

But Lydia was a good cook, and presently Henry was feeling better. With the help of his

sons, he bought a small farm, and practiced medicine, until the old wanderlust got him again, and he "mounted his stout horse, and set off on a medical excursion to Nova Scotia." Then he visited the White Mountains.

He seduced a Shaker. And enraptured a widow. And, at fifty-five, he eloped with a "young lady of Limington"! She was eighteen, and an invalid. He cured her with his Indian herbs, and she suggested that they run away. "This declaration demonstrated so great a degree of ardor," that it irresistibly excited poor old Henry (who was a grandfather now), and caused him to forsake his former resolutions.

They departed on horseback, and rode a thousand miles. Then Henry learned that the light that lies in woman's eyes lies—and lies—and *lies*. Twice on their honeymoon, his "sparrow" deceived him—once with a "well looking traveler on horseback"—once with an "Irish pedagogue." And now, for certain, Henry was sick with l'amour, and wanted his *sparrow* no more. It was a great relief when her father caught up with them in Hanover, and dragged her away.

Henry returned again to Limington.

One would have supposed (he mournfully comments) that it was high time for my old wife to exhibit a small portion of indifference for the

hymeneal banquet, and to the indulgence of others in its delicacies. Far otherwise; her juvenile feelings were not so forgotten, but she could view my capers, and those of my female adventurer, in the same odious point of vision, as though Madam herself had been yet on the threshold of twenty. Be this as it might, the multiplicity of curtain lectures, that were constantly chiming in my stunned ears, I had scarce thought pardonable in a newly wedded wanton of the age just mentioned.

The *Autobiography* ends with an epigram—a tribute to Lydia—with love from Henry:

Women, like men, will fade away,
 Their eyes grow dim, their teeth decay,
 But while they breathe the vital gale,
 'Tis strange their tongues should never fail.

And now we come to Lord Timothy Dexter—who was not a Lord at all, but a mad tanner—and far too shrewd to hide his talents in a vat.

A Pickle for the Knowing Ones, or Plain Truths In A Homespun Dress is the title of Lord Timothy's *Autobiography*, and its phonetic spelling is as mad as its subject.

New England is famous for Queer Sticks—and Lord Timothy was the queerest of the

queer. He made money in idiotic ways, and became exceedingly rich. He thanked God that he was "neither colidge larnt nor divel larnt." And he believed in dreams and sooth-sayers. He drank so much, it was often said that he was "drunk as a lord." Taking the title seriously, Timothy proclaimed himself a nobleman—"First in the East, First in the West, and the greatest philosopher in the known World." He hired a fish peddler to be his poet laureate. And wrote a book without a punctuation mark.

I was born when grat powers Rouled—I was borne in 1774 Janeuarey 22 on this day in the morning A grat snow storme—mars came fored—Joupeter stud by holding the Candel—I wuz to be one grat man. . .

and a *grat man* he was, in a queer, crazy way.

* * * * *

Timothy Dexter was born in Malden, where he learned the tanner's trade. When his apprenticeship was ended, he walked to Newburyport, with a *bundel* under his arm. In the *bundel* was every thing that Timothy owned, and leather *gluvs* and *briches* for the gentry of Newburyport.

Timothy opened a store, and hung out a sign:

GENTS BRICHES ALLSO ARTIKLES SOU-
TABLE FOR WIMMINS WARE

The store was uncommonly successful, for Newburyport was a thriving town, and the *gents* and *wimmin* liked Timothy's *gluvs* and *briches*, and paid him well.

With his profits, he bought all the paper money he could get his hands on. People said he was mad, for the paper was practically worthless.

"I had a dream," Timothy said, "and a black man told me what to do."

Folks tapped their heads and smiled. And then—suddenly—the new Government was firmly established, and began to make its money good. And Timothy was worth a fortune!

He bought the finest house in town, and filled the cellar with wines and rum, and stocked the pantries with imported provisions. When ships came in, he went to the wharves and bought whole cargoes of treasures, right out of the holds. He had fine furniture, and silver, and china. But Society would not sit at his lavish board. Because Timothy didn't have any Lifebuoy or Listerine. He was a social pariah, because he smelled like a tanning yard—and what could the poor man do?

He offered to build a public market, if it should be named for him—and to repair High Street. But both proposals were rejected with

the prim thanks of a nervous aristocracy. And then Timothy gave up.

His best friend was Jonathan Plummer, a fish peddler-poet. And Jonathan could not tell Lord Dexter what the matter was, because Jonathan smelled *worse* than the Lord.

Timothy dressed the rhymster in a velvet robe, with silver stars—and made the peddler a poet laureate, fit to sing his patron's virtues and embalm his fame.

Jonathan's poems were published as paid ads in the newspapers, and this is what they said:

Lord Dexter is a man of fame,
Most celebrated is his name,
More precious far than gold that's pure;
Lord Dexter, shine forever more!

His house is white and trimmed with green,
For many miles it may be seen;
It shines as bright as any star;
The fame of it has spread afar.

Lord Dexter, like King Solomon,
Hath gold and silver by the ton;
And bells to churches he hath given,
To worship the great King of Heaven.

The house—still “white and trimmed with green”—looks almost as it used to. But the statues Timothy loved are gone—and no one

knows where. Henry Ford would give practically his right eye for one.

Shortly after Timothy's death, a gale blew several of the statues down, and the place grew dilapidated. It became a factory boarding house for a while. But now it is a fine home again. And Timothy's gilded eagle spreads his wings up on the roof.

There was a ship's wood-carver in Newburyport whom Timothy employed to make forty gigantic statues of the most famous men of the period. The statues were mounted on pillars, and placed about the mansion. They were painted with blue coats and buff breeches. And some of them wore scarlet.

George Washington was in the center, with a cocked hat and a sword. On his right was John Adams, bare-headed—for Lord Dexter said that no one should stand covered in the presence of the General. There was Thomas Jefferson, with a scroll in his hand inscribed *Constitution*; and Louis XVI, with a crown on his head; King George, and Lord Nelson, and the Indian Chief, Corn Planter. There was a lady called Maternal Affection, several out-size lions, and a Traveling Preacher. And there were two statues of Dexter himself.

Timothy had a pumpkin-colored coach, drawn by cream-colored horses. Every afternoon he went driving, with a little hairless dog

sitting by his side. And the small boys cried:

"Here comes my Lord! . . . Clear the way for my Lord's carriage!"

Timothy was imprisoned for a few days because he fired his pistol at a countryman who laughed at his statues. And he drove to the jail in Ipswich, in his pumpkin coach. (I wonder if Henry Tufts was there then.)

* * * * *

Everything Timothy Dexter touched turned to gold, and some of his ventures were the maddest things you ever heard. Once he sent mittens to the "West Injes"! And they were sold, at a nice profit, to a ship clearing for the Baltic. He literally shipped coals to Newcastle—two cargoes of coal to that coal-mining town! And when the ships arrived, there was a strike at the mines—and the coal was worth a fortune. He bought Bibles, and sent them to the Indies, where the negroes could not read a word.

"I dreamed," he said, "that the Good Book was run down in this country as low as half price. I had the ready cash by wholesale. I bought twenty-one thousand. I put them in twenty-one vessels, and sent as a text that all must have one Bible in each family, or they would go to hell." . . . And every colored family bought one!

Then he took a flyer in warming-pans. Three

nights running he had dreamed that warming-pans would do well in the West Indies . . . and the present-day aftermath of Lord Dexter's dreaming was this:

On the islands there are little stores called *Self Helps*, where the natives bring anything they wish to sell—mango chutneys and coconut candies, trash and trinkets. A *Self Help* is a sort of pawn shop, with a Woman's Exchange out front, and Yankee notions in the show-case. Sometimes there are treasures—hurricane lamps, or lustre tea cups—and old silver. And once I saw warming-pans, shining in the tropic sun. . . Yellow brass, on a white wall—and bright as northern sunflowers.

"Folks in dis islan' doan use dem no moah," the store keeper said.

"Warming pans in the Indies?" I exclaimed. "I should think not!"

"What youah mean—*warmin' pahns*, Mistress? Dems skimmers, Lady, foah skim de m'lasses."

I did not know then about Lord Timothy Dexter. And how he sent forty-two thousand warming pans to the Indies—and sold them like hot tamales. . . Dem ol' skimmers, Sah, were nearly a hundred and fifty years old! But Lord Timothy who sent them there had been paid for them, every one, long before he died.

Earlier in life, Timothy had acquired four children and their widowed mother. The widow stood a good deal of nonsense from Timothy—but Chief Corn Planter in the front yard was too much. There was a terrible row—and Timothy wrote:

My old hed has wore out 3 boddeys it wud take a jourey of Doctors one our to find and count the scars on my hed.

From this time on, he called her the *Ghost*. The haddock poet wrote her epitaph. And the two of them treated her as though she had been dead a long time.

When the *Pickle* was published, Newburyport chuckled over Timothy's marital woes. He bargained then with the poor old *Ghost* for his freedom, and gave her two thousand dollars to go away. When she had gone, he advertised for another wife. But after a long wait—there being no applicant—he sent for the *Ghost*. And hired her back again!

* * * * *

In the first edition of the *Pickle* there was no punctuation. But in the second, there are two solid pages of periods, commas, exclamation points, and question marks—with this note to the printer:

Mister printer the Nowing ones complane of my book the fust edition had no stops I put in A Nuf here and they may peper and salt it as they plese.

* * * * *

When age and the gout caught up with Lord Dexter, he decided it was time for a funeral. He ordered a tomb built in the garden, and chose a green and white coffin. He bought scarves, gloves, and rings for the mourners and ordered a funeral feast, with wines. Jonathan Plummer wrote an Ode, and Timothy bought a church bell. Then he invited everyone in town—and watched the proceedings from the Captain's Walk, on top of his house.

Everything went off beautifully. But the *Ghost* did not cry as Timothy thought she should; and this angered him so that he beat her.

A little later, Timothy had a *real* funeral (and I bet the *Ghost* didn't cry that time either). Then Timothy lay in his green and white coffin. And Jonathan wrote another Ode. The town fathers would not permit burial in the garden. So the green and white coffin was carried to the public Burying Ground, and buried next the Frog Pond. And the frogs croak a requiem every summer night.

VIII

LADIES PLAIN AND FANCY

DEBORAH SAMPSON was a soldier. . .
And Jemima Wilkinson died twice.

Maria Monk was a prostitute who swore she was a nun. . . And Mrs. Jack Gardner was a lady who did what she chose, and didn't care what the neighbors had to say.

C'est mon plaisir was Mrs. Gardner's motto—and it might have been Deborah's and Jemima's too. For they were girls who got what they wanted, and survived their reputations. . . But Maria was only a tramp. And her *True Confessions* were a lie. *Maria Monk's Awful Disclosures* started a religious war in New England. And when the war was over, Maria picked the pocket of a *wretched paramour*, and went to jail, and died.

Maria was a fancy lady. And Jemima was a preacher. Mrs. Gardner was a *great* lady. And Deborah was a Mayflower Descendant and an aunt of the D.A.R.

Deborah Sampson fought and bled and practically died for her country. And she was the first woman in America to go on a lecture tour:

TICKETS 25¢
Children Half Price

She was our first and last enlisted woman soldier. She served in the Revolutionary Army for three years, was wounded twice—and “never found in liquor once.”

Neither did she wrestle, nor suffer anyone to twine his arms about her shoulders, but kept company with only the most temperate and upright soldiers.

* * * * *

Deborah was born to the purple, in a big, ancestral way. Her mother was a descendant of Governor William Bradford, and her father's people came over on the *Mayflower* along with the Governor. A great uncle married a granddaughter of Myles Standish—and Deborah's grandmama was a Puritan from Boston. But her paternal grandpa married a French girl—and her daddy was a sailor.

“What should I be but a prophet and a liar,
Whose mother was a leprechaun, whose father
was a friar?” *

* Edna St. Vincent Millay.



*Deborah was a Soldier. . . Jemima died twice. . .
Maria was a Tramp. . . Mrs. Jack, a Glamour Girl*

When Deborah was ten, she was bound out to Deacon Thomas in Middleborough, Mass., for eight years. And there she learned to spin and weave and cook—though she preferred to make milking-stools and sleds, and do a man's work on the farm.

She kept a diary, with her good deeds written on the even pages—and her sins on the odd. And she coaxed the Deacon's children to tell her what they learned in school, because she was not allowed to go—schooling ruined servants, the Deacon said.

There was a squaw who lived in a cellar-hole next the Deacon's house. And one day the squaw had four babies. The Deacon, in whose cellar-hole the remarkable event had taken place, named the quadruplets *Remarkable*, *Wonderful*, *Strange* and *True*.

When Wonderful was old enough, he went to work for the Deacon, and helped Deborah with the dishes. But Deborah disliked Indians, as you shall see.

She also disliked Domesticity, Puritans, and the Deacon. And the odd pages of her diary she filled with her poor little sins. One night she borrowed the hired man's pants, and went to an Ordinary. And the Deacon told the minister.

For this "loose and unChristian-like be-

havior," Deborah was excommunicated from the Baptist Church. . . And then she ran away, and joined the Army.

After all's said and after all's done,
What should she be but a soldier and a nun?

She enlisted under the name of Robert Surtleff. But because of her fair skin, the company called her "a blooming boy"—and the Captain called her Molly. She wrote her mother that she had found "agreeable work in a large but well-regulated family"—and with half a truth, salved her Puritan conscience.

She learned the Manual of Arms, and "lost her appetite." At East Chester, she was shot in the hip, and carried to a dressing station. There she convinced a doctor that the wound was not serious—and crawled off until it was healed. (When she was an old woman, and pensioned for disability, the bullet was still in her hip.)

She fought at Ticonderoga. And then her company went west, to get the Indians on the war path. They came upon a settlement that was being attacked by Red Skins.

"The mother lay dead and mangled. Two children hung by their heels from a tree. . ."
The attackers ran. And the soldiers after them. Deborah chased a youth swifter than the rest.

Catching him, she was about to plunge her bayonet. . . Instead she thrust her hand "into his bosom—and made a wide rent in his nether-garment. . ." And his body was white! . . . "though his face was red—and his heart was black. . ." They sent him to Headquarters, and executed the rest.

In the spring there were general orders for every soldier to bathe. Deborah's regiment paraded to the river. The soldiers stripped. And Deborah toyed with a shoe lace. Suddenly she heard a water-fall. Years later, her hometown paper told the story:

While the Hudson swelled with the multitude of masculine bodies, a beautiful rivulet answered every purpose of bathing for a more delicate form. Nor were there any old lecherous, sanctified Elders to peep through the rustling leaves, and be flamed with her charms.

Deborah, by the way, was five feet, seven. And she wore an improvised brassiere that ruined her figure. Her waist, we are told, was large—and her legs handsome.

Two girls fell in love with her. And one sent Deborah "6 shirts, a watch, and 25 Spanish dollars"—and wrote a number of love letters that appeared later in Deborah's Autobiography. When Deborah thought the affair had gone

far enough, she wrote the lovesick girl a letter, and signed it *Your Own Sex*, which cleaned the romance up.

Deborah became orderly to General Patterson. While she was with him in Philadelphia, she got malignant fever, and was sent, protesting, to a hospital. There she heard two men nurses, who thought she was unconscious, fighting over who should have her clothes when she was dead.

When the doctor came, he put his hand on her heart—and found the brassiere. She persuaded him to keep her secret. And until she had recovered, he was as good as his word. Then he told General Patterson, who refused to believe it, and finally went to the hospital to see.

Deborah cried unsoldierly tears and admitted everything, sobbing like a lily-livered boy.

“With him for a sire and her for a dam,
What should I be but just what I am?”

They gave her an honorable discharge, and she went to Stoughton, Mass., where she got work as a farm hand. But in the Spring, Deborah got feeling skittish, and moved to Sharon. And there she blossomed out in girlish petticoats. A little later she married Benjamin Gannett, a farmer. The neighbors talked—as

neighbors will. And in the summer of 1785, an eighteenth century Walter Winchell dipped his quill, and wrote:

It is hearfay that Mrs. Gannett refufes her husband the rites of the marriage bed. She muft then condfcnt to fmile upon him in the filent alcove, or grafs plat; as fhe has a child that has fcarcely left its cradle.

That year Deborah received an invalid bonus of one hundred pounds.

Seventeen years later, she took up lecturing. Her first engagement was at the Boston Theatre. And her diary says that she had to pay to have the place swept, the seats brushed, and the candle-sticks cleaned. Besides this, she had to buy candles, pay the janitor, and have her hair done twice. Tickets cost twenty-five cents apiece—children half price. And the hall was filled. But Deborah had to pay for printing, a manager to introduce her *politely*, and front page ads in the newspapers. When she balanced accounts she was seven dollars to the good. These she sent to Sharon, where Benjamin was holding the fort with their three children.

During her lecture tour, Deborah visited her Captain in Worcester, and stayed three weeks with him and his family. She also visited General Patterson in Lisle, N. Y., and stayed a month.

General Patterson helped prepare a petition for her pension. And in 1805, she received four dollars a month as an invalided soldier. . . Poor Deborah! In 1818 the amount was doubled, and until her death, it was eight dollars. . . Then Benjamin got busy. He had paid six hundred dollars, he said, to have the bullet extracted from Deborah's hip. And he petitioned Congress for reimbursement. And Congress gave him eighty dollars a month as long as he lived!

Deborah Sampson was in the hospital with malignant fever the day Jemima Wilkinson stepped out of her coffin, and put the war news in the shade.

Jemima died and went to heaven. She had been ill for some time, and in a trance. And one night she stopped breathing, and her heart stopped beating.

The next day she was carried to the church, and her friends assembled for the funeral service. . . Suddenly there was a pounding on the inside lid of the coffin, and a commotion within. Then the lid went off—and up sat Jemima!

Stepping vigorously out, she straightened her shroud—and, standing by her coffin, began

to preach! And the words that fell from her lips were honeyed and gold.

The old Jemima Wilkinson, she said, was dead—and gone to heaven. But God had re-animated her, and sent her back. . . Her friends could believe neither their ears nor their eyes, for she preached so sweetly—and looked so beautiful.

* * * * * * *

Jemima Wilkinson was born in Cumberland, R. I., in 1759, of good Quaker stock; and moved with her family to Connecticut, where she was converted by a traveling evangelist. She fell in love with a British major, and married him when she was eighteen. A little later he left to fight the Yankees. And that was the last his bride ever saw of him.

Convinced that she had been deserted and betrayed, Jemima got neurotic, and went to bed. And there she had fits and visions. And carried on like a mad girl, to the day she first died.

It was said that Jemima had scarce read the Bible, and knew no psalms. But after she was born again, she could recite the Holy Book from cover to cover, and sing psalms from dawn to dark. She said she could tell the hearts' secrets, and all the future. And the country people said

that she could heal, besides. They called her *Friend*, in the Quaker fashion. But Jemima, with ideas in the back of her head, asked them to call her *The Universal Friend*. With such a name, her fame began to spread. And the people who came to hear her preach banded together, and called themselves *Jemimaïtes*.

Jemima went to Providence to preach, and the churches closed, so that everyone might hear her. She went to Newport, and preached to the British officers. And to New Bedford, to preach to whalers and sailors. And her converts brought gold and precious things, and gave them to her, everywhere.

It is said that she was very beautiful, and that men fell in love with her, and followed her around like puppy dogs.

To discourage their attentions—or, perhaps, because she fancied the role—Jemima cut her hair, and brushed it back with oil, so that it folded her head like black and shining wings. And she wore men's waistcoats over white shirts, and black stocks, and handsome cravats.

She called Love a Madness, and Marriage a Failure. Nobody who accepted marriage vows was of sound mind, she said.

And those who had not successfully survived a double-bed at night and three meals together

in the day-time, flocked to her standard, and renounced matrimony.

Nearly everyone wants to marry, and almost everyone succeeds. And everybody, I suppose, wishes at one time or another that he hadn't. Jemima, working on their discontents, broke up a thousand homes, and when the women saw their husbands wandering off into Elysian fields with Jemima and Rachel Miller, they were furious.

Rachel was a blonde, and *very* attractive. And Jemima was dark, in the luscious manner.

Rachel said that Jemima was "the prophet Daniel operating as a female. . ." And Jemima said that Rachel was more comfort than a dozen husbands.

It happened that many of the converts were men of substance, who gave Jemima costly gifts. No woman, unless she has her own irons in the fire, can watch her husband lavishing expensive presents on another woman, and this was more than the deserted wives could stand.

Jemima had a sedan chair shaped like a young, upturned moon, and gilded like the moon, with golden curtains and cushions of damask.

She loved jewels and barbaric things, and wore them like a Pharaoh. Her mannish clothes were of fine broadcloth and exquisite linen. . .

And the wives clicked their tongues, and bided their time.

Jemima's disciples went to New York to establish a place where they could lead their holy lives. And after a while, Jemima and Rachel followed.

They called the place Penn Yann, because many of them were Pennsylvanians, and most of the rest were Yankees—and Penn Yann it still is.

Jemima was thirty-two when she went to Penn Yann, and at the height of her beauty. The disciples had built her a fine house, with nine fireplaces, a boudoir with a full-length mirror, and a dining room where she might eat with Rachel. (For company, there was a banquet hall.)

At about this time, Judge Potter, a solid citizen of Connecticut, and an early convert, sued Jemima for blasphemy. She defended herself successfully. And then the Judge sued again—this time for a financial accounting. Jemima readily admitted that he had supplied considerable financial backing—but she had made a free gift of everything, she said, to Rachel Miller. And the Judge, completely recovered from his bewitchment, could not collect a cent.

Jemima had seven pretty ladies-in-waiting

who were spinsters. And the disgruntled wives, led on by Mrs. Judge Potter, buzzed and buzzed—but they never could hurt the Universal Friend.

At forty, Jemima is said to have looked thirty—and at fifty, like a woman of forty.

She was sixty-one when she died. And her disciples buried her in a secret place, because they thought she would rise again. But she hasn't yet, and I guess she never will.

* * * * *

The Universal Friend and the Jemimaite left Connecticut, because New England was so bigoted. And they established their colony in New York, because New Yorkers were broad-minded.

New England was founded to afford religious freedom, but it soon became a hot-bed of fanaticism, and Boston, under Endicott, was more savage than the England the Puritans left. "Freedom to worship God" meant freedom to worship the Governor's God. And Puritan atrocities had a flavor of their own. Those who did not conform were exterminated. And those who protested were exiled.

Quakers were tied to the tails of carts, and whipped from town to town. And after their tongues had been bored with a hot iron and

their ears cut off, several were hanged on Boston Common. Anne Hutchinson, you remember, was exiled, because she dared to think for herself. And so was Roger Williams, who befriended the Indians—and Thomas Morton—and a number of others.

Morton, a gay bachelor (all bachelors were suspect with the Pilgrims), set up a May Pole, and invited the Indians to a May Dance, and served them rum. Besides drinking too much and dancing, Morton used the Book of Common Prayer, which the Pilgrims abhorred. They accused him of being an atheist, and said he had fallen into *great licentiousness*. For these sins, he was seized by Captain Myles Standish. His May Pole was cut down, by Endicott's order—and his property confiscated. Then—without law, or other warrant Morton was shipped, a prisoner, to London. Upon the expiration of his sentence, he hastened back to New England, where he was rearrested, and transported once more to London.

With inexplicable perseverance, this *licentious old atheist* returned again. And his infatuation for New England was the death of him. For they threw the poor man in a fireless dungeon—and there he died.

Endicott not only chopped down May Poles—he abolished Christmas (including mince

pies)! And cut the red cross out of the English flag, because it reminded him of the Pope.

Thirteen years later, Massachusetts put up the bars on Jesuits. The first time a priest visited Boston, he got off with a warning. The second offense carried death.

Other New England colonies fell in line. Catholics were forbidden entrance. And only Rhode Island held out for tolerance.

On Pope Day (November fifth), effigies of the Pope and the Devil were carried in rowdy procession to Boston Common and burned, while godly Puritans applauded.

During the Revolution, George Washington forbade the Pope Day celebration, because he needed all the soldiers he could get for the Army—including Catholics. . . And observance of the day perished.

From 1620 until the turn of the nineteenth century, the population of Massachusetts increased solely from its own people. Protestants had founded New England, and for two hundred years they ruled it.

Then came Emigration—and with famines and wars, it came like a flood. Until in 1850, there were refugees in every city and town in New England. Immigrants comprised one-seventh of the population of Boston—the Athens

of America. And two-thirds of them were Roman Catholics.

Then Catholic-haters organized, and took the name of Nativism. And out of Nativism crept the political party called *Know Nothings* which nominated Millard (Pope-baiter) Fillmore for the Presidency. Lyman Beecher preached in Park Street Church on *The Devil and the Pope of Rome*. And a mob, aroused by his exhortations, attacked the homes of Irish Catholics in Boston, and stoned them for three days.

"Runaway nuns" told lies. And a group of drunken Irishmen beat a "black Protestant" to death in Charlestown. The next night five hundred Americans marched on the Irish section, and sacked and burned it. There was a clash between a fire company and a Catholic funeral—and a riot in the streets of Boston.

A religious paper called *The Protestant Vindicator* published the *Awful Disclosures* of Maria Monk, an alleged nun. And Maria was dynamite. The Ursuline Convent in Charlestown was burned. Ten nuns and fifty children fled for their lives, and John Buzzell, leader of the rioters, received so many gifts, he put an ad in the paper, to thank his well-wishers!

The night after the firing of the Convent, a thousand Bostonians waited, with clubs and

muskets, for the Irish to descend upon the city. But the boys from Erin knew (for once) when they were licked. And the Mother Superior and her nuns went to Canada.

Then, with mass meetings at Faneuil Hall, and resolutions everywhere, hostilities were interred. But the blackened ruins of the Convent stood for fifty years—a monument to Boston bigotry—New England's *Auto da Fé*.

* * * * *

Back of the riots were a number of witless women and a parcel of Protestant clergymen. After the burning of the Convent, *The Protestant Vindicator* published *Further Disclosures* by Maria Monk—and Elizabeth Harrison, innocent tool of trouble-makers, died of a broken heart.

Elizabeth was a music teacher at the Convent, who had the *vapours* and the *blues*—a convert, with God and fifty pupils on her mind. One day she climbed over the Convent wall (instead of leaving by the front door, as usual) — and had hysterics on the sidewalk. The Mother Superior sent her home in a hack. And, after she'd had a good cry and a cup of tea, Elizabeth returned to the fold—accompanied by her brother and Bishop Fenwick.

This should have ended the matter. But the

Boston *Journal* published an editorial headed *Mysterious!*, hinted that Miss Harrison was being held against her will, and suggested an investigation.

A committee of citizens subsequently called at the Convent—met Miss Harrison—and declared that all was well. But before their report was published, there appeared a book called *Six Months in a Convent*, by Rebecca Theresa Reed. Convents, declared Miss Reed, were “domiciles of inordinate wickedness and dungeons of unmitigated despair.”

The *Journal* reviewed the book in headlines. And Boston bought ten thousand copies. Then *The Protestant Vindicator* serialized Maria Monk’s *Awful Disclosures*—and its circulation doubled over night.

The Boston Committee of Publication who backed Miss Reed then prepared *A Supplement to Six Months in a Convent*. And there came to Boston two “runaway nuns”—Frances Partridge and Rosamand Culbertson. The *Journal* cheered like a Hearst tabloid, and interviewed the fair adventuresses in 96 pt. Gothic.

Frances Partridge was a friend of Maria Monk’s—a fancy lady from Philadelphia, with a purple past. And Maria was a poor little prostitute, a protege of the Reverend W. C. (Pope-hater) Brownlee and W. K. Hoyt, who

peddled Sunday School pamphlets. Mr. Hoyt claimed to be a minister, but he appears mostly to have just peddled his pamphlets.

There was a preface to *Awful Disclosures*, in which Miss Monk begged the sympathy of her readers for the trials she endured, and implored them not to regard her as a voluntary participator in the "awful revels of priest and nun." The *Disclosures*, she assured them, were not fiction, but *terrible facts*! She thanked God, on bended knee, for her escape "from the power of the Superioress." And then (with the considerable help of Messrs. Brownlee and Hoyt) Maria presented her *True Life Story*.

It would distress the reader (she begins delicately) if I should repeat the dreams with which I am terrified at night. Frequently I seem as if shut up again in the Convent. Often I imagine myself present at the repetition of the worst scenes I shall hint at, or describe. In sad recollection, I hear the shrieks of helpless females in the hands of atrocious men.

Her parents, she said, were Scotch Protestants who immigrated to Montreal. Her late father was an officer in the Army. (He was really a corporal.) And her mother had a *tidy pension*. (She was poor as poverty, and took in washing.) Maria went to a school kept by a Mr. Workman.

(She never went to school at all.) Her little friends (who were Catholics) went to day school, at the Convent of the Sisters of Charity. And Maria, at thirteen, decided, she said, to become a nun. An old priest took her to the Superior, and she was accepted (she said) as a novice.

As a matter of fact, she was admitted to the hospital of the Sisters of Charity, who found her in sorry condition and nursed her back to health. Then she went to Saint Denis, to become a servant in the household of one William Henry. According to her own story, she remained in the Nunnery until she was seventeen, when she resented the censure of a nun, and left the Convent to teach school.

Then, Maria said, she met a man who proposed marriage. "Young and ignorant of the world," she heard his offer with favor—"and married in haste, to repent at leisure":

I determined to return to the Convent; but should the nuns know I had been married, they would not take me. I therefore persuaded a friend to say that I had been under her protection during my absence, and was re-admitted. . . . A year later, I took the veil, and was initiated at once into all the crimes of the Convent. . . . From then I was required to act like the most abandoned of beings.

With gory delight, Maria (or her imaginative ghost writer) recounts the story of "a nun called Saint Frances, because she would not sin with the rest. . . . "Saint Frances, according to the *Disclosures*: was taken before five priests and the Bishop of Montreal, and sentenced (for her good deeds) to death! . . . after which, she was bound and gagged, and tied, face upwards, on a mattress. Other mattresses were then thrown on top of her, and the five priests (accompanied by several nuns) jumped up and down on her. . . . Saint Frances was then buried in quicklime, in the cellar."

Each year (Maria's story ran) thirty or forty babies were born in the Convent (offspring of the *helpless females* and the *atrocious men*), promptly murdered by their mothers, and buried by their fathers. Maria said that she was in the Convent for two and a half years, and that, during this time, there were at least seventy-five children born. . . . Since there were only thirty-six nuns in the Convent, and half of them were too old, it would be interesting to know how many babies each of the younger ones had in a year.

Finally even Miss Monk was pregnant. . . . Subsequent investigation indicated that she got this way in St. Denis. She was sent by her employer to the Magdalen Asylum in Montreal,

where the nuns sought to reclaim fallen women to a life of virtue. But they had no luck with Maria. She ran away, and was found by three young men on the bank of a canal, threatening to drown herself.

She told them that she had been chained in her father's cellar for four years, and that her mother had covered the irons with cloths, so that there would be no tell-tale marks. Her father, she added, was Dr. William Robertson of Montreal. The young men took her to Dr. Robertson's house. And the Doctor—who was also a Justice of the Peace, and invested with sufficient authority sent her to jail as a vagrant.

The next we hear of Miss Monk she is living with Mr. Hoyt, who took her to New York and introduced her to the clerical gentlemen who sponsored her story in the *Vindicator*. Among her patrons were the Reverend Dr. Brownlee, the Reverend John L. Slocum, and Theodore Dwight, a nephew of the President of Yale.

Harper's published *Awful Disclosures*, and it became an immediate best seller. Over 300,000 copies have been sold, and the book is still in circulation. Maria received \$3,000 in royalties on her first 80,000 sales, and Mr. Hoyt persuaded her to name him as her heir. Then he and Mr. Slocum quarreled over the profits.

Slocum compromised with the English rights to *Awful Disclosures*—and then they went to work on *Further Disclosures*—assisted, it was said, by the scholarly Mr. Dwight.

Then came Maria's mother. The men of God, she said, were taking advantage of her unfortunate daughter. Maria had stuck a slate pencil in her head, according to her mother, when she was a child—and she had never since been the same.

Mrs. Monk said that Mr. Hoyt had offered her a hundred pounds to "make out" that Maria was a nun, and said that she should leave Montreal, and would be better provided for elsewhere. Then Mr. Hoyt got *saucy*. And now Mrs. Monk swore that Maria had never been in a nunnery at all. But was *touched in the head*, and susceptible to men with money in their pockets.

By this time, the whole country had taken sides. Catholic prelates preferred to ignore the charges. But the Protestants of Montreal instituted an investigation to clear the good name of their city.

Then Colonel W. L. Stone, editor of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*—and previously a Monk fan—journeyed to Montreal, accompanied by his lady, to conduct a personal inquiry. Escorted by the President of the Bank

of Montreal and a number of newspaper men, the Colonel searched the Convent from attic to cellar, looking for the trap doors, dungeons, and secret tunnels of which Maria had written. When the search was completed, he wrote *A Refutation of the Fabulous Disclosures*—and this also received wide publicity.

After this Maria disappeared, and her colleagues, considerably subdued, hardly opened their mouths.

The scandal was almost forgotten when New York papers carried the news of the death of the poor little prostitute. She had picked the pocket of a *wretched paramour*, in a *den on the Bowery*. She was tried and sent to prison, and there "Death removed her from the scene of her sufferings and disgrace. . ." But Mr. Hoyt, I am afraid, went on collecting royalties.

. . . And now we are come to a Glamour Girl.

While Maria Monk was consorting with her wretched New York paramours, Isabel Stewart, who lived far up-town, and probably was never allowed to hear of anything so raffish as Maria's misdemeanors, was growing into a fine young lady. The year Maria died, Isabel went to

Paris, and there she met Julia Gardner from Boston. Julia had *oceans* of money, *tons* of social position—and a brother named Jack. Isabel came to Boston to visit Julia. All the young men rushed Isabel—but Isabel picked Jack and went home to get a trousseau.

In the summer of 1861, when Isabel was twenty, she and Jack were married. And the bride came to Boston in the biggest hoop skirt that Boston had seen. . . . The hoopskirt was an Empress Eugenie invention that caught on in her day as the hat did in ours. The Empress was pregnant and thought up hoops to conceal what was known as her "precious secret." Then Victoria wore them, to hide her funny, short legs (Victoria was bow-legged from the waist down). And pretty soon *everyone* was wearing them, including Mrs. Jack Gardner, who had nothing to conceal. . . . That was the year the Civil War broke out—Eugenie had her baby—and Victoria had retired into lamenting widowhood.

Then Arts and Decorations in America were on the up and up. *Godey's Lady's Book* advocated Turkish corners, with plush ottomans. And bead *portières* were *très recherché*. Drawing rooms were carpeted in elegant Wiltons or Axminsters, and windows were curtained with lace from Nottingham or Brussels.

Mrs. Jack, with the towering confidence of twenty, *did* 152 Beacon Street, and did it to the eyebrows. With marble from Carrara, and glass from a Venetian Palace—with brocades and tapestries, and paintings and statues—and a what-not for her shell collection.

When she had her first at-home every high-toned gentleman in Boston was there. And only the ladies were frosty.

Mrs. Gardner was not at all beautiful. But she was always attractive, and usually charming. She was small, with a china-doll complexion, red hair, and eyes of unholy blue.

She wore pearls around her waist, and rubies on her slippers. And her two biggest diamonds were set on springs from a band that she wore on her forehead, so that they trembled and twinkled above her red hair.

She went to the zoo, to play with lion cubs, and to the Old Howard, to see Jim Corbett box. John L. Sullivan was her friend. Sandow, the strong man, winced when she pinched his muscle. Lowell and Longfellow wrote her poems. And Dr. Henry Bigelow said she had the loveliest figure in the world.

"I sit on the top of Oak Hill," wrote the Doctor, "and think of the way your dresses fit."

Oliver Wendell Holmes sent a birthday greeting:

May you still blossom in perennial flower,
While I sit ripening in this leafless bower.

And everybody loved her, but the ladies.

Mrs. Jack was the anguish of the young women—and the terror of the old. She shocked them on purpose, and she loved to scandalize the dowagers in their black mits and jet bonnets. For she knew they did not like her, and gnawed her name like a bone.

We have in Boston an ancient and honorable Infirmary called *The Charitable Eye and Ear*. When someone asked Mrs. Jack for a contribution, she looked politely puzzled.

“Why I didn’t know there was a charitable eye or ear in Boston,” she said.

* * * * *

As she grew older, she became increasingly interested in young men who were athletes or artists. She adored hockey, and went to many of the Harvard games. When it was cold enough to freeze a deb, there was Mrs. Jack on the sidelines, yelling like a hoyden. She endowed musicians and painters—and “discovered” John Singer Sargent.

Sargent painted her in a gown that Dr. Bigelow would have admired—black and very tight—with her celebrated pearls about her w.k. hips. When the portrait was exhibited, a few old women of both sexes made such unpleasant remarks that Mr. Gardner locked it up, and showed it only to their special friends. But now it is in the Palace-Museum, where everyone may see it.

Mr. Gardner died at the beginning of the century. And by that time Mrs. Jack had outgrown the house on Beacon Street, and begun plans for a Palace in the Fenway. It was to be the finest palace in America—and done in the Italian manner. Mrs. Gardner had a *penchant* for the baroque. And she loved everything Italian—including spaghetti.

There was a restaurant in the North End called Hotel Italy, patronized by a few nostalgic sons of Rome and the proprietors' relatives—and going rapidly broke. One night Mrs. Gardner brought some friends down, and raved about the food. She went into the kitchen and seasoned the *Cacciatore*, and flavored the *Ravioli*, and told the chef how to make *Zabaglione*. And from that night, the place was made.

Once Mrs. Jack, missing a train for a North Shore coaching party, chartered a locomotive,

and persuaded the horrified engineer to let her take the throttle.

* * * * *

When Kermit Roosevelt was a little boy, he said to his mother, "Father's a funny man. When he's at a wedding, he thinks he's the bride. And when he's at a funeral, he thinks he's the corpse."

My editor, who knew Mrs. Jack, told me that story. And he said if Kermit had been her little boy, he might have said the same thing about Mrs. Gardner.

In Lent, she scrubbed the steps of the Church of the Advent—and called it penance for her sins. (Then she was the Magdalene.)

And when she built her Palace, she was the Mistress of a Doge, and her thoughts kept tryst with ancient chivalries that went their regal way on tapestries. To give illusion to her dream, she had a beautiful boy, from Venice, to serve her like a page. She had taken a ceiling from a 16th century Venetian palace—and bought a Madonna and Child from the collection of the Duke of Mantua. She had the Cellini bust, and tapestries from the Vatican. And she had the *Rape of Europa* by Titian, which Rubens said is "the greatest picture in the world."

As work on the Palace progressed, Mrs.

Gardner was seen mounting ladders with quick little steps; wielding a broadax—and brushes. Even straddling the beams!

It took three years to build the Palace. And when it was finished Boston society thronged to the opening, and pronounced it splendid beyond compare.

Over the door was the Chatelaine's motto: *C'est mon plaisir*—a grand motto for a woman who could get away with it.

* * * * *

Mrs. Gardner died in 1924, almost as dramatically as she had lived. She was eighty-five, and she had planned her funeral as she planned her parties, with a touch of the flamboyant, and a dramatic entrance.

Her body was carried to her Spanish Chapel, and covered with a purple pall. On either side of the coffin were burning tapers and tall white Easter lilies. On ancient *prie dieux*, black-cowled nuns knelt and prayed before a black Crucifix. For three days and three nights, the Queen of the Palace lay in royal state. And the chapel was filled with the soft murmurings of litanies, and the patter of rosary beads.

When the funeral was over and the will read, it was learned that Mrs. Gardner had left her Palace "as a Museum for the education and

enjoyment of the public forever." * . . And her heirs must attend Mass twice a year—at Christmas and on her birthday—and pray, in her Spanish chapel, for the repose of her Episcopal soul.

* The Palace is opened on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays from 10 A.M. until 4 P.M. (admission free) and on Sunday afternoon from 1 to 4. It is closed during the month of August.

IX

SING A SONG OF LYDIA PINKHAM

WHEN Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn was fifty-four years old, and Ulysses S. Grant was President, there was a financial panic. Lydia's husband, Isaac, lost his shirt and went to bed with a nervous breakdown. And Lydia, a Good Woman and a Genteel Female, rolled up her sleeves and went to work.

This was in the days of Queen Victoria's widowhood, and *Godey's Lady's Book*, when young ladies simpered on plush divans, and swooned on Brussels carpets; and had vapours and the megrims, and thought their legs a sin. Their swains wore sideburns, and wrote sugary verse. . . And then they all got married.

Marriage was "a new strain on Milady's powers"—and, by and by, there was "a little love pledge." Then Mamma took to the sofa. And Mamma said Men were Brutes.

* * * * *

Lydia was born and raised a Quaker, and if the Pinkhams were not Society, they were, at

least, substantial. They lived in a Lady's Book House, with jig-saw trimmings and a mansard roof. And they had the first golden oak dining-room set in Lynn.

There was a machinist named George Todd, with Dundreary whiskers, who owed the Pinkhams \$25. He could not pay what he owed, but he knew about a medicine that was good for the women folks; and he asked if they would take the medicine, and forgive the debt. Isaac copied down the recipe because he did not want to hurt Mr. Todd's feelings. And Lydia, in a fine experimental frenzy, added some alcohol.

Medicine of the day was neither progressive nor enlightened. Sulphur-and-molasses was the medicinal stand-by. Lard-and-turpentine came second. Dandelions for the liver, and *saffern* tea for *jarnders*. Peppermint for *nuralgy*, and wintergreen for the *rhuematiz*. Doctors "bled" for pneumonia, and "cupped" for typhoid. And midwives took care of the ladies.

"I am proud to say," declared Prof Meigs of Jefferson Medical College, "that American women prefer to suffer the extremity of danger and pain, rather than waive those scruples of delicacy which prevent their maladies from being fully explored. I say it is evidence of a fine morality in our society."



Only a woman can understand

And I say, *Horsefeathers, Doctor!* You boys scared them.

Part of New England evidently thought so too, and came to bat when Oliver Wendell Holmes, professor of anatomy and physiology at Harvard, persuaded the faculty to permit a woman to enter Medical School. But there was a storm of protest. And the students struck her out.

The young gentlemen drew up a furious resolution, and sent it to the *Transcript*.

"Resolved that no woman of true delicacy would be willing in the presence of men to listen to the discussion of subjects that are taught to students of medicine . . . and we do protest against her appearing in places where her presence is calculated to destroy our respect for the modesty and delicacy of her sex."

* * * * *

The Pinkhams were strictly Temperance, but when Lydia added twenty percent alcohol to Mr. Todd's medicine, she knew what she was doing. When the neighboring Christian Temperance ladies got bearing-down pains, she told them of the brew. And when they begged a taste, she sent a bottle, which was, of course, a nice neighborly thing to do. Lydia recommended three spoonfuls a day. But

severe sufferers sometimes found it beneficial to take a larger dose. It was also good, they discovered, for the Blues.

Lydia called it *Vegetable Compound*, and kept a kettleful on the back of the stove, and gave it all away. Then one day two ladies from Salem, who were not neighbors at all, came in a cab. Mr. Pinkham, who was up and about, answered the bell, and Lydia bustled into the kitchen. When Isaac shuffled out to see if he could help, she corked the bottles briskly, and smoothed her apron.

"Here, Isaac—it's for sale now," she said. "A dollar a bottle, tell 'em—and ask them to come again, Isaac."

* * * * *

There were three Pinkham boys—Dan, Willie and Charlie. And there was a daughter Aroline. Aroline was a high-toner—elegant and *recherché*.

Aroline swooned when her mother took money for Mr. Todd's tonic. People of the first rank, she said, would not associate with them if Ma was going to engage in trade.

"Now, Arry, you run along and paint your chiney," advised Lydia, "and don't go fretting your pretty head."

The ladies from Salem had demonstrated

the possibilities of trade, and Lydia and the boys held a sales conference.

Lydia wrote the first advertising copy, and Dan got figures on printing. Druggists were persuaded to take bottles on consignment. And the Pinkhams showered Lynn with fliers. When sales came in, the boys took more fliers to Boston. And then they invaded Rhode Island. Re-orders came, and their mother spent most of her time over the stove. Then Dan went to Brooklyn, which was strategically located for invasion of New York, and a cheaper place to live.

Dan was twenty-three, and he had a beard like the Smith Brothers. The Pinkhams all had beards, but Dan's was the best in the family—as long as his Pa's, and twice as thick. The toniest whiskers in the family were Charlie's Piccadilly weepers that made him look like a parson. Still, whiskers weren't all, and Dan was older.

Dan found a room for two dollars a week, and went to the postoffice to write the family:

Fellow Doctors:—

I'm bumming on the postal dept. for pen and ink. I think this part of the country is the right place to do business, although there are more high-toned people than I like to distribute among.

The men make no bones about reading our

fliers, but if you look at a woman while she is reading one, she is likely to tear it up.

I think the Irish are troubled this way as much as any class, so I don't skip the Irish neighborhoods. I have an Irish boy to help me, whose mother is a dressmaker, and knows a good many sick women. If you can send me a kegful of medicine, I think it would be a good idea to let her give it to parties she knows. Wouldn't it be a grand thing to get all the dressmakers guzzling it!

Lydia sent the keg; Dan bottled it; and the dressmaker dispensed it. But apparently it was not successful, for Dan's next letter carried bad news:

Those trial bottles made one woman a good deal sicker.

Expense money from home was slow arriving, and Dan was impatient:

Just rec'd your letter, and no money in it. For God's sake how do you expect me to live without money? While I am working hard, it takes 20¢ to make a good square meal. I've got now just 25¢, so today I shall eat 10¢ worth, and have 15¢ left for tomorrow. I can't spare a cent to buy a stamp with, and cramp my guts. I guess I'll have to get a job at something else in order to keep my belly full. I wouldn't have spent 10¢ to get shaved with, if I hadn't thought I'd get money in this letter just rec'd. I think you are all crazy, or else

you think I am getting my meals at free lunch establishments. If it is necessary to wear a shirt two or three weeks, in consequence of business not being good enough to have a clean one, I am willing to put up with that. But if it isn't good enough to supply me with food, then I want to get out of it. My shoes are all to pieces, so that it bothers me to keep them on my feet—and now I have to live on crackers.

Dan caught what was known as galloping consumption, peddling fliers in Brooklyn—"walking on the ground, on an empty stomach." But he lived long enough to return to Lynn, share in the fruits of the Pinkham enterprise and die like a gentleman, in a fine cambric night-shirt, with a closet full of clothes, and money in the bank. Dan just had a forceful way of expressing himself.

He was in fact the father of modern advertising, and Lydia was its grandmother. Hers was the first face that ever graced an ad. And Dan was her Big Idea Man.

On Decoration Day, the Pinkham boys dropped torn pieces of paper in New England burying grounds that read like this:

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I know it will cure you. It is the best thing there is for female weakness.

From your Cousin Mary.

This was Dan's idea. Before illness struck him down, he had written from Brooklyn:

Fellow-Doctors:

Try dropping notes through the graveyards, and make them look like the real thing. Every piece of paper I get hold of I write something that sounds as if I was recommending the Compound to somebody, and accidentally lost it.

A good way to advertise would be to get small cards printed—so small it wouldn't pay the rag-pickers to pick them up—with something on them like this: *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a Sure Cure for all complaints incident to Females*. We would drop them in parks late Saturday nights, so people would pick them up on Sundays.

Dan was working in New York when Mr. Bartlett, a high-class gentleman from London, arrived in Boston. Mr. Bartlett was writing a travel book, with references to the ladies; and the langours of New England intrigued our genteel visitor.

It was customary, declared the high-toned Mr. Bartlett, for many English women of true refinement to walk half a dozen miles a day. But Boston ladies *never* walked!

"In America it is not the desire of women to be in robust health. If a young lady languish with snowy cheeks, and if she has a tremulous voice, she

may be expected to break a score of hearts. When she goes out, it is in a softly-cushioned carriage, with servants to wrap her carefully from the benignant influences of out-of-doors, so the vulgar wind and sunshine have not a stray peep at that exquisite skin of hers."

It was elegant to be delicate. Languid ladies embroidered violets on center-pieces, and wild roses on sofa cushions. They painted on glass and china; and made tidies, and petticoats for ottomans. Tinselled beauties knew a lot of pretty tricks. And every lady was a fashion-plate, fragile as a Dresden doll. Their swains could span their waists with both hands—though this was a liberty seldom vouchsafed.

The swains the belles esteemed wore jeweled stickpins in flowered cravats, and bowler hats with narrow, curled brims. Their *t—s* were tight, and their shoes buttoned—and they never, *never* smoked *segars*.

Segar smoke was exceedingly distasteful to the pure flowers of Victorian womanhood. And even life and love were vulgar. A man put the girl he loved on a pedestal, and respected her tender sensibilities and delicate health.

The notion that women were always ill was not therefore a Pinkham invention, but they made the most of it. And the ailing charmers were push-overs for Lydia.

Mrs. Pinkham had suggested newspaper advertising, and Dan experimented cautiously.

"We'll use a few lines in a religious paper," he said. "It will give a kind of pious tone to the Compound."

The boys wanted a trade-mark, and persuaded their mother to have her picture taken.

"You'll be famous as Queen Victoria, Ma," they promised. So Lydia sewed some ruching in her best black silk, and fastened her hair brooch at the neck. And they all went in town to get a daguerreotype made.

At first the picture was used only on labels, but one day Will had a better idea. He had gone to Boston to collect \$84, and the money was burning a hole in his pocket.

The Compound could be made for almost nothing, but the fliers were comparatively expensive. Will believed that it would be cheaper to reach people through the newspapers, and this was his chance to find out. He went to a paper, and asked how much it would cost to print the flier on the front page.

Sixty dollars, they said—with Lydia at the top.

Will left the money, and went home shaking. It was midnight before he dared to tell his mother. Then wholesalers started ordering by the gross. Lydia mortgaged the house, and took

a \$1,000 worth of advertising. One day the make-up man got drunk, and set her picture at the top of every column. Lydia did not have to pay for it, but business increased fabulously, and she said it was worth it. Since then her descendants have spent \$40,000,000 to keep her face in the papers.

Later Dan died of his illness. Then Willie got galloping consumption too, and died. Lydia carried on with Charlie.

* * * * *

Modern advertising began with woodcuts of ailing females. Behind the females was the mysterious malady known as "woman's weakness"—and Woman's Weakness made Pinkham's Millions.

Lydia knew psychology before it became a popular science, and psychoanalysis before it had a name. She gave sex to advertising, and advice to the lovelorn. She was the first woman propagandist, and the world's greatest cure-all artist. She invented whispering campaigns. She bestowed health, bliss, and babies. And she never faked a testimonial.

Elbert Hubbard declared that "Lydia E. Pinkham takes her place by divine right among the foremost of America's Great Women"—and the ailing females considered his testimonial a masterpiece of understatement.

Mrs. Pinkham collected truck loads of letters, and answered most of them herself. When women wrote telling how the compound had benefited them, she sent them 50 cents, and asked for a photograph:

Dear Friend,

I note that my Vegetable Compound has cured you, and write to ask if I may use your letter in the paper. If so, please accept 50¢, and have your picture taken, which please send at once.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

Lucy E— W— wrote from Chicago:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham,

I am desperate. Am 19 years of age, and weighed 138 pounds a year ago. Now I am a mere skeleton. My symptoms are . . . Please help me. My uncle who is a physician told Father that I am in Consumption. I had planned to be married in Sept. Shall I live to see the day?

Five months later, Lucy E— W— wrote again:

My dear Mrs. Pinkham,

This is a happy day. I am well and gaining daily, but shall continue taking the Vegetable Compound.

I shall be married in Sept., and as we go to Boston, will call upon you. How can I prove my gratitude?

When people said Lydia wrote her own testimonials, she deposited \$5,000 in the Lynn National Bank for anyone who could prove it.

Mrs. Ida Roser, a niece of ex-President Polk, was having a hard time with her "domestic and official duties." But when Mrs. Roser had taken four bottles of Vegetable Compound, she felt "as strong as a horse."

There was a Society Bud who "suffered silently for years"—until she took a bottle of Vegetable Compound every spring and fall—" \$2 or \$3 a year keeps a woman well and happy."

"I suppose," wrote the Bud, "that some of my friends would question my modesty."

That was the Pinkham battle cry—*Modesty!*

"It is revolting," screamed Lydia (in bold face type), "to tell your troubles to a man. Only a woman can understand a woman's ills. There is not a moment that women do not have a pain or an ache. Millions suffer without knowing why, and die the death daily. Whatever her station in life, all suffer alike. Pains run rampant through their entire bodies. They suffer as long as they can, and then go all to pieces, and don't care what happens. 'I don't feel very well'—you hear these words spoken every day by women. It's in their minds all the time."

Childless women were eager customers.

We have been married two years, and our home is not yet blessed by a babe. Dear Mrs. Pinkham, what shall we do?

They prayed to God and Lydia—Oh, God, let me have a baby. . . Dear Lydia, tell me what to do!

Interesting condition was the genteel synonym for pregnancy. It was an age of euphemism in which it was bad form to speak directly of what everybody knew you were talking about. Women's magazines were roundabout when they discussed the advent of "little strangers." And only Lydia was frank.

Godey's Lady's Book and *The Lily*, "a magazine devoted to Temperance and Literature," printed poems every month about "love pledges" that had gone to heaven. But Lydia guaranteed replacements. One Bottle of Vegetable Compound, two Boxes of Liver Pills—and a baby in every bottle!

From Mrs. John Uberlacker of 111 Broadway, came a portrait of a "chubby babe," and a hymn of praise:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

I wrote some time ago asking why I could not have a child. You sent me a nice letter in reply, giving me full instructions. I took your Vegetable Compound, and followed your kind advice faith-

fully; and now I have a fine boy, the joy of our home.

Good news was appended to the testimonials:

IT DON'T COST MUCH
TO GET WELL
ONLY A DOLLAR
OR TWO

Love and beauty appealed to Mrs. Pinkham's softer side.

Beauty, she declared, is power! A light-hearted woman is the joy of a man's life. But no woman can be beautiful who suffers. Tumors may be forming!

Backache steals the roses from your cheeks, and puts pimples on your chin. Backache is caused by Female Weakness.

* * * * *

There was a Woman's Rights Convention. And Amelia Jenks Bloomer mobilized a bloomed battalion. Lucy Stone wouldn't pay her taxes because she couldn't vote—and the Feminist Movement was under way. Hoops went out, and bustles came in. And there were kilted skirts—and *bikes*!

New letter-writing-machines were called typewriters. And so were the young ladies who could play them.

Mrs. Pinkham took a page in the *Bicycle Exchange*, with a Special Message for Lady Typewriters.

"This class of women," she said, "are more or less afflicted with illness brought on by constant application in one position."

There was one *Typewriter* who had nine fits a day. Another cried day and night. But the greatest sufferer was Miss Lucretia Putnam of Forrestdale, Mass., whose "spine, liver, heart, and brain were all diseased." Lucretia took five bottles of Compound, and they made a new woman of her. Heaven might protect the working girl—but only Lydia could help her.

When skeptics professed to doubt the most extravagant of Mrs. Pinkham's claims, she invited the Mayor to call. She took him to the Reading and Writing Room, where twelve Lady Typewriters opened and answered the mail—for the days of the Clinging Vine were over:

Formerly, a girl of 21, unmarried, was regarded as an Old Maid—a Care always, and often a Burden. And why? Because she was weak and frequently sick. Her body was frail, and her mentality mediocre. She was cross, peevish, irritable—an Old Woman when she should have been in her Prime. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for Women's Rights than all the eloquence of the ages—or the sages. It

will end her misery if she'll trust and stick to it. It rounds the cheek. It brightens the eye."

The Mayor, considerably impressed, wrote a letter to *Whom It Might Concern*:

No woman (he affirmed) need hesitate to place confidence in the integrity and ability of Lydia E. Pinkham. We have personally observed the work done in the Private Correspondence Dept., and know that *every letter is opened, read, and answered by women only.*

It was about this time that Mrs. Pinkham tried some tony advertising in *Harper's*. The first advertisement was a house boat on the Nile, with a lady in a sailor hat and leg-o'-mutton sleeves writing a letter, while a be-whiskered Lothario twirled his moustaches. . . And—"Who are you writing to, my dear?"

"I am answering Mrs. Pinkham's letter that reached us at Cairo. She has told me what to do, and I am feeling much better."

Then Lydia invaded Milady's boudoir:

Is your skin muddy? she demanded. Do your eyes lack lustre? Beware Quick Consumption! The lily droops on its stem, and dies before its beauty is unfolded. Seven-eighths of the men in this world marry a woman because she is beautiful in their eyes. What a disappointment then to see the

fair young wife's beauty fade before a year passes over her head!

I feel as if I would like to say to every young lady who is about to be married, "Strengthen yourself in advance, so that you will not break down under the new strain on your powers. Build up with a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. You can get it at any druggist's."

* * * * *

To the day she died, Mrs. Pinkham corresponded with her suffering sisters. After the funeral, the family sent cards, announcing her passing—and the sisters read and wept.

Her great-grand-children are in the business now. They still get testimonials, but the Government frowns on extravagant patent medicine claims, and the young ladies in the Reading and Writing Room toss endorsements in the waste basket that would make Lydia turn in her grave. The heirs put out a few million bottles of Compound annually, and about 300,000 packages of tablets. Lydia called them *Liver Pills*, but the Government protested. They are not, it seems, especially good for the liver.

X

DID LIZZIE DO IT?

LIZZIE BORDEN was thirty-two years old, and she had a jaw like a nut cracker. She wore spectacles, and her eyes were sort of fishy-looking. Lizzie was plump and sentimental. She liked fiddling round the kitchen and fussing in the garden. She adored sentimental poems and paper-backed novels, and she liked visiting art galleries. Lizzie had a diamond ring and a seal-skin cape, and she had been to Europe.

Her sister Emma was forty-two. Emma didn't go around much and she wasn't dressy like Lizzie.

Andrew Borden, the girls' father, was rich as they make them—he was the richest man in Fall River. He was president of the Union Savings Bank, and director of the First National, and the B. M. C. Durkee Safe Deposit and Trust Co. He was an undertaker until the girls got bees in their bonnets. Then undertaking wasn't tony enough for the Borden.



Lizzie Borden took an axe. . .

Andrew had the first dollar he ever made, but he put his undertaking profits in the mills, and got to be director in three of them.

The Bordens lived in a gray clapboard house on Second Street, with a barn and some pear trees out back, and a picket fence in front. They kept the windows closed and the parlor blinds down.

They had a hired girl named Bridget Sullivan. Mrs. Borden helped with the housework, but the girls didn't. They were sort of hoity-toity. Mrs. Borden was not their real mother, and Lizzie made no bones about disliking her. It was mean the way Lizzie acted, for Abby Durfee was all that a mother could be to those two girls. Their own mother died when Lizzie was two, and two years later their father married again.

When Lizzie was twenty, her father gave Mrs. Borden a house he owned, in which her half-sister, Mrs. Whitehead, lived. When the girls heard about how he gave the house to Abby, they were fit to be tied, especially Lizzie.

"What he can do for her people, he ought to do for us," she said.

Then the two of them started be-deviling the old man, and they kept it up until he gave them Grandfather Borden's place on Ferry Street. Grandfather Borden's place was better than the house he gave to Mrs. Borden, but Lizzie

and her stepmother had words over it, and Lizzie started calling Abby *Mrs. Borden*.

Being landladies didn't suit the girls any better than being ladies of leisure. They told their father the rents wouldn't pay for the repairs, and the place was a white elephant on their hands. So the old man gave them \$5000 cash, and took it back again. This was in the spring of 1892.

There was a dressmaker in Fall River named Mrs. Gifford, and this same Spring Mrs. Gifford made Lizzie a Bedford cord dress. One night Lizzie went for a fitting, and she started talking about her step-mother.

Mrs. Gifford stood it as long as she could. Then she said, "Lizzie Borden, you shouldn't be talking that way about your mother."

Lizzie turned on her. "Don't you say *mother* to me! She's a mean, good-for-nothing old thing, and Emma and I don't have anything to do with her. We stay in our own rooms most of the time."

Mr. and Mrs. Borden used the back stairs, and Lizzie and Emma used the front ones. When the sisters had callers, they entertained in their bedrooms. Fortunately, the callers were always ladies (or unfortunately, as the case may be).

The girls didn't eat with the old people, only

when there was company. And the Bordens weren't ones to have much company.

Mrs. Borden was sixty-four, a short, stout woman. Mr. Borden was seventy, tall and thin, with a white whisker around his face like the frill on a lamb chop. He wore black clothes, winter and summer. The old man was worth a quarter of a million, but you'd never have guessed it.

On a Wednesday in August Uncle John Morse came to visit. He was brother to the first Mrs. Borden, and he and Andrew set great store by each other. Dinner was over when Mr. Morse arrived, but Mrs. Borden fixed him a plate of warmed-over mutton. Mr. Borden had farms at Somerset and Swansea, and he used to pay his brother-in-law to look them over. In the middle of the afternoon Mr. Morse left for Swansea, to see about some cattle. Lizzie was in the house all the time he was there, but she stayed in her room. Uncle John came back for supper. They had mutton soup, tea and cake. But still he hadn't seen hide nor hair of Lizzie.

The night before, Mr. and Mrs. Borden were taken sick. Lizzie, whose room was next to theirs (with a double-locked and barricaded door between) said she called in and asked if there was anything she could do. They said, No, there wasn't. Lizzie said she wasn't feeling so well herself.

In the morning Mrs. Borden said she thought they should send for Dr. Bowen. She believed they'd been poisoned, she said.

That evening Lizzie went to call on her friend Alice Russell, and told her she felt that "something terrible was hanging over the family."

"Father has so much trouble," she said. "He and Mrs. Borden were sick last night. We all were but Bridget. We had some baker's bread, and everybody ate it but Bridget."

Miss Russell said that was funny, but she didn't think it was the bread. Lots of people ate baker's bread, she said.

"Sometimes I think our milk is poisoned," said Lizzie. "I'm afraid Father's got an enemy. He has so much trouble with his men. . . And I saw a man run around the house the other night. . . And the barn was broken into."

"Now, Lizzie, you know that was boys after pigeons," comforted Miss Russell.

"Well, they've broken into the house in broad day-light. They ransacked Mrs. Borden's room, took a watch and chain, some money, and some car tickets. I don't know but somebody will do something. I feel I want to sleep with one eye open for fear they will burn the house down over us."

It was late when Lizzie left. It was a sweltering hot night, sweet with the scent of phlox

that grew against the fences on Second Street. Miss Lizzie walked slowly, and let herself in the front gate. There were no flowers in the Borden yard, but at Kelly's next door, there was a rose garden, and there were nasturtiums around the fruit trees. Mr. and Mrs. Borden and Uncle John sat in the room off the front hall with the door open, so they could get a breath of air and the pretty smell of little Annie Kelly's posies. Lizzie said nothing to them, nor they to her. Without a word, she closed the door, turned her key in the lock, and went up the little twisting staircase.

* * * * *

The next morning Bridget was the first one down. Mrs. Borden came down at six-thirty. Then Mr. Borden and Mr. Morse. Emma was visiting in Fairhaven. For breakfast they had some broth and the left-over mutton, johnny cake, coffee and cookies.

About nine o'clock, Lizzie had a cup of coffee in the kitchen with Bridget.

Uncle John departed, and Mr. Borden went downtown to make some business calls. Mrs. Borden told Bridget to wash the downstairs windows on the outside, and said that she would do the bedrooms. This was about half past nine.

A few minutes later she entered the spare chamber—and there, within a minute or two, she met her death.

* * * * *

Meantime, Bridget had got a pail from the cellar, torn up an old sheet for rags, and proceeded to wash the windows.

With the members of the family departing one by one, and Bridget at work out doors, there was nobody in the house but Mrs. Borden and Lizzie.

About quarter of eleven Mr. Borden returned. Bridget had finished her windows, and was in the kitchen. Mr. Borden went around to the side door, and found it locked. Then he went to the front door, and started fumbling with his key. Bridget heard him, and went to let him in. As Bridget stood there, she heard Miss Lizzie, who was standing on the landing at the top of the front stairs, laugh.

At this time Mrs. Borden had been dead for about an hour, the time of her death being later established by medical testimony.

Mr. Borden came in, and hung his hat on the rack in the hall. Lizzie came down, and asked if there were any letters.

“Mrs. Borden has gone out,” she said. “She had a note from somebody who is sick.”

Mr. Borden took the key of his bedroom from the shelf where he kept it, and went up the back stairs to his room. After a few minutes, he came down again, and went in the sitting room. The curtains on the side facing Kellys were drawn.

Lizzie was ironing handkerchiefs in the dining room.

"Bridget," she asked, "are you going out today?"

"Maybe I am, and maybe I'm not," said Bridget.

"There's a sale of dress goods at Sargent's," said Lizzie. "Eight cents a yard. Wouldn't you like to get some, Bridget?"

But Bridget wasn't sure. "I'll be resting me bones for a few minutes," she said. And she went up the back stairs, to her room in the attic.

Mr. Borden was asleep on the sofa in the sitting room. Bridget lay on her bed and dozed.

* * * * *

"Bridget! Bridget!" Miss Lizzie was shouting from the foot of the back stairs. "Bridget, come!"

"What's the matter, Miss Lizzie?"

"Father's dead. Come down here!"

Bridget was down in an instant. "Someone

came in and killed him. Go get Dr. Bowen, Bridget. Go quickly."

The Bowens lived kitty-corner across the street. But the Doctor was out, and Bridget came running back.

"Thank God, it wasn't you, Miss Lizzie! Where were you, Miss Lizzie?"

"I was out in the yard, Bridget, and I heard a groan. When I came in, the screen door was wide open. . . Run get Miss Russell, Bridget."

Mrs. Churchill from across the way heard the commotion, and came over.

"Oh, Mrs. Churchill," cried Lizzie, "someone has killed Father!"

"Why, Lizzie! Where? Where is he?"

"In the sitting room."

"Where were *you*, Lizzie?"

"I was in the barn."

"Where's your mother?"

"I don't know. She had a note to go see someone who is sick. But I don't know but what she is killed too."

Mrs. Churchill ran to Hall's stable, and one of the men there telephoned the police station. It was quarter past eleven, and half an hour had passed since Mr. Borden entered his house.

Dr. Bowen came, and went into the sitting room. While he was there, Mrs. Churchill loosened Lizzie's corset. And Miss Russell rubbed her forehead with *eau de cologne*.

Dr. Bowen stayed in the sitting room for some minutes. According to his own testimony, this is what he saw:

"The dead man's head and face were so hacked that he was unrecognizable. The cuts extended from the eye and nose around the ear. In a small space there were at least a dozen cuts. Physician that I am, and accustomed to look on all kinds of horrible sights, it sickened me to look upon that face. . . I am inclined to think an ax was the instrument. . . One of the cuts had severed the eyeball and socket. . . I think that nearly all the blows were delivered from behind with great rapidity. I am satisfied that he was asleep when he received the first one, which was fatal."

When Dr. Bowen came out of the room, he asked for a sheet to cover the body. Then Lizzie asked the Doctor if he would go in his buggy to the telegraph station, to send a telegram to Emma at Fairhaven. After the Doctor went, Lizzie asked Bridget to look upstairs for Mrs. Borden. But Bridget was afraid the murderer might be hiding there.

"I'll go," said Mrs. Churchill.

From the landing on the stairs she could see into the spare room. On the floor, between the bed and the dresser, lay Mrs. Borden, face down on the flowered carpet, and over the flowers spread a pool of darkening blood. Locks

of her hair were chopped off, and lay among the roses. Her plain old face lay in blood. Her feet sprawled behind, soles upturned. Her faded house dress, stiffly starched, sprung up about her like a monstrous fungus.

Mrs. Churchill went back to the dining room, and uttered a groan.

Miss Russell said, "Is there another?"

Mrs. Churchill replied, "Yes; she is up there."

* * * * *

Fall River said it was the deed of a maniac. People on Second Street were afraid to go to bed nights. Police were stationed in every back yard. The town was horror-stricken.

Emma came home, and the following day there was a front page notice in the Fall River *Evening News*:

\$5,000

REWARD

The Above REWARD Will Be
Paid To Anyone Who May Secure

THE ARREST AND CONVICTION

Of the person or persons who caused the
death of

MR. ANDREW J. BORDEN & HIS WIFE

Signed: EMMA J. BORDEN
LIZZIE A. BORDEN

The funeral was on a Saturday (August 6, 1892). There were two hearses, and ten hacks. And Emma and Lizzie and their Uncle John rode in the front one.

While the funeral was going on, a young man named Eli Bence, a clerk in Smith's drug store, told a police officer that on Wednesday, the day before the murders, Miss Lizzie Borden came in the store, and asked for ten cents' worth of prussic acid. She said she wanted to use it on a sealskin cape. Eli told her that he couldn't sell it without a prescription. His story was corroborated by two other men, and all of them identified Miss Lizzie as the would-be purchaser.

Lizzie was secretary and treasurer of the Young People's Society for Christian Endeavor, a Sunday School teacher, and a particular friend of a brace of parsons—the Reverend Mr. Buck and the Reverend Mr. Jubb. And now she was an heiress. The police, not unnaturally, treated her with sympathetic respect. She denied the drug store incident, and the matter was dropped.

Then the townsfolk started talking. Seven of them had asked her the same question—and she had given them *seven different answers!*

"Lizzie, where were you when it happened?"

Sometimes Lizzie said she was in the back yard, and heard a groan. . . Sometimes in the barn, looking for tin to mend a screen—or lead,

to make some sinkers. . . She heard a *noise like scraping*. . . She was in the loft, eating pears. . . She heard a *distressing noise*.

The neighbors compared notes, and discovered there were a number of Lizzie's stories that didn't jibe.

They speculated about the note that Lizzie said Mrs. Borden received. If someone had sent for Mrs. Borden, why didn't they say so, and clear up the mystery? Lizzie told Bridget about that note, and Lizzie told her father about it in front of Bridget. Maybe, people said, Lizzie didn't want her father going upstairs, looking for Abby.

There were other contradictions. Lizzie said she was in the kitchen when her father returned. Then it was the dining room. After that it was the bedroom. But Bridget, who had let Mr. Borden in, said she heard Lizzie laughing on the landing.

* * * * *

Three days after the funeral an inquest was held, and Lizzie Borden was arrested for the murder of her father.

Then the men of God came forward—the Rev. Mr. Jubb and the Rev. Mr. Buck. Mr. Jubb and Mr. Buck absolved Lizzie, and washed her whiter than a lamb. They stuck around like

flies in treacle, sweet as 'lasses candy. They beamed her into hearings, and every day the papers said, "The prisoner entered the Court leaning on the arm of the Rev. Mr. Buck"—or else it was on the arm of the Rev. Mr. Jubb.

Mr. Jubb, at the Central Church, in public prayer, told heaven that Miss Lizzie was "innocent and blameless," and asked God to comfort the "poor stricken girl."

The President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union joined her prayers to the parsons (Lizzie was a white ribboner). And Lucy Stone took up the cudgels, along with Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, and the Women's Auxiliary of the Y.M.C.A. Clergymen throughout the country asked prayers for the "unfortunate girl." . . But Lizzie was held for the Grand Jury.

The old Judge cried when he gave his decision.

The long examination is now concluded, and there remains for me to perform what I believe to be my duty. It would be a pleasure for me, if I could say, "Lizzie, I judge you probably not guilty. You may go home." But upon the character of the evidence presented through the witnesses who have been so closely and thoroughly examined, there is but one thing to be done.

Suppose for a single moment a *man* was found

close by that guestchamber, which, to Mrs. Borden, was a chamber of death. Suppose a *man* had been found in the vicinity of Mr. Borden, was the first to find the body, and the only account he could give of himself was the unreasonable one that he was out in the barn looking for sinkers; then he was in the yard; then he was somewhere else; would there be any question in the minds of men what should be done with such a man?

The Judge's eyes were filled with tears.

There is only one thing to do, painful as it may be—the judgment of the Court is that you are probably guilty, and you are ordered committed to await the action of the Superior Court.

* * * * *

In the weeks that followed people talked of nothing else. They made up rhymes and sang them to the tune of *Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay*:

*Lizzie Borden took an axe
And gave her mother forty whacks;
When she saw what she had done
She gave her father forty-one.*

They said that on the fourth of August, Bridget asked Miss Lizzie the time.

"*I don't know,*" Lizzie said, "*but I'll ax Father.*"

The respectable *Boston Globe* ran a dread-

ful story on the front page, with a banner line and three columns, and ten columns on page 3. It said that Lizzie had a beau, and that he got her in trouble, and that she and her father had a fight about it. . . The *Globe* said someone saw Lizzie peering through the blinds in the guestchamber *with a rubber cap on her head!*

Why, of course—Lizzie wore a bathing cap and a *gossamer* (a *gossamer* was a raincoat) — and wasn't that a nice working costume!

But Lizzie's *gossamer* hung in the closet—fresh as a daisy, dry as a bone.

Well then—"She was bare-naked!" people said. . . And the parsons were incensed.

That a New England girl should be accused of undressing before committing murder—preposterous! Lizzie's friends knew her for a modest soul. Walking round the house without a stitch on—*Lizzie Borden!*

"Not on your tin-type," they said.

Miss Borden's attorneys threatened the *Globe* with libel, and the stories about the beau and the bathing cap were retracted.

* * * * *

Alice Russell was a witness before the Grand Jury, and Miss Russell had a real New England conscience. When she finished her testimony, which was calculated to help Lizzie, her con-

science troubled her, for although she had told "the truth and nothing but the truth," she had not told "the *whole* truth."

Miss Russell had stayed in the house on Second Street after the funeral, and on Sunday morning she had breakfast with the girls.

Emma was doing the dishes, and Lizzie came in the kitchen with a dress over her arm.

"I'm going to burn this," said Lizzie. "It's covered with paint."

Miss Russell advised her not to let any one see her do it, and Lizzie took up the cover quickly, and shoved it in. There were policemen on guard all round the house.

Next day Miss Russell said, "I am afraid, Lizzie, the worst thing you could have done was burn that dress. I have been asked about your dresses."

When Miss Russell finished her testimony, the Grand Jury returned three indictments against Miss Lizzie—one for the murder of her father, one for the murder of his wife, and one for both murders. The trial was set for June, in New Bedford.

Lizzie bought herself some new clothes. A stylish black mohair, with leg-o'-mutton sleeves and a boned bodice, an elegant black shawl, and a small hat with a bird on it. It was the first time since the murders she had worn mourn-

ing. Miss Emma got a black outfit too. There was a sketch of them in *Leslie's Weekly*, side by side in the courtroom. Miss Emma had on a bonnet, and kept her mitts up to her eyes. But Lizzie stared straight ahead, her eyes sort of popping, and her heavy black eyebrows drawn close together.

* * * * *

The stronghold of the defense was the absence of all such traces as most likely would be found on the murderer. No blood was seen upon the accused by the five or six persons who saw her within ten minutes of the time Bridget came upon the scene. Yet nearly everyone agreed that it would have been practically impossible to deal the twenty-nine blows that battered in the Borden skulls, without getting spattered.

When the police came, Lizzie was wearing a pink wrapper. When they asked her for the dress she had worn in the morning, she gave them a silk one. People said that looked funny—a sensible girl like Lizzie wouldn't be wearing a silk dress in the morning.

In the cellar they found a handleless hatchet that bore suspicious traces of having been recently washed, rubbed in ashes, and deliberately broken. The blade fitted nicely into the

cuts on the heads of Lizzie's unfortunate parents. And that looked bad for Lizzie. . . Lots of things looked bad for Lizzie.

When the Judge asked her if she wanted to take the stand, to testify in her own defense, she said:

"I am innocent. I leave it to my counsel to speak for me."

People wondered why Lizzie didn't speak for herself.

The trial lasted thirteen days. The jury was out only an hour. And the verdict, in this most baffling and fascinating murder in the history of New England, was *Not Guilty*.

* * * * *

Miss Borden returned to her home, and spent the evening looking at newspaper pictures of herself, and reading accounts of the trial. A number of neighbors called, and Miss Emma made a pitcher of lemonade and passed around cookies. Miss Alice Russell was not among those present.

After a short time, the sisters moved from the house of the murders to a rather pretentious place on French Street, about a mile and a half away. And it was to the French Street house that I made annual pilgrimages during the last few years of Miss Lizzie's life.

On the anniversary of the murders, my city editor thought it was a nice idea to send me to Fall River.

Sometimes I would telephone from the depot. Miss Borden was in the directory as *Lizabeth A. Borden*.

"Is Miss Borden there?" I would ask.

"Who is it?"

"Miss Early."

"Never heard of you; what do you want?"

"I want to talk to Miss Borden." . . . So did a lot of other reporters. But we never did.

Then I would go to the house, and climb the stone steps. My heart, I think, pounded harder than Lizzie's ever did.

It said *Maplecroft* in raised letters on the lower step. There was a sun dial on the lawn, and an out-size bird house in a big maple tree. The windows were covered with heavy lace curtains. There was a sun porch, and that was curtained too.

The windows were always closed, and the doors locked. I would turn the front door knob, and then go back and try the kitchen door. This gave me the same terror-stricken feeling I got at the morgue and Haymarket Relief. "Please, God," I would pray, "*make* her come to the door." But He never did.

Then I would go down town, to get something to hang a story on. Miss Borden seldom went out. And when she did, no one spoke to her but the tradespeople.

"She's grown very fat," the druggist told me.

She and Miss Emma had quarreled years before, and Miss Emma had moved away. When she was younger, Miss Lizzie came sometimes to Boston, to shop and see a show. She stayed at the Bellevue, and the colored bell boys were scared of her.

* * * * *

On June 1st, 1927, Miss Borden died at Maplecroft. A few friends were notified, and presented themselves for the funeral. There was not a sign of a coffin, nor a flower, nor even a minister. Messrs. Buck and Jubb had gone to their reward, and Miss Lizzie had not been to church for thirty-five years. The mourners, wondering no doubt where Lizzie was, sat waiting.

They could not know that she had been buried the night before, in the dark of the moon. The grave was dug by black men in Oak Grove Cemetery. And black men had borne the casket. Not a prayer was heard, not a funeral note, as her corpse to the graveyard they hurried. They carved not a line, and

they raised not a stone. But they left her alone with her pa.

Ten days after Miss Lizzie's death, Miss Emma died. Then, for the first time, reporters learned that she had been living in Newmarket, New Hampshire. She left the place twice a year—once, in the spring, to put her fur coat in storage, at Jordan Marsh's—once, in the fall, to take it out.

Miss Emma and Miss Lizzie couldn't get along together when they were alive. But now they are lying side by side, at the feet of their father, and the stepmother they hated.

* * * * *

Miss Lizzie's estate amounted to about \$265,000, of which considerable was left to Charity, and some to the Girl Scouts, and some to the Boys—and \$30,000 to the Animal Rescue League: because, said Miss Borden:

"I have been fond of animals. Their need is great, and there are few to care for them."

Miss Emma, who was more saving, left almost twice as much as her sister.

* * * * *

The day after Miss Lizzie's funeral, I was sent to Fall River again. This time I visited the old house on Second Street. It is divided

now into two apartments, so the family upstairs has the guest room, where Mrs. Borden was murdered. And the family downstairs has the sitting room, where Lizzie found her father.

In Kelly's yard the posies bloom, but Annie doesn't live there any more. And Andrew Borden's pear trees are gone, and the old barn. And the street is shabby and sad.

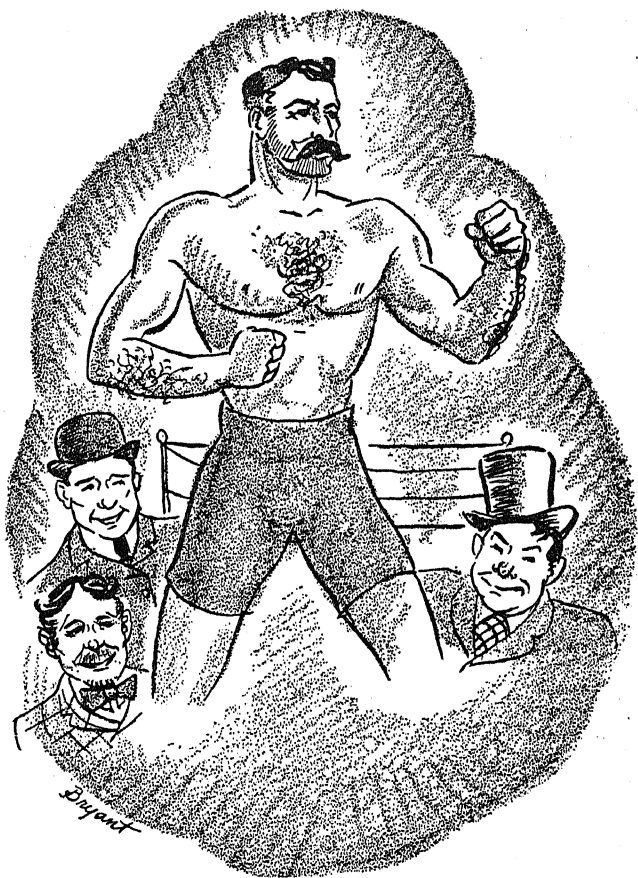
XI

THE BOSTON STRONG BOY

“This was the lad the ladies loved—
Like all the girls of quality—
And he blacked the eyes of the Boston boys—
Just by the way of jollity. . .
Oh the leathering Irishman—
The barbarous, savage Irishman—
’Twas the hearts of the maids and the heads of the
men—
That were bothered, I’m sure by this Irishman.”

SEPTEMBER—1892—ah, golden month in the annals of journalism: The gentlemen of the press had scarcely finished sleuthing around the Borden house in Fall River. Lizzie was barely off the front page. And now the star reporters were packing for New Orleans, and another great story.

For John L. Sullivan, the Boston Strong Boy, was to fight Jim Corbett of the ice cream pants and the elegant airs. Sullivan, the pride of Massachusetts,—Sullivan of the diamond belt and the shamrock-spangled trunks!



I remain your warm and personal friend

Sullivan had a handle-bar mustache, and a crooked left eyebrow that gave him the look of the devil. He had hands like hams, and dimples like clefts. And his chest was as big as a barrel.

There never before was a man like John, nor a fighter who loved it so. Kids followed him through the streets, and girls begged locks of his hair from the barber who sheared him. Reporters sang his praises. And Right Reverends heaped encomiums on his dazzled head.

For John was tramping through the vineyards where the grapes of wrath were stored. There was a heritage, handed down in New England from the Puritans, a hatred of Papistical Irish. And now both Priest and Politician applauded, for John L's Erin-go-bragh pother had captivated the bigots.

He was emotional, generous, and affectionate. And, in a Danny-boy way, he was eloquent. John L. strutted and postured and bellowed!

"God help Gintleman Jim!" . . . The rafters rang with his threats.

But for all the brave show, some of the fistic experts went to New Orleans with misgivings. For the Strong Boy was examined, on the eve of their departure, by a physician who gave this gloomy opinion:

"Sullivan is fit for a man of his age and habits

—but his vitality is low—and he needs four months of careful training.”

The reporters knew, and his friends knew too, that most of John’s “training” had taken place in the public houses of Boston and New York. And for fourteen years, John Barleycorn and John L. had been victorious.

Everybody remembered the memorable occasion when Charlie Mitchell, “champion of the British Isles,” came to America. John—having greeted him like a gentleman—went off on a spree. He was gone for a week—and that time nobody could sober him.

The night of the fight an excited crowd grew restless, as they waited. And when John L. appeared at last, he was not in his usual green tights (John’s tights were emerald-green, encircled with the Stars and Stripes)—but in swallow tails, and a boiled shirt! Diamonds flashed in the gas light, gleaming on his shirt front, twinkling from his fingers. On his head was a tall silk hat—over his arm, an opera coat. And John was drunk—drunk as a lord.

Teetering through the ropes, he called for silence. And when Sullivan opened his mouth, the rafters rang.

“Lash and Genman!”. . . There was a mighty silence.

“For the first time, Lash and Genman, I

can't fight. . . Doctor says I'm sick—gotta shertificate." . .

The audience, that would have mobbed another man, cheered and applauded—and loved him, perversely, more than ever. For his weakness endeared him to fight fans—and made a moral tale for Prohibitionists, clergymen, and Carrie Chapman Catt.

He could stay up all night, he boasted—carouse until dawn—and then lick his weight in bar-keeps, teamsters, and wheel-wrights. . . "The bottle was never distilled, nor the man born, that could lick John L. Sullivan!"

But on the eve of his biggest fight, liquor caught up with John L. . . . and the elegant Corbett knocked him from his throne.

They fought for twenty rounds—Sullivan getting always the worst of it. In the twenty-first Corbett brought the champion to his knees—"helpless as an ox before a butcher." Crash! went Corbett's right against his jaw, and Sullivan fell forward.

The house was still as death. . . Sullivan rolled over on his side—and the referee counted him out. . . His seconds picked him up, and carried him, like a hammock, to the yellow kitchen chair where he sat between rounds.

As the first glimmer of consciousness returned, Sullivan staggered to his feet, and groped blindly

to the edge of the ring. Then he raised his hand until the bedlam subsided.

"Gentlemen," he mumbled through his battered lips. "Gentlemen, I got one thing to say. I came into the ring once too often. But if I had to get licked, I'm glad it was by an American. I remain your warm and personal friend, John L. Sullivan."

* * * * *

Boston was completely stunned. In the bars of the hotels men hung black crepe rosettes. In the fire-houses and the taverns they spoke in hushed tones of a fallen idol. For there was a sort of poetry that went with the name of John L.—a poetry that first came to New England with the Irish, who had come in the seventeenth century—and again in the black hunger of the Forties.

The Irish were a strong and impetuous people. And John L. was the strongest that e'er the sun shone on. In twelve years Sullivan won half a million dollars—and spent it (he sighed, at the end) on "Ladies, Liquor, and Luxuries." Not that he regretted it!

"Sure 'twas a fine show while it lasted."

* * * * *

When Sullivan was a rackety-packety old man, I went to Abington to see him. I found him

sitting on the stoop, singing an old song his mother taught him:

"One—two—three—Balance like me,

You're quite a fairy—though ye have your faults.

Your right foot is lazy—your left one is crazy—

But don't be unaisy—I'll larn ye ta waltz."

It was autumn, and there was the smell of burning leaves, and russet apples ripening. We followed the sun around the house, and found a warm little patch in the orchard, for Mr. Sullivan said there was a chill in his bones. He gave me a paper bag of apples to take home, and a photograph of himself in a stove-pipe hat, with his chest puffed out, and his hand thrust in the front of his Prince Albert.

"Twas a gisture I had," he said.

He wrote on the picture, "To a good little girl from Yours Truly, John L. Sullivan."

Mr. Reardon, my editor, and John L. were old friends, and John L. told me of the fights my boss used to cover.

"Twas a grand life then," he said, "and money to burn."

"It was too bad to lose it," I murmured. I saw the shabbiness of the place, and wanted to cry.

"I was the lucky one that had it to lose," said John L.

He spoke of his mother. "She weighed 200, God have mercy on her soul. Twas her I took after—for me father was no more than a shrimp."

He flexed his muscles, and doubled his great hands. The saga of those mighty fists began early, when he was not yet one year old. It was then, he told me, that he administered his first shiner to the eye of his Aunt Katherine.

"My aunt—God rest her—was kneelin' on the floor of the parlor, holdin' out her arms to me—an' I let her have it wit' me right. . . Just a bit of roguish sport," he added with a twinkle.

Roguish sport or not, the strapping youth (200 pounds and six foot-two, at seventeen) was a great one to "hit him a lick"—or "let him have it right there." He had—as he said—"a great impatience with the people." He was always finding some man who had what he called "excessive pretensions," and asking him to step out into the alley.

His mother fondly hoped that her Atlas would embrace the cloth—but he pleaded with her: "Ah but look at me, wit' the hands like nail kegs and a neck fit for a horse collar, and a great impatience with people."

The great impatience served him well at his first public fight, when a boastful fellow on the stage of the Dudley Street Opera House taunted him to come up on the stage. The "impatience"

swept over him, and he climbed over the footlights, letting the "impudent clown have such a clout as knocked him clean acrost the piano into the pit."

Thus he stumbled into his career. A Victorian biographer puts these rose-scented words into his mouth: "Shortly afterwards I drifted into the occupation of pugilism, and found the fascinating career I craved."

But John is more graphic: "I was always gettin' into trouble wit' me maulees, so I put em to work." . . . The boy began to hang around the fight studios, and study the styles of the older boxers, picking up this and that, that he could adapt to his own knuckles.

His picture in the Police Gazette—late 1879—brought the first blush of national fame to our hero.

At this time, William Muldoon who was promoting vaudeville at the Boston Music Hall, matched Sullivan with Joe Goss, the British ex-champion. In the second round, John hit the Englishman so hard, Goss had to ask for a rest.

"The blow," said Sullivan, "virtually ended the contest." But he was not without his touch of gallantry: "Now one word about Goss—as a pugilist and a boxer he is a fine gentleman."

Possessed of an Irish sense of drama, John L. was always one to put on a good show—to pick

up his defeated adversary in his arms, as tenderly as a nurse.

There was the fight with John Flood—another Irishman. Fights were against the law in those days—not only in puritanical Massachusetts—but all over the country.

So the fight, which was to be staged in New York at first, finally took place on a flat barge anchored off the shore of Yonkers.

Perhaps it was the marine location—anyway Mr. Flood was taken with a touch of sea-sickness, and spent the major part of the fight leaning over the rail, with John holding his head.

“Well—we meet as friends, and part as friends,” observed our generous hero.

But not so Flood. . . “It was my dinner that beat me, and not you,” he retorted churlishly.

After this John L. went again on tour. “How many men I whipped I disrecall,” he said. “They were a lot of stomachs and chins to me—and I hit ’em as fast as they came.”

Meanwhile, in New York, Prof. Mike Donovan was issuing boastful challenges in the Police Gazette, and all the yellow journals in town. He invited John to meet him at Madison Square Garden on October 24th, 1881.

No response from John. . . But on the night of the show, when Donovan advanced once more, to shout his taunts, Sullivan rose in

his dramatic way, very quietly from the ring-side.

"Gentlemen," he said grandiloquently, "I come here tonight to spar with this man. But I don't want his money."

Amid roars of applause, Donovan retreated.

"I ain't got no chance wit' him," he muttered. His terrified teeth were chattering.

"Then why did you challenge him?" shouted someone.

"Because he said I was a cur, and I ain't no cur," plaintively replied the Professor.

Fortunately for Donovan, the master of ceremonies had the fight called off, because "the bad blood engendered might cause serious injury."

And now REAL money and REAL glory was beckoning. . . Paddy Ryan, the American champion, had decided to "take Sullivan on." The fight was scheduled for February 7th, 1887, at Mississippi City, Miss. There was to be a purse of \$500, and a side bet of \$5,000.

The streets were filled with people. And hawkers barked the winning colors. Sullivan's was a white silk handkerchief with a green border, and Irish and American flags interwoven. Ryan's, red and blue, with a U. S. shield in each corner.

At noon Ryan appeared in the ring, to face

the ever-confident John L. An old overcoat draped Paddy's white ring drawers. And he wore long, flesh-colored stockings like a Beef Trust chorus girl. But the old self-assertive smile was missing. . . And well it might. For when Sullivan let out a terrific right, Ryan went to the mat in just nine seconds. And, though the fight lasted nine rounds—poor Paddy was badly beaten.

The Strong Boy's return to Boston was a triumphal march. Hosannas were shouted as his train stopped at all stations. And when he reached home, the town went mad. Thousands milled around the curbs on Washington Street, to see him pass in an open barouche. Buntings hung from the buildings. Bands blared. And mounted police surrounded the hero.

At the Dudley Street Opera House he was presented with "a splendid gold time-piece of the finest workmanship—and a chain to match."

The poets of Boston chanted:

"Thy bards, henceforth, oh Boston—
Of his triumph of Triumphs shall sing—
For a muscular stroke has added a spoke
To the Hub—which will strengthen the ring."

On the wings of Song (and of Bacchus) the Strong Boy floated rosily along, until he

met the Englishman Charlie Mitchell, on March 14th, 1883.

It was during this fight that the incredible happened. John L. slipped—fell—or was pushed—and was off his feet in the first round. It was only for a moment, and Sullivan arose again to triumph—but the fall rankled for years afterwards.

It was still there—tingling in the ends of those impatient maulees—when he met Mitchell on French soil a year later.

John landed at first in Liverpool—November 1887—and it was a signal for floral horse-shoes, and blankets of rose-buds. But the English did not exactly open their arms to him. . . They insisted on \$600 duty for the glittering diamond belt that the Police Gazette had given him, and John resentfully sent it back home.

His Irish sense of humor, such an asset with his own country men, did not go so big with the icy English. On arriving at one of London's smart hotels, he was conducted upstairs in what they called a "rising room. . ."

The "rising room" was a creaking elevator which functioned at a speed of five feet a minute, its chains clanking horribly. It ran by water power.

John L., who was in formal dress, with his

tall hat in his hand, turned to the other passengers—who stood with frozen faces. He put a sovereign in the crown of his hat, and passed it around.

“Let’s buy ’em a little more water,” he said. . . . “So we can get up faster,” he timidly explained. But the icy group was not amused.

He fared better in his meeting with Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales. A credit to Boston, John dressed himself in black, like a parson.

The conversation ran as follows:

His Royal Highness: “I feel as if I had known you for years, Mr. Sullivan.”

John L.: “I have often heard of you, too. “Do you often put up the dukes now?”

H.R.H.: “No, I never spar now—not with gloves, or even with bare knuckles. My boy down at York with the Lancers punches the bag every morning. And my George, who is a middy on the Dreadnought, is a regular slugger. You see, I am bringing up my boys in the way they should go.”

John L. afterwards reported that the Prince was “a nice fellow—with splendid manners. . . . And when you think of all he has to put up with in the form of family and education, I would say he is a splendid all-round sport. You would be glad to meet him any time, and introduce him to your family.”

The poor Prince was held up to public contumely afterwards for associating with prize-fighters. And Queen Victoria is said to have reproved him by penny post-card.

But John L., in fine spirits, felt so high-falutin' that he went to visit Amiens Cathedral, when he reached French soil. He looked up at the sculptured saints and crusaders, and said:

"Who did you say these plug uglies are?"

"Why John," replied the on-lookers, "they are the Crusaders that the people of France and all Christendom hold in proud remembrance."

"Ah—no," said John. "No—I guess they are the great bruisers of long ago—men who fought their way up with their fists."

But he was not the one to remain marooned long in a historic backwater—and he turned to his plans for the fight. "I'll let him have it—then I'll put him to sleep, and we'll be back in Paree—an' you boys will be sittin' in my box at the Follies Begum, or whatever you call them."

But alas—the Mitchell fight was not so easy as that. Even John's star-spangled tights could not dispel the drizzling rain and sleet.

"Knock Charlie's head off—flatten his pug nose!" yelled the spectators. . . But as the rounds went on and on, the badinage ceased—

and it seemed almost as though the fighters were becoming friends.

"If they were only in our shoes," gasped Mitchell, of the yelling spectators—and John L. nodded sympathetically.

Finally, after interminable rounds, a draw was called and the fighters shook hands. Poor Mitchell was sobbing. And John L.'s hair looked as though it had turned grey during the course of the battle—whether with the snow or anguish, the reporters were not sure.

After the fight, as though the weather were not bad enough—the principals were arrested, and locked up a few hours.

Sullivan was about finished in Europe, after this fight. But in the United States his star was riding high.

Listen to the words with which our returning Atlas is greeted at a banquet in his honor in New York:

"Our guest tonight has subdued the haughtiest King, the champions of two continents. And carried our star-spangled banner in triumph through every conflict."

* * * * *

For John's bout with Jake Kilrain in New Orleans on July 7th, 1889, he is reputed to have breakfasted as follows:

A 7 pound sea bass
5 soft boiled eggs
a half loaf of graham bread
6 tomatoes
tea

"It was the last fight that really meant FIGHT," says a biographer. "Our cellophaned modern professionals are simply a travesty on the good Anglo-Saxon word. They are topped off by cushioned gloves, rubber mouth protectors, elastic bands, cold creams and lubricants."

The fight, with bare knuckles, lasted 75 rounds, and Sullivan was again victor, carrying off the \$20,000 winner-take-all stake, and the gaudy belt that represented the world's championship.

Yes, they DID things in those days. And on the evening of this great and lengthy battle, Sullivan is reputed to have staged one of the most glorious drunks of a Bacchanalian career.

But though Sullivan was no cellophaned modern like Gene Tunney, famed for his Shakespearean readings—he still dabbled in literature. And if you can scarcely believe it, hear this tale:

After he was vanquished by Corbett he opened a saloon, and here, one winter evening, two college boys found him bending over a small leather-bound book.

"So far," he said, "this book is a piece of cheese, but every once in a while the boy throws a crack I myself made years ago. It's by a lobster called Marcus Aurelius—sounds like a joke to me. I know a Marcus Meyer—he lost \$8000 on me at New Orleans—but I never heard of his writin' a book. But listen—he says:

"Fame after life is no better than oblivion." I said: *Get it now or never*. Which is snap-piest?"

He turned to another page. "And pipe this. He said, 'Let nothing be done rashly or at random—but all according to the rules of art.' . . . What the poor slob really meant was 'Straight Marquis of Queensbury—Come out fighting, and no hitting in the clinches.' . . .

"And here he is talkin' about a sport named Sock-rates. That's a good monicker for a prize-fighter— Wouldn't the newspaper boys eat that up?"

Besides turning to literature as a solace after his Corbett defeat, John chose the stage for a short time. He played in such fantasies as *A True American*, in which he was the hero who rescued the girl from the wiles of a dastardly villain. But the audience still longed to see him "put up the dukes" and such refinements as he now portrayed did not, somehow, go with his character.

Then in his final years, he turned to still another role—and one more becoming a Bostonian—that of Temperance lecturer. . .

In 1905, after taking his final drink, John L. went on tour to say: "I hit the bottle some heavy jolts for more than a half a century. But old John Barleycorn licked me—"

His next pious act was to look for a wife—and he found one in Kate Harkins—a childhood sweetheart, who was a devoted companion and—most important—an excellent cook. (John had been duped in his youth into marrying a chorus girl, Annie Bates, which experience he described as "a scrap for life, London rules, and every round a knockdown.")

But his second wife brought contentment with domesticity, and they settled down in a farm-house in West Abington. Here he proclaimed to the press that he was as happy as J. Pierpont Morgan. . . "J. P. and me—we're both fat, and we can only wear one suit of clothes at a time, and eat one meal—so what's he got that I ain't?"

And indeed, Katie and John, rambling about the country-side in a broken-down buggy, were the picture of bucolic content. What if the money had mostly leaked away, and the trinkets of yester-year were pawned? . . . John had friends by the legion; and neighbors came, to

hoe his garden, and leave gifts of chickens and fresh-laid eggs.

With that high pride that marked him in money matters, John hid his troubles, so that his friends were put to some pains to find ways to help him. But grocers' bills had a way of being always smaller than the Sullivans feared. And friends bought at stiff prices, stipulated by themselves, trinkets from his past that helped John pay for coal and wood, and the interest on the mortgage.

The fires of his youth had left a handful of ashes—but John and Katie were as happy as children. Until, one summer's day, poor Kate-ee died. And left her broken-hearted John to linger a little while.

He was sixty when he went. The most colorful character of his time—and he died in loneliness and poverty. And when he had gone, men recalled—with lumps in their throats—that gallant farewell, after Corbett.

"Gentlemen—I got one thing to say. . . I remain your warm and personal friend, John L. Sullivan."

It was the end of an epoch.

"Good old John!" they said.

XII

A PURITAN GOES TO WASHINGTON

THERE was a girl from Vermont named Lucinda who wrote a theme about George Washington for the *Boston Sunday Advertiser*, and won first prize in a Washington Birthday contest. The prize was a hundred dollars, and five days in Boston, with her mother for chaperon—and *me* for hostess! I had been at work about a month, writing obits and club notes, and I guess they wanted to get rid of me for a while. Mr. Reardon, the Sunday editor, suggested a couple of shows, and the glass flowers at Harvard.

"Give Lucinda a good time," he said, and okayed an expense account. Being a reporter looked like a bed of roses.

Now Lucinda had never been anywhere, and neither had her mother. And Mr. Reardon's little cub had not been anywhere either. "If the blind lead the blind," sayeth the Bible, "all shall fall into the ditch." But we didn't. We fell into the Copley Plaza, with a room apiece and baths for all, and roses and violets all over



His face had New England written all over it

the place. And we had pie for breakfast, and chicken à la king for luncheon, and baked Alaska for dinner. We saw every show in town, and sat in Peacock Alley until there was nobody left but the bellboys.

To be New England is to get up early and to make the most of the day. Every morning, Lucinda's mother made the beds and tidied our rooms. And when the fifth day came, and I asked her what she wanted most to do, she said she would like to meet the Governor.

"He comes from up our way," she said, "and I'd like that Lucinda should shake his hand."

I telephoned the paper, and Mr. Reardon said our State House man would fix it up.

"I'll send a photographer," he said.

* * * * *

The Governor led us to the Hall of Flags. "We'll have the pictures taken here," he said. "Nice background for a patriotic contest girl."

We told him that Lucinda and her mother were from Vermont.

"Good people—Vermonters," he said. "Live within their income."

When Dick Sears, the photographer, set up his camera, the Governor gave instructions. "Talk to me now, Lucinda. Makes a better picture. More natural."

"Yes, sir," said Lucinda. "It's a nice day, Governor."

"We Vermonters don't talk easily, do we, Lucinda?" he said.

I giggled, and he turned to me. "Come now, young lady—let's hear how you can talk about nothing. Come get your picture taken."

We shook hands in front of the camera, while I tried to talk and smile like Mary Pickford. When Dick printed the pictures, I looked pretty silly, and the Governor had on his Plymouth Rock smile.

Dick was the photographer who called Queen Marie of Roumania *Queenie*. When the Queen visited Boston, there was a parade, and Dick was on a scaffolding. "Hi, Queenie!" he yelled. And when she looked up, he got what he wanted.

When the Coolidges left Washington to spend their summer holiday in Vermont, Dick rented a room across the street, to take pictures for International News. Dick says that the President enjoyed having his photograph taken, and liked putting on a farmer's smock and haying hat, for the movies. He frequently smoked a cigar, but always put it aside for a picture.

"Some cigar-maker might use it for an ad," he said.

When I saw Mr. Coolidge again he was Vice President. He had come to Plymouth, Mass., with President and Mrs. Harding, and he had on a silk hat and a coat with tails. Beside him was an aide with glittering epaulets and gleaming brass buttons. I stood in the throng before them, and the Vice President saw me, and sent his beautiful, shining aide to take me to the platform.

"I thought you would like to talk with Mrs. Harding," he said.

"You are very kind," I stammered.

"Remembered you liked to talk," he said.

* * * * *

They used to tell in Washington about the lady who went to a White House dinner, and sat at the President's right.

"I've made a bet about you, Mr. President," she announced.

"Humph!" grunted the President.

"I've bet I can make you talk," she declared.

"You lose," he said.

Then there was the other one about the social leader who leaned earnestly across the table.

"And what is *your* hobby, Mr. President?" she demanded.

"Holding office," he muttered.

Alice Longworth denied that she said the President was weaned on a dill pickle, but it was a good line anyhow. Gamaliel Bradford thought that an Indian ancestry might partially account for lack of ready speech among the Coolidges.

I know a newspaper man who came from New York after the police strike to get an interview for his paper. It was late, and Coolidge was tired.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"Well, Governor," said the newspaper man, "I came for a story, but (palavering a bit) Sir, I should like to shake the hand of a great American."

Coolidge extended his hand. "Shake," he said. "Goodnight."

His clasp was firm—and brief. His eyes were keen, and he kept his thin-lipped mouth tight shut. His face had New England written all over it.

An Associated Press man went to Northampton for a story.

"Is it true, Sir," he asked, "that you pay only \$35 a month rent?"

"Don't print that," snapped Coolidge. "It's \$32—and they might raise it on me."

When Coolidge was Governor, he lived at the Parker House, but before that he had a

room in the old Adams House, for which he paid a dollar a day. This was when he was in the Massachusetts Legislature. The Adams House was dingy and grim, and a little on the sinister side. When he got to be Lieutenant Governor, a friend persuaded him that he should move into fancier realms. Coolidge thought it over, and rented a sitting room.

"Cost me another dollar," he grumbled.

* * * * *

Calvin Coolidge was born in a cottage that was attached to his father's general store and postoffice. His family on both sides struck its roots right down into the heart of New England. They had New England ways of thrift and self-denial, and worked as hard as their ancestors. The President's father was a farmer and a notary public, as well as a store-keeper. The annual rent of his store and farm was \$40. He made about \$100 a month, and saved most of it. When he retired, he had about \$25,000. The old man talked with a nasal twang, like his son. And the Coolidge twang was a Puritan twang.

Lord Macaulay, a hundred years ago, declared that: "The Puritan was known by his gait, his garb, his lank hair, the sour solemnity of his face, the upturned white of his eyes, the

nasal twang with which he spoke, and by his peculiar dialect."

* * * * *

Almost everyone remembers how the President announced his decision not to run. It was in the summer of 1927, in the Black Hills of Dakota.

"I do not choose to run," he said. And there was a great deal of speculation about the word *choose*. Yet Governor Winthrop used it in the same way; and Samuel Sewall, and all the other Puritans who kept Journals. And so did Sarah Josepha Hale, editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*. Mrs. Hale "did not choose" in practically every editorial she wrote. It was as much of a Yankeeism as the twang the Puritans used.

Senator Capper was a guest at the Summer White House when the President told newspaper men that he did not choose to run.

Later, the Senator remarked to Mrs. Coolidge, "That was quite a surprise the President gave us this morning."

Mrs. Coolidge did not know what he was talking about. The President, by all accounts, seldom confided in her. She says he did not think much of her education.

* * * * *

When Mrs. Coolidge was Grace Goodhue, she taught in a school for the deaf and dumb, on the outskirts of Northampton, where young Calvin practiced law. They boated and went on *pic-nics*, and played whist on Wednesday evenings. They became engaged in the summer of 1905, and were married in the fall, and went to Montreal for a honeymoon.

They had planned to stay a fortnight, but in a week they were back again. Calvin said they might as well save a week's spending. They moved into the old Norwood Hotel, which was more of a boarding house than a hotel, and there they stayed until John was born.

Mrs. Coolidge says that her husband presented her with an old brown bag when they returned from their wedding trip. In it were fifty-two pairs of socks with holes in them.

"Calvin Coolidge!" she explained. "Did you marry me to get your socks darned?"

"No—but I find it mighty handy," he said.

When the hotel closed, the Coolidges bought some used sheets and pillows cases, and plated silver-ware that said *Norwood Hotel*; and they did the family for years.

When they moved to a place of their own, Mrs. Coolidge bought a book called *Our Home Doctor*. It would be a good thing, she thought, to have around, with a new baby in the house.

But she knew that she might be reproved for her extravagance, so she left it on the table in the sitting room, and waited for her husband to say something. A few days later she noticed a paper in it:

"Don't see any receipt here for curing suckers," she read. "C. C."

There are a hundred anecdotes that newspaper people tell about Coolidge and his mean ways. There is one about two reporters who went to his room in the Parker House, and found Tom W. there. Coolidge unlocked a bureau drawer, and produced a pint of Rye, and poured them each a drink. Tom sat on the side of the bed, and didn't get one.

"You forgot Tom," said one of them.

"Tom's had his," said the Governor, and put the bottle back where it came from. . . So, with much retelling, the legends live. But few tell the truth about the man, and all his grim and ancient virtues.

* * * * *

When Calvin Coolidge was a small boy, his mother died, and there was a hired girl to care for him and his little sister until their Aunt Sarah came to live with them. Aunt Sarah lived in the small white house across the street that is now a tea room and gift shop.

When Calvin was six years old, he read the Bible out loud to his grandfather. When he was twelve, he worked on Saturday in a Ludlow toy factory, and opened a savings account. When he was thirteen, he took the town teacher's examination, and passed.

Plymouth, Vermont was always bleak, and in those days it looked very much as it does today. Calvin was born in the tiny downstairs bedroom of the house that has become a tourist mecca. After he became President, he had the house made larger. There is a six-room addition now, a bay window, and a porch. It would be a simple matter to remove these, and preserve the house as it was in the beginning—the birthplace of the 30th President of the United States—the home of five generations of Puritans.

There is an unlovely austerity about the village of Plymouth. The people are uncommunicative. And there is a great deal of rain in the valley. But Coolidge loved Plymouth.

When he was in the White House, he wrote, "Vermont is my birthright. People there are happy and content. They belong to themselves, live within their income, and fear no man."

* * * * *

When Coolidge was Vice President, he came to New England to visit his father. There was

no room in Plymouth for the newspaper people who covered the Coolidge vacation, and most of them stayed in Ludlow, twelve miles away.

It was after midnight on a hot Thursday (August 2, 1923) that an automobile tore through the sepulchral quiet of sleeping Plymouth, and stopped at the house where the Coolidges lived.

The President's father came to an upstairs window, and called, "What's wanted?"

"President Harding is dead," cried the driver, "and I have a telegram for the Vice President."

Then there were voices through the house, and lamps were lighted. Colonel Coolidge came to the door, and took the message, and the Vice President came downstairs. The driver of the car followed the family into the dining room, and watched the Vice President take a stubby pencil from the workbasket, and scribble on a piece of yellow paper.

Then they went into the sitting room. And the Colonel took the paper, and read it aloud. It was the oath by which Calvin Coolidge became President of the United States. As the father read, the son repeated, phrase by phrase. When it was finished, he stooped and kissed the Bible.

"So help me God," he said.

It was 2:47 by the clock on the mantle. At three o'clock the new President blew out the lamps, and the family went back to bed.

* * * * *

When they got up three hours later, the street before the house was filled with reporters and townspeople. After breakfast, the President crossed the field where golden-rod and purple asters bloomed to the little cemetery where his mother lay buried.

At seven o'clock, he kissed his father goodby, and left for Washington. There was a deep affection between the President and his father. John Holmes has said:

To be New England is to love so fiercely
That the hand trembles, that the deep eyes ache,
Yet speak of love infrequently, and tersely . . .

The Coolidges were like that, I think.

* * * * *

The next day I went to Washington, and to the New Willard where the President and his wife were staying. I was to wire a story every day—750 words—a woman's story. That meant something about Mrs. Coolidge—what she did, and what she wore, what she had for breakfast,

and the way she did her hair, how she felt about being First Lady, and what were her plans for the winter?

The Coolidges, with all official Washington, were in mourning. Mrs. Coolidge seldom left their suite, and when she did she wore black like a widow. The President had forbidden her to talk with anyone. Secret service men and hotel employees got no more than nods out of her, and I got less than that.

I used to send notes by the chambermaid. And her secretary would come out, and explain all over again that Mrs. Coolidge was in mourning, and had nothing to say.

Then I started cultivating the servants—waiters and maids, and the boys who shined the President's shoes. And I learned that Mrs. Coolidge was knitting stockings for her sons, and darning her husband's socks. I found out what she read, and what she ate, and what flowers she liked best, and how many dresses she had. And every day I wrote my little story. And when my stint was over, my editor said it was a fine and lucky thing, the way I knew Mrs. Coolidge.

* * * * *

The day after Harding died, and the Coolidges left Plymouth for Washington, young

Calvin, who was fifteen, was working in a tobacco field in Connecticut.

"If my father was President, I wouldn't be picking tobacco," one of the kids said.

"Well, if your father was my father, you would," retorted young Calvin.

The next summer the boy was permitted to spend part of his vacation at the White House. He got a blister on his toe, playing tennis, and it became infected. Very shortly he was dangerously ill. In his delirium, he imagined that he was fighting a battle against great odds.

"I surrender," he cried. "I surrender"—and he turned to his nurse. "Now you say it," he whispered. "Say you surrender."

"All right, Calvin," she soothed. "I surrender."

He caught her hand and smiled. In a little while he had gone.

* * * * *

About that time I met a girl named Marion Pollard who was the President's cousin. She had visited in the White House during the Christmas holidays before young Calvin died. And when she told me about it, I wrote a double-page story for the Newspaper Enterprise Association, and split the check with Marion.

Mrs. Coolidge had a birthday around New Year's, and Marion wanted to give her a present.

She went in a White House car, with a secret service man, to a smart shop and asked to see some lingerie. The manager, who had seen the official car, suggested sending a selection.

"You can choose at your leisure," he said, "and return anything you may not want."

Later that day, a truck drove up to the service entrance, and delivered a great number of boxes. The shop had sent a thousand dollars' worth of lingerie!

Marion put aside her train fare home, and counted what was left. Then she chose a \$3.95 slip, and wrapped it up for Cousin Grace.

* * * * *

The Coolidges had breakfast at quarter of eight. The family rooms in the White House are on the second floor, and it was the custom to gather in the hall, and go down for breakfast together.

"Cousin Calvin, watch in hand, was the first one out," said Marion. "Cousin Grace would come a moment later, always smiling. Then the boys. I was last. Cousin Calvin would look at his watch.

"Humph!" he'd say. "Quarter of eight, Marion."

Sunday morning they had fish cakes and Boston baked beans.

Everybody had to be there for every meal.

Once John wanted to go to a tea dance. He told his father he would be a little late for dinner, and might not have time to change.

"You will remember," said the President, "that you are dining at the table of the President of the United States, and you will present yourself promptly, and in proper attire." . . . John passed up the dance.

* * * * *

Secretary and Mrs. Hughes came for luncheon, and there were oysters. A kitten came trotting in from the kitchen, and the President, who was fond of cats, put his plate on the floor. Marion says that Mrs. Hughes watched with a pained expression.

Yankee humor is sometimes dubious. Some of the President's favorite jokes were with the servants.

"When the butler passed a dish, Cousin Calvin would always ask some absurd question," recounts Marion. "If he was passed chicken, he would say, 'What's this—ham?' And if it was ice cream, he would ask, 'What's this—tapioca?' And the butler very gravely would say, 'Ice cream, Mr. President.' It was a daily ritual, and Cousin Grace always laughed."

There was a Charity Ball one night, and Mrs. Coolidge and Grace spent most of the day

getting ready. The President said that he did not wish to have them dance. But when Secretary Mellon asked Marion for a dance, she begged, "Oh, please, Cousin Calvin!"

"No—better not," said the President.

A few minutes later, he said, "Time to go." . . And out they trooped.

John and Calvin junior were waiting when they returned.

"Time to go to bed," said the President. . . And off they went.

* * * * *

Once, at a Vermont rummage sale, Marion heard Cousin Grace tell about the first time she heard the President make a speech. Mrs. Coolidge imitated him as he said, "*We mount the ladder, rung by rung.*"

"His voice was very twangy in those days," she said. "Lots worse than it is now. . . I always felt," she added, "that there was something prophetic about that speech."

* * * * *

The salary of the President of the United States is \$75,000 a year, with \$25,000 more for expenses. When Coolidge retired—and his fortune was estimated at \$400,000—he bought from

the Government a used Lincoln limousine. This might seem mean to a New Yorker, or a Westerner, but to most New Englanders it was plain common sense.

For fourteen years, Coolidge commuted in a day coach from Northampton to Boston, which is about a hundred miles. On Saturday nights when the Governor went home for supper, they had baked beans and brown bread, and Mrs. Coolidge often cooked a ham for Sunday.

Years later, Coolidge exclaimed, "Those White House hams! They worried me. A big one would be brought to the table. Mummer would have a slice, and I'd have a slice. Then the butler would take it away, and what happened to it after that, I never found out."

One night there was a State dinner at the White House, and the President went to the kitchen for a look around.

"Don't see why we have to have six hams," he said.

"But, Mr. President, there will be sixty people," explained the housekeeper. "And Virginia hams are so small! We can't serve more than ten people with one ham."

"Seems an awful lot of ham to me," muttered the President.

Shortly after this, the housekeeper departed.

And the Coolidges sent to Boston for Ellen Riley—a New Englander.

“Wilful waste,” said Miss Riley, “makes woe-ful want”—and she made a nice pea soup on a ham bone.

When Coolidge was in the White House, he wrote to his law partner in Northampton, asking for interest of \$2.12 on two \$50 Liberty Bonds.

When he returned to Northampton, and the local bank had closed, he came upon his partner with his face buried in his arms. Then Coolidge tiptoed from the room—and tiptoed back again. Over his partner’s shoulder he dropped a check for \$5,000.

“Plenty more where that came from,” he said.

The Coolidges bought a house outside Northampton, and called it *The Beeches*. Then the President could poke around the kitchen all he wanted. He loved it—and he loved the garden, and the big rooms to wander through.

One day he ripped the labels from several old suits and an overcoat, and gave them to his secretary to sell.

“Take them out of town,” he said, “and don’t let on they’re mine.”

The secretary got \$20 for the lot.

The ex-President was beset by editors, and by representatives of advertising firms and financial houses who offered him vast sums of money for the use of his name. Mr. and Mrs. James Derieux, representing the Crowell Publishing Co., went to see him. And Coolidge said to them:

I should like to go into some kind of business, but I cannot do it with propriety. A man who has been President is not free—not for a time anyway. Whatever influence I might have, came to me because of the position I have held. And to use that influence in any competitive field would be unfair. The offers that come to me would never have come if I had not been President. That means people are trying to hire not Calvin Coolidge, but a former President of the United States. I cannot make that kind of use of the office. I cannot do anything that might take away from the Presidency any of its dignity, or any of the faith people have in it.

* * * * *

On the fifth of January, 1933, Mrs. Coolidge went shopping in the morning. When she came home, she left her purchases in the kitchen, and went upstairs with her wraps. The President had gone in the bathroom to shave, and died suddenly while she was out.

The funeral was on Saturday. It was a cold, rainy day. President Hoover was there, and most of the Judges of the Supreme Court. After services in the church, the funeral party drove to Plymouth. It was afternoon when they reached the burying ground.

There is a little gully in the cemetery and the press huddled on one side of the gully while the minister and the mourners stood about the grave. The minister was a young man with a beautiful voice, who repeated these lines because Mrs. Coolidge had asked him to:

Warm summer sun,
Shine kindly here;
Warm southern wind,
Blow softly here;
Green sod above,
Lie light, lie light.
Goodnight, dear heart,
Goodnight, goodnight.

From across the gully, a photographer set off a flashlight. There was a plane that had come down on the ice, to take the plates to Boston and New York. We wondered how it was going to lift, to clear the hills. . . Suddenly the heart-breakingly sad, clear notes of a bugle came sweetly through the rain. And the plane rose. And the sun came through the clouds. Mrs.

Coolidge turned from the grave, and put her hand on John's shoulder. The wind whipped her black veil from her face. And we remembered what her husband had written of her:

"She has borne with my infirmities, and I have rejoiced in her graces."

XIII

SNUFF AND HERBS

WHEN people nowadays buy snuff, they go to a store where the clerk knows what they want, and lean against the counter, in back. Then they put their money down, and wait. And when no one is looking, the clerk slips them a box.

* * * * *

Taking snuff was fashionable once, and a universal habit.

“Prince and peasant, lord and lackey,
All in some form took their Baccy.”

And most of them took it up the nose.

But now the people who take snuff won't admit it, and the Pearsons, who own the only snuff factory in New England, say it doesn't pay to advertise. The snuff factory has been in the Pearson family since the days of bombazine and bonnets, when dandies bought Red Top for their ladies—and snuff-taking was an art.

Men and women carried little pocket boxes as elaborate and costly as they could afford. There were big boxes on drawing-room mantles, for callers to refresh themselves. And the custom was as social as a cup of tea.

“When tittle and tattle fail,
What helps old ladies in their tale,
And adds fresh canvas to their sail?
A pinch of snuff!”

In taverns and public places guests took a pinch on the house. Snuff boxes were passed around like cigarettes. And our great-grandmothers carried them the way we carry lipsticks. Nearly everyone took snuff, from the President of the United States, to paupers in poor-houses (who got it in rations, and had to make it last).

For rich and poor, in peace and strife,
It smooths the rugged path of life.*

In the hills of Byfield, the Snuff Dynasty flourishes like a green bay tree. And the snuff factory—in the hands now of the seventh generation—is one of the most profitable concerns of its size in the country.

In the beginning, the Pearsons made cloth (1640). Later the cloth mill was turned into

* *Newport Mercury*.



Snuff was an astounding rage

a saw mill. When Colonial New England became snuff-conscious, the saw mill became a snuff factory . . . and then the Pearsons made a fortune.

Sales are furtive today, but brisk in strange places. Sailors, mountaineers, poor white trash and old country people buy snuff unashamed, and buy it by the ton. City people buy it guiltily. Many persons who cannot smoke in public (night watchmen, policemen—even judges) take snuff. So do thousands of industrial workers. But most of them had rather you didn't know. And the Pearson promotion policy is *Least said soonest sold*.

* * * * *

For three hundred years, snuff played a dramatic role in the social life of the world. And now it can't stand up in polite society.

The story that Raleigh brought tobacco to Queen Elizabeth—and so introduced it to England—is just another school book legend (like the one about the cloak). The Indians were using tobacco when Columbus discovered America. And Rodrigo de Jerez, the first European to set foot on Cuban soil, learned to snuff and smoke like a veteran. When he returned to Spain, Rodrigo stepped off the boat, with smoke pouring from his nose and mouth. And the

people thought he was minion of the Devil, and seized him for the Inquisition.

Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, brought tobacco seeds to Charles V, in 1518. And with relations as intimate as they were between England and Spain, Elizabeth must surely have known the celebrated weed before Sir Walter arrived with his offering.

It was King James, I think, who gave Sir Walter the tobacco publicity. James hated Sir Walter, and he hated tobacco—and the King was a terribly good hater. In his *Counterblast*, he called tobacco “a vile, barbarous weed brought in by a father so generally hated”—the *father* being Raleigh. A few years later, James took the opportunity to please both Spain and himself by executing Sir Walter. Then when James was dead, men sung a song like this:

Sir Walter Raleigh! name of worth,
How sweet for thee to know,
King James who never smoked on earth,
Is smoking down below.

In 1559 (twenty-seven years before Raleigh brought tobacco to London) Henry II of France sent his private secretary, M. Nicot, to Portugal to see if he could negotiate a marriage for Henry's daughter, Marguerite, with Sebastian, King of Portugal. M. Nicot had no

luck, and had to tell Henry that Sebastian was not interested. To temper the King's displeasure, he brought back a great number of tobacco plants from the gardens of Portugal—and this is how tobacco came to be called *nicotine*.

The French Queen—Catherine de Medici—got M. Nicot to tell her all he knew about the plant, and she became so fond of it that for a time, it was called *Herbe de la Reine*. And Catherine was known as the *Queen of Snuffers*.

M. Nicot said that tobacco would cure everything from "old Soares to the King's evill, also Dropsie, Short Breathes, and Ulcers."

When the Pilgrims came to New England, the Indians made equally extravagant claims. The Indians used tobacco (according to the Pilgrims) "for lockjaw, asthma, stomach-ache, poisoning from arrows, diseases of the heart, consumption, and carbuncles." And they smoked, as well as snuffed it.

The Indians could trek for two or three days with only tobacco to quench their thirst and hunger. The Pilgrims marveled, but mostly, refrained—and smoked the Pipe of Peace, with their tongues in their cheeks.

In Russia, Rome and London, snuff was in very bad repute. The Czar, in 1634, decreed that for the first offense, smokers should be

whipped—and for the second, executed, and all Russian snuff-takers had their noses amputated. . . . The Pope (Innocent X) threatened to excommunicate anyone who took snuff in Saint Peter's. . . . And Charles I, inheriting his father's prejudices, declared that tobacco was "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fumes thereof, neerest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomlesse."

The Pilgrims taught their children a verse and hoped that Charles would hear about it:

Tobacco is an Indian weed,
From the Devil it doth proceed,
It picks your pockets, burns your clothes,
And makes a chimney of your nose.

But before long, the Pilgrim fathers were smoking behind the murmuring pines and the hemlocks. And the little boys were sneaking puffs behind the palisades.

Then from England came news of a horrible discovery. London physicians—examining the brains of dead tobacco smokers had found them "dried to a sort of dirty membrane, and clogged with soot"! . . . After that, snuff seemed safer.

New England Puritans, thereafter, took to carrying what they called *nutmeg graters*, with which to grind nutmegs, (they said) to season food while traveling. Snuff at this time was pressed into a solid substance, and sold with a pocket grater. The Reverend George Whitefield, the famous revivalist, came from England to preach during Jonathan Edwards' *Great Awakening*. And Mr. Whitefield bought himself a so-called "nutmeg grater." But on his death bed, he confessed that it was to grate snuff with.

Snuff was in ill repute in England until 1702, when the English fleet seized a Spanish ship carrying fifty tons of snuff from Havana to Cadiz. And every sailor got as much as he could carry. They sold the loot in English ports for three and four pence a pound, and almost everybody in the country had a sniff.

Then, suddenly snuff became an astounding rage—and *everyone* took it, rich and poor. It was a distressingly dirty habit, until properly learned. And untidy people went around with their clothes stained, and their finger nails dirty. While the elegant beaux and ladies went to school!

Advertisements in the *Spectator* tell us that smart schools introduced courses in *snuff cur-*

riculum, to supplement time-honored *instruction in proper use of the fan*:

The exercise of the Snuff Box, according to the most fashionable Airs and Notions—in conjunction with the exercise of the Fan—will be taught with the best plain or perfumed Snuff, at Charles Lillis's & C.

And Pope wrote:

Snuff or the fan supply each pause of chat
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Beau Brummel and Prince George endorsed their favorite brands, and ordered be-jeweled snuff boxes from their goldsmith. . . And boxes became the craze of the fashionable world.

Merchant ships from China brought exquisite snuff boxes to the ladies of New England—of jade and lapis-lazuli, of jasper, and of alabaster. And with them were little gold, and silver, and turquoise spoons, like the Chinese women used.

The editor of the *New England Courant* surveyed such goings-on with horror, and wrote a poem on the ladies' folly:

To such a height with some is fashion grown
They feed their very nostrils with a spoon!

Miniature painters decorated snuff boxes with portraits. John Hancock had one of his wife, the lovely Dorothy Quincy—and Napoleon had a *dozen* of Josephine. Before Napoleon—who owned hundreds of boxes—Pompadour was said to have more than anyone in the world—and, of course, they were the loveliest. Pompadour never carried the same snuff box twice. Louis XV had a gold box, for which Mr. J. P. Morgan, not so long ago, paid \$32,000.

New Englanders were fond of ivory and tortoise shell boxes from China, and there are a number of these, with exquisite snuff bottles (also from China) in the museums in Salem. Mr. Morgan's collection of snuff boxes in the Metropolitan Museum is the most valuable collection in the world.

There were no matches in the days when snuff flourished. And smokers had to depend upon the tinderbox, with its steel, flint and punk—or a candle or ember, to scotch their noses. When matches were invented, snuff became less popular. And it was the old ladies who hung on longest.

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Mrs. Margaret Thompson was an Englishwoman, but the story of her Snuff Funeral was

printed in half the papers of New England, and probably sold more snuff than ever.

Mrs. Thompson died as she had wished to live, sneezing like mad. She left a letter, which she had said was to be read immediately she breathed her last.

In it she commanded that the six greatest snuff-takers in the parish be her bearers, wearing, each, a snuff-colored beaver hat. Six young girls were to bear her pall . . . "each to carry a box of the best Scotch snuff, to take for their refreshment as they go along. . . And Sarah Stuart to walk before the corpse, distributing every twenty yards, a large handful of Snuff, on to the ground and before the crowd."

Mrs. Thompson asked that Sarah Stuart (an "old and trusted servant") cover her body with the best Scotch snuff ("in which she knoweth I had always the greatest delight"). There were to be no flowers, for nothing was so sweet to Mrs. Thompson as the moldy fragrance of her precious powder. She was to be buried completely in it. And Sarah (just to be on the safe side) was to put half a dozen handkerchiefs under her pillow.

* * * * *

Snuff is a blend of various pulverized tobaccos, sweetly scented, and flavored with a num-

ber of things. Old recipes call for powdered rose petals, cognacs and sherry, extracts of vanilla, wintergreen, tamarind, and lemon verbena, grated prunes, port wine lees and stale old ale, cheese and rose scented vinegar, salt and soda and cream of tartar.

The Pearsons use the formula of their ancestors, and buy their flavorings by the hog-head. And the factory smells like a dusty pot-pourri of musty old ladies and moldy missionaries. You smell it as you draw near—the listless fragrance of dead roses, and a breath like fetid toadstools. . . Doughty old ancestors!

O! wasn't it whacky—
The way you loved Baccy!
And weren't you tough—
The way you took snuff!

Snuff-users (when they were not snuffing) chewed roots and seeds. And went to Cheney's (in pre-Listerine days) for Lovage and Caraway, to make their breaths sweet.

Cheney's—near Faneuil Hall, in Boston—is the oldest herb shop in the country. It was founded a hundred years ago by an old man whose grandmother learned herbal lore from

the Indians. The ocean came up to Dock Square then, and clippers tied to the wharf, while the ships were loaded with New England herbs for the Old Countries, and slaves unloaded spices and tea for the carriage trade that patronized the district.

In the herb shop there was a sail loft where the old man made medicines from the common weeds of New England. His slogan was: "Nature did and always will provide an herb for every ill." And he sold his concoctions as cure-alls.

The Indians had told his grandmother about a tea made from the roots of Lady Slippers that was a wonderful sedative, and calmed warriors when they got the jitters; of an infusion brewed from the roots of Blue Cohosh (which the Indians called *Papoose Root*) that made childbirth painless, of bear's fat to make hair grow on bald heads; and of a decoction of Cowbane (called *Musquash Root*) that would make a woman forever sterile.

And I guess the Indians had something. For the Herb Shop soon became famous and is still brewing herbs at the same old stand.

Boston dowagers buy Spring Tonic to *purify their blood*; henna to dye their hair; pomander balls for their closets; potpourri for the parlor, and spices that smell to heaven. And they buy

them at Cheney's, as their mothers did before them.

Sachets of heliotrope and violet. Perfumes distilled from old-fashioned flowers. Job's Tears and Orris Fingers, for grandchildren to cut their teeth on. Sage and Thyme and Sweet Marjoram from New England gardens. Home-made extracts of Vanilla, Almond, and Peppermint. And Nutmegs garnished with Mace. . . These our grandmothers bought in days of old. And we can buy today.

* * * * *

Every spring, Cheney's advertise a tonic made from the roots of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock and Dandelion; the leaves of Wintergreen; and the bark of Prickly Ash and Sassafras. The recipe has been popular with Cheney customers for a hundred years. It is good, they say, "for what ails you."

Lydia Pinkham's *Vegetable Compound* was (and still is) made from herbs the Indians used—Life Root, Pleurisy and Licorice Roots, True and False Unicorn, Black Cohosh, Camomile, Gentian, and Dandelion (a corruption of *Dent de Lion*—Lion's tooth—because French people thought its leaves looked like the teeth of a lion). . . Gentian grows on the mountains of southern Europe; but all the

other herbs the Squaws used when they were carrying babies, or wanted to.

Unicorn was also called *Devil's Bite*, because an Indian legend said that the Evil Spirit, angered that it should cure all disorders, bit off a piece of the root, and so curtailed its usefulness. But pregnant women went on chewing it, to prevent miscarriages. And since most of them had babies, it is probable that the Devil never bit it at all. Ancients called the herb Unicorn, because of a fancied resemblance in the root to the horn of the mythical beast. But in New England we call it *Blazing Star*.

Prospective Indian mothers drank a tea made from the roots of *Slippery Elm* ("which made the insides of a woman slippery") so the papooses had no difficulty putting in an appearance. White women who had babies nearly every year, brewed the roots prayerfully—and hoped for the best.

* * * * *

Camomile (an herb of the aster family) was a dear favorite in the Old World, and the Pilgrims were delighted to find it in New England.

To comfort the braine (advised an English physician in 1606) smell Camomile, eat Sage, Wash measurable, Sleep reasonably, and delight to hear Melodie and Musick.

We hope the Pilgrims slept well. As for Washing, but little can—and best—be said.*

Nor were they much for *Melodie* and *Musick*. But they set about cultivating Camomile and Sage. And, to this day, New England sage is the best in the world—although you probably buy the imported kind, and find it musty.

Sage tea is a pleasant beverage, and was thought to quicken the senses and memory. People used to say, "How can a man die in whose garden Sage grows?"

During plagues in London, the King's preventive dose was Sage with White Wine, Ginger and Treacle. There was also a perfume of

* I am afraid that someone is going to think I don't care what I say about the Pilgrims, because my ancestors did not come over on the *Mayflower* (and that is why I say such things)—The Captain of the *Mayflower* was a pirate, by the way—so I shall quote Charles Francis Adams, descendant of the Puritans. Mr. Adams says: "If among personal virtues cleanliness be indeed that which ranks next to godliness, then judged by nineteenth century standards, it is well if those who lived in the eighteenth century had a sufficiency of the latter quality to make good what they lacked of the former." He adds there was not a bathroom in Quincy prior to 1820—Quincy was where Mr. Adams's father and grandfather lived—first and sixth Presidents of the United States. . .

And Alice Morse Earle, authority on early New England, writes that she must say "In truth—though with deep mortification" that she cannot find, in Revolutionary times, "the slightest indication of the presence of *balneary appurtenances* in the homes of early Americans."

"This conspicuous absence" (laments Mrs. Earle) "speaks with a persistent and exceedingly disagreeable voice of the unwashed condition of our ancestors."

Angelica roots and White Wine, that "if taken fasting, your Breath would kill the Plague."

For a *cold stomach*, people wore a *greene turfe of grasse*, with the green side—not the dirt side—next their skin. Like going to bed with a hot water bag, for they could hardly have worn it while they were up and about.

For the *Megrums* and *Griefs* there were remedies to *Cheare the Hart* and *Drive Melancholy*. *Matters ill for the heart* were "beans, peas, sadness, onions, anger, evil tidings, and loss of friends." Melancholy was a disease that caused "worms in the Braine and Dross in the Stomack."

For *Passions of the Hart* there was an amorous cup, denounced by the clergy, and made of damask Rose Petals and Gill-Creep-by-Ground, an herb of Venus.

Wonderful tales had our fathers of old,
 Wonderful tales of the herbs and the stars—
 The sun was the Lord of the Marigold,
 Basil and Rocket belonged to Mars.
 Pat as a sum in division it goes—
 Every herb had a planet bespoke.
 Who but Venus should govern the Rose,
 Who but Jupiter own the Oak?
 Simply and gravely the facts are told
 In the wonderful books of our fathers of old.*

* * * * *

* Rudyard Kipling.

American Indians used eleven hundred plants and herbs for medicines and foods. And the Colonists brought dozens more—*Saffron* and *Rue*, *Hyssop*, *Tansy*, *Wormwood*, *Sage* and *Yarrow*, the *Mallows*, *Mayweed*, *Fennel*, *Dill* and the *Mints*. And they are all flaunting weeds now in every wayside meadow in New England.

Governor Winthrop brought along a Receipt Book, to doctor the fold. And for "Ye Plague, Small-Pox, Poyson or Feavers," the Governor had a recipe of which the principal ingredient was toads:

In the Moneth of March take Toades, as many as you will, alive; put them into an Earthen pott, so it be halfe full. Cover with a Iron plate, then overturn the pott, so the bottom may be uppermost. Put charcoals around about it and over it—and in the open ayre, not in a house. Set it on the fire and let it burne out and extinguish of itself. When it is cold take out the toades; and in an iron mortar pound them very well . . . Of this you may give a dragme; and let them sweat upon it in their bedds; but let them not cover their heads; especially in the Small-Pox.

To cure Deafness the Governor's book said to:

Take Garden Dasie roots and make juyce thereof, and lay the worst side of the head low upon the

Bolster & drop 3 or 4 drops thereof into the Better ear; this do 3 or 4 days together.

The Indians had better medication than that. And it is probable that they knew more than most white doctors, for country physicians—two and three hundred years ago—studied less than the Medicine Men.

A doctor's training consisted in riding around with an old, established physician—caring for his horse, sweeping his office, and running his errands. Gathering, drying and grinding his herbs, and mixing his plasters. By and by, the helper applied for a license. And then *he* was a doctor too! In Northampton, in Jonathan Edwards' day, physicians were paid six pence a visit, and eight pence in Revolutionary times. To let blood, or pull a tooth (and split the jaw) cost the sufferer eight pence extra—and no wonder the doctors bled when they dared.

* * * * *

Colonial women did considerable doctoring. But they did it quietly, for the Puritan fathers didn't trust them. And only midwives were permitted to practice in a big way. In the old Burying Ground in Charlestown, Mass., there is the tomb of a midwife who:

"By ye blessing of God has brought into this world
above 30,000 children."

We hope she gave their mothers Slippery Elm.

Anne Hutchinson had an English herb garden, and prescribed for the neighbors. But Margaret Jones (also of Boston) used Indian herbs. . . And Mrs. Jones accomplished such cures, that she was hanged for a witch!

The records of her trial and hanging have been destroyed, but we know that Governor Winthrop presided. And the charge against her was that, with simple medicines, she worked miraculous cures. This was considered proof of her diabolical power. And she was hanged on the Common.

Governor Winthrop tells us (in his Journal) that on that day there was "a very great tempest in Connecticut which blew down many trees." Also—her husband (having buried his wife, poor soul) went aboard a ship for Barbados—and there was *another* storm!

Naturally, Mr. Jones was arrested. But I cannot tell you what happened to him, because the Governor doesn't say.

* * * * *

Whether it is true or not, New Englanders love the story of Joe Pye, the Indian medicine man, who cured the Pilgrims with Boneset. When we pass purpled fields, we see Joe Pye coming through the tall grass and the golden-

rod, with the purple flowers in his arms. Some People call the flowers *Queen-of-the-Meadow*, but *Joe Pyeweed* is the name we like best.

Children gather *Joe Pyeweed*, and take great bunches to village store keepers to barter for candy. When the plants are dried, the store keepers send them to town to sell to Cheney's, where the blossoms are powdered and the roots macerated. Blossoms and roots are then steeped—and the resulting infusion is Boneset Tea guaranteed (practically) to cure any fever (almost).

* * * * *

Another remarkable weed is Echinacea (*Indian Head-root* or *Nigger-head*), a powerful drug, and an American cure-all for nearly three hundred years. Indians scraped the root, and used it as treatment for hydrophobia, insect and snake bites. And the colonists did the same.

The fame of Echinacea spread West. And, after many years, Dr. Meyer of Pawnee City, Nebraska, concocted a mixture of Echinacea, Wormwood, and Hops that he called *Meyer's Blood Purifier*.

After experimenting for some time, the Doctor let a rattlesnake bite him, bathed the bite with his tincture, swallowed a spoonful of it, and went to bed. When he awoke, the

swelling had disappeared, and he sat down and wrote a letter to Professor John King.

The Professor (compiler of *King's American Dispensary*) says:

Dr. Meyer offered to send me a rattler eight feet long—that the antidotal influence of his Purifier upon dogs, rabbits, etc., bitten by the serpent might be tested. But having no friendship for the reptile, and being unaccustomed to handling rattlers, I courteously declined the generous offer.

The drug, as was customary in those days, promptly developed into another cure-all. And physicians—up to 1909—substantiated, to a large degree, the dramatic claims of its high pressure salesman—who died a very rich man.

* * * * *

Mints perfume the air at Cheney's. There is the lovely smell of dry herbs. And sweet syrups tinct with cinnamon. Sandalwood and spices and Persian roses. Lavendar and heliotrope and catnip and spearmint. . . And the clerks fill three hundred prescriptions a day of everything you can thing of—from Spanish flies to cods' livers. (Cods' livers are the old-fashioned way of taking cod-liver oil—and "will restore them that has melted their Grease.")

At Cheney's they believe in herbs as the

Indians did. And everybody who works in the store drinks infusions, nibbles Meetin' Seed, and experiments (on the side) with bear grease for his bald spot.

In old New England herb gardens there grew three plants called *Meetin' Seed*—Fennel, Dill, and Caraway. And every summer Sunday, nearly everyone carried bunches of the seeds to Meetin', to nibble through the long prayers and sermon.

The good people imagined that the herbs would help them stay awake. And they also thought they would keep them from hiccoughing. Hiccoughs must have been a common malady in those days, because I have found so many old formulas for curing them. Cotton Mather suggested dried spiders.

When you know that Judge Sewall preached for two and a half hours once, you wonder why everybody didn't throw their seeds away, and take a nap—because the Judge wasn't a minister at all, but only a guest conductor—and when he got through, the minister started!

XIV.

NEWPORT AND THE FOUR HUNDRED

WHEN Ward McAllister was helping Mrs. William Astor with the invitation list for her mid-summer ball at Newport in 1891, he pared the list to four hundred, because the Astor ballroom was not a particularly large one (as Newport ballrooms go). And four hundred was about all it could comfortably hold. His stint accomplished, Mr. McAllister took a Pullman Palace car to New York, and had dinner at the Union Club. And there he told a reporter the story of the list.

"Now there are only four hundred people in society," boasted Mr. McAllister.

The phrase appeared next day in the *World*, was caught up by the newspapers, and passed into the idiom of the language.

* * * * *

This chapter is going to be about the Four Hundred and the most Scandalous of their



God smiled on the evil livers

Goings-On. And it is also going to be about the Founders and Merchants and pre-Revolutionary Tourists. But I shall go into reverse, and start with the Four Hundred, because I think the Belmonts and Harry Lehr are more interesting than Governor Coddington and Nicholas Easton—or even Cuffy Cockroach.

Playboy Harry Lehr was a penniless climber from Baltimore who had good social connections, though his father was in trade (Mr. Lehr imported snuff). And Harry adored luxury and ease, and would rather be a lily than a snuff merchant. He attracted attention by his performances in the Paint and Powder Theatricals, in which he was always the Lovely Princess. And he was invited to a Newport house party, where his amiability and beautiful manners so charmed the ladies, that his future was assured.

The story of Newport is the Success Story of the Four Hundred, and the Sad Story of the Also Rans. To be in Society may be merely a bore. But to be out of it (if you want to be in it) is simply a tragedy.

Harry (King) Lehr's advice to the socially ambitious (from whom he sometimes accepted fees) was extremely valuable. For Harry had made Society his glittering bride, and aspiring new-comers hung on his golden words.

"Avoid Newport like the Plague until you are certain that you will be acceptable," counseled King Lehr. "If you don't, it will be your Waterloo. Above all, don't take a house and launch out giving parties. Try to get invited for a week or two on someone's yacht, as an experiment to see whether you are a success or not. In this way, you will leave a retreat open. And you can always pretend that the climate does not suit you and go back to New York, without everyone witnessing your defeat."

The cruelty meted out to unsuccessful crashers is set forth in the autobiography of King Lehr's wife (Elizabeth Drexel), whom the Playboy married for her money.*

Dire indeed (says Mrs. Lehr) was the fate of those who were not "acceptable," for in so small a community there was no escape. Every week their humiliation increased, as one after another the all-powerful Queens of Newport ignored their existence. Balls and dinners every night—but not for them. Bathing parties on Bailey's Beach, yachting at Hazard's—and both these sacred places closed to them. Their men were not permitted to join the Reading Room or the Casino Club. Their women had not the entrée to a single drawing-room. They might play an admirable game of tennis, their thoroughbreds might carry off the best

* *King Lehr and the Gilded Age*, by Elizabeth Drexel Lehr.

prizes at the horse show. . . In other places these distinctions would have availed them something, but never in Newport. They could only sit in the palatial villa they had so rashly acquired, and accept their defeat. They seldom had the temerity to last out the season. A month of ostracism would send them over to the less aristocratic but more hospitable pastures of Narragansett.

* * * * *

The wedding of the multi-millionaire Miss Drexel and Newport's Beau Brummel was the sensation of the summer of 1901. But until Beau Brummel died and his widow told the story of their marriage, Society did not guess that King Lehr hated the beautiful girl he married.

On their wedding night he told her brutally that he had married her for her money. And that he did not intend to keep up any farce of love or sentiment. He had given the servants instructions that he would have supper that night in his own room—and there was to be no misunderstanding about future nights.

"I can never love any woman," he said. "Women are repulsive to me."

His mother, he declared, was the only person for whom he had ever cared. Now the Drexel fortune would keep her in comfort, and

provide luxuries for himself. In exchange for it he would be—in public—everything a devoted husband should be.

“I can school myself to be polite and attentive to you, and that is all,” he said. “The less we see of one another except in the presence of others the better.”

* * * * *

The bride drenched her lonely pillow with tears (she says) . . . And then swallowed her pride, and spent the rest of her life writing checks. And Harry beamed her around for twenty-eight years, and was Society's Golden Boy to the day he died.

He went shopping with all the great ladies of Newport, and wrote in his Diary:

Oh, if only I could wear ladies' clothes; all silk and dainty petticoats and laces! How I should love to choose them! . . . I love shopping even for my wife.

Harry loved shopping. And Oliver Belmont loved horses. And old, mad Mr. Garret loved make-believe.

Mr. Garret, President of the Baltimore and Ohio, had a curious delusion that he was the Prince of Wales. The Four Hundred thought he should be put away, and said so plainly.

But Mrs. Garret said he had worked all his life to earn a fortune—and why shouldn't he spend it as he pleased?

So she had their house turned into a little Court of England. She hired an expert from London to give her pointers. And rented a staff of actors to impersonate gentlemen-in-waiting, Cabinet Ministers, and foreign Ambassadors—and the expert passed on their costumes. She had copies made of each medal and decoration worn by the Prince of Wales, and uniforms made of the principal regiments of every power in the world. So that Mr. Garret could don the proper scenery to meet his visiting Ambassadors.

Every day Mrs. Garret dressed herself up like the Princess of Wales, and spent the morning discussing affairs of state, or anything else the Prince felt like discussing. When guests came, they were announced as courtiers, or visiting Americans with letters of introduction from the Ambassador.

The poor old make-believe Prince dispensed a thousand royal courtesies—and died with his Crown on the bedside table.

* * * * *

There are many splendid stables in Newport, but the most magnificent was *Belcourt*—the

stable-palace of Oliver Belmont. Where the horses lived on the first floor—and the family lived over the stable!

In the great salon on the second floor Mrs. Belmont, Society's Rights-For-Women champion, entertained suffragists from all over the country. And, if they hadn't heard about the Belmont penchant for stables, the suffragists must have been pretty surprised to see two stuffed horses in the drawing-room. They were Mr. Belmont's favorites, and when they died, he could not bear to have them made into mucilage—or buried like humans. So he had them stuffed instead. And on each of them he placed the figure of a man in armor. . . . At the other end of the drawing-room was a handsome organ—the finest in Newport.

Once Mr. Belmont went to a ball, wearing one of his suits of mail. And it was so heavy, he collapsed, and had to be carried back to the stable.

His horses had morning clothes, afternoon clothes, and evening clothes. And their most elaborate outfits were of fine white linen, with the Belmont crest embroidered in threads of gold.

The Belmont servants wore red plush breeches, silk stockings, and powdered wigs. After dinner coffee was served by a giant

African in Oriental costume, glittering with gems. And all the footmen were six feet tall, and handsome as the Pope's Swiss Guards.

Belcourt is of gleaming white marble and more like a palace, of course, than a stable. It has a marvelous staircase that is a copy of the one in the Musée de Cluny, and naturally the Belmonts were pretty proud of it. Once, when Mrs. Belmont was entertaining at luncheon, a sight-seeing bus stopped in front of the Palace, and she told her guests to listen to what the man with the megaphone was going to say.

"The dreadful creature always talks about our staircase," she said.

So the ladies put down their forks and stopped their talking—and this is what they heard:

"Here Ladies and Gents, you see before you the new home of a lady who is much in the public eye—a society lady who has just been through the divorce courts. She used to dwell in marble halls with Mr. Vanderbilt. Now she lives over the stables with Mr. Belmont."

* * * * *

Above the ocean, and along the famous Ten Mile Drive are the estates of the millionaires—mansions as big as hotels, turreted castles—and gardens that rival Versailles. Here the solid Mrs. Astor ruled, and the ambitious Mrs. Fish,

and Mrs. Ogden Goelet, who entertained the Grand Duke Boris. Vanderbilts and Morgans, Drexels, Whitneys, and Goulds. . .

George Gould, incidentally, who was one of America's richest men, married a chorus girl, who was the only chorus girl, I think, who ever made Newport Society, even though she didn't live there.

Mr. Gould had a marriage bed made for his bride with knots and lover's hearts on the headboard, and eight cupids on the footboard. After a while, they put it in the guest room, and Mrs. Gould used to say, "I'll never forget my feelings the first time I saw that bed. I just knew I'd have eight children if I slept in it!" And so she did.

Schoolrooms occupied a whole wing of Gould's *Georgian Court*, and there were no better educated children in the world than the chorus girl's brood. At seventeen, Vivien (who became Lady Decies) wrote Greek poetry, and spoke five languages like five natives. Mrs. Gould brought an exchampion boxer over from England to teach the boys to box. She imported a ballet instructor for Vivien. And built a house on the estate for Jack Forrester, the English tennis champion, who came from London to coach the children in tennis.

Newport has always loved sport. Back in the eighties, ladies played croquet in picture hats, with trains and ruffled petticoats. When croquet went out, riding came in, and the girls all had two saddles—one for the right, and one for the left of the horse—so they wouldn't get lop-sided.

Men played polo on roller skates, and rode bicycles with enormous wheels in front, and little ones behind. In 1873 the first lawn tennis court in America was built in Newport. And men in blazers and knickerbockers, with long woolen stockings and gay cravats, played for the National Championship. In the eighties there was a Bicycle Meet—the first in America. And in 1899 there was an Auto Meet. Each horseless carriage had a name, and several daring dowagers drove their own. A nice little number with silver carriage lanterns, called *Puff-Puff*, rattled off with first prize. Then there was golf. The first Amateur National Championship in America was held in Newport. And so was the first Automobile Race.

The Automobile Race was on Second Beach. Timid ladies sought refuge in the sand dunes, as the monsters tore by at fifteen and twenty miles an hour. Racers wore dusters and huge goggles—and the ladies swathed themselves in colored chiffon veils.

International Yacht Races are held off New-

port. And Newport's yachts are the grandest in the world.

Society bathes itself on Bailey's Beach, and always has. For *grande dames* do not fancy rubbing elbows or knees with townies and tourists. Debutantes wear practically nothing these days. But their grandmamas bathed in corsets and stockings, and carried their parasols in the surf. And Mr. Van Alen always wore his monocle and a stiff straw hat.

* * * * *

There are three sets in Newport—and three parts to the town. The old city with its crooked, narrow streets belongs to the townies, who haven't much use for the summer people. The military and naval sets keep to themselves, and won't play with the civies. Society, aloof for years, is pretty democratic now. But Society is not what it used to be—and probably never will be again.

* * * * *

Newport became Society's Holy of Holies in provincial times, when planters came from the Indies to spend their summers in a moderate climate. Sailing vessels took weeks to reach the Indies. And now we can fly, between breakfast and tea. But the islanders felt close to the people

of Newport, and they visited back and forth like neighbors.

In Saint Croix there was (and still is) a Jewish family named Lopez. And there were Lopezes in Newport. The Newport Lopezes were also Jews, who had fled from the inquisition in Spain, and established the spermaceti business in Newport. Soon they owned ships, and before long they were very rich. Then Moses Lopez of Saint Croix married Maria Lopez of Newport.

There was no newspaper on Saint Croix, but on Saint Kitts there was an enterprising sheet, for which Alexander Hamilton wrote.* And in an ancient copy, yellow with age and fallen half to pieces, I found this verse, commemorating the Lopez wedding:

Her Beauty, Innocence and Truth
 United to bless the happy Youth.
 And in return, she too shall find
 Sound Judgment, Reason, Sense Refined
 In him are happily Combined;
 Which with 5,000 pounds a Year
 Are well bestowed upon the Fair.

Jews, Catholics and Quakers—excluded from other New England colonies—were made welcome in Rhode Island. The Newport settle-

* Ports of the Sun—Houghton Mifflin Co.

ment was founded by exiles who were determined to be broad-minded, for they themselves were refugees from the wrath of the Bay Colony Puritans.

When Roger Williams preached in Plymouth that every man had a right to worship as he pleased, the ministers ordered Mr. Williams back to England. Instead, he fled to his friends, the Narragansett Indians. And after a while, with five companions, he founded a settlement named Providence, in Rhode Island.

Two years later, Anne Hutchinson, exiled from Boston, reached Rhode Island, accompanied by her family, and pretty dependent on Mr. Williams.

At about the same time a little group of *Antinomians*, also from Massachusetts, begged his hospitality. Antinomians believed that faith was enough to warrant salvation, regardless of adherence to the Laws of God, as set forth in the Ten Commandments. Massachusetts ministers, intent on enforcing their own interpretation of God's will, longed to destroy the defiant Antinomians, who decided that it would be healthier to move. When they reached Providence, Roger Williams negotiated for them the purchase of the little island of Aquidneck (*Isle of Peace*) for twenty-three broadcloth coats, thirteen hoes, and two torkpes

(but nobody knows what *torkpes* were). The Indians obligingly moved out, and the refugees moved in. Their first settlement was at the inland village of Pocasset, which they rechristened Portsmouth.

A few months later Nicholas Easton, with his sons Peter and John, decided to take up fishing, and move nearer the sea. They sailed around the island, and into what is now called Newport Harbor. There they climbed the steep hill that sheltered the landlocked bay.

And it was so beautiful, they all cried, "Zounds!" (which signified great approval).

Then Nicholas said, "Sons, I think this is pretty swell" (or words to that effect). . . And the Eastons moved to Newport.

More exiles came—and then emigrants from over-seas. Governor Coddington sent to England for horses and sheep to breed. Farms were planted. And ship building begun. They sent their wool to France, for linen. And their fine horses they sent to Barbados. They shipped fish and beef and pork. And their exported dairy products were the best in the New World.

Commerce with the West Indies flourished. And triangular trade was established between Newport, Barbados and Africa—rum from Newport, for slaves in Africa, for sugar and molasses in Barbados, for more rum in Newport.

Things were going so well with Rhode Island that the other Colonies were pretty sore. And the governor of Connecticut, sailing for England, carried a tattling letter from the people of Plymouth to the Lords of Trade:

Rhode Island is (pardon necessity's word of truth) a rodde to those who love to live in order. . . They make the Indians scorn religion by working and drinking on the Lord's Day; on which they made some of them a great Canoe; and called it *Sunday* by the name of the day on which they made it. . . Rhode Island is a refuge also for evil Livers. . .

The Lords of Trade read the complaint and laughed, I think—for wicked Rhode Island was shipping choice slaves to London, and some very good rum.

Our old friend Cotton Mather called Newport a "receptacle for the convicts of Jerusalem and the outcasts of the lands." John Winthrop wrote in his Journal: "Concerning the Islanders, we have no conversing with them, nor desire to have." And after Mrs. Hutchinson went to Newport, the ministers referred pleasantly to the town as "that sewer." . . Still Newport was doing all right. And God smiled on the *evil livers*.

Merchants and masters held that by rum and

slave traffic they were serving the Lord, since negroes had souls to save—and God knew there was no salvation in Africa.

On Sundays following the arrival of a slaver, ministers thanked God for His finger in the pie. And their pious prayers were wafted on high:

Oh God, we thank Thee that an over-ruling Providence has been pleased to bring to this land of freedom another cargo of benighted heathen to enjoy the blessings of Gospel dispensation.

There were pews for the slaves in the back of every Church, boarded up securely—with only peep-holes, to look on God.

But Newport was good to its blacks. And when Emancipation came, the freed slaves begged to stay with their masters, for a roof in their old age, and a corner in the family burying ground when they should die. And one of them—Cuffy Cockroach, renowned for his turtle soup—became a famous caterer.

* * * * *

Newport was one of the first fashionable watering places in America. Packets ran from Newport to Charleston and Savannah. Southern planters brought their families to meet the merchant families of Newport. And on the

Promenade, as if it were in Europe, men took off their hats to one another.

Planters from the Indies came to escape the summer heat of their tropical islands. Sometimes they left their children, to go to school with the sons and daughters of the merchant princes whose ships set sail from Newport's strange little wharves for all the world.

It was said that Newport was the healthiest place in the world. Oldtimers boasted that they were "preserved in Newport salt." The air was *a positive cure* for insomnia. And doctors declared that *no teething infant ever died in Newport*.

People talked of the "amusement cures." It was possible, the ladies said, to do more in a day in Newport than one could do in three days in Jamaica—or *four* in Barbados! They danced all night, and bathed in the morning. And every afternoon they drank tea. It was what they used to call "a nice wholesome kind of a time."

George Washington visited Newport twice, and found it *salubrious* and *delightful*. After which he sent his nephew with this note to the Governor:

Sir,—my nephew who will have the honor of presenting this letter to you, has been in bad health for more than twelve months, and is advised to

try the climate of Rhode Island by his physicians. Any courtesy which you will be kind enough to show him will be thankfully acknowledged by

Sr, yr Most Obe. Serv't.,

GO. WASHINGTON

An Englishman visiting Newport published a Travel Diary in which he declared that "The town is as remarkable for pretty women as Albany is for plain ones."

Timothy Williams, a Harvard boy who came to see his *chamber-mate*, admired the "fair complexion of the females"—but noticed "a particular Rhode Island air in manner and deportment." In other words, I guess Timothy found the girls a little stiff.

* * * * *

Between slaves, rum and privateering, many fortunes were made. And then Newport was gayer. The Jews, who knew how to get more oil out of a whale than had ever been got before, became enormously rich, and prodigal with their wealth. Beautiful churches were built, and the first Synagogue in America. The *evil livers* continued to prosper, Newport became a greater harbor than New York, and the Bay Colony Puritans found it difficult to understand.

Then came the Revolution—and all scores were evened. The British occupied Newport

harbor, and commerce nearly perished. Sir James Wallace demanded supplies for the fleet. And when they were refused, he threatened to burn the town. Then the people fled to Tiverton.

The French fleet came into the harbor, to help the poor little fleet of Newport. And between one fleet and another, trade was killed—and could never be revived.

Five hundred buildings were destroyed. Churches became stables and barracks. And trees were cut for fuel. . . It took Newport a long time to get over the Revolution.

But by 1850 the summer people were drifting back. If the boarding houses were filled when they arrived, they bought a piece of land, and had a cottage built within a fortnight. Then they were known as the Cottage Colony.

Life was appallingly simple. There was one livery stable, and in the morning mothers drove with their children on Easton's Beach or the West Road. They had an enormous dinner at two, and after tea at six, the ladies played a quiet game of whist without stakes. And they went to bed at nine-thirty.

Beginning in 1854, there was a mid-summer ball at the Ocean House. People lived simply in their cheap little cottages. . . And it wasn't

until Mrs. August Belmont came to town, that things began to hum.

The Belmonts closed their great place on Staten Island, and built *By-the-Sea* on Bellevue Avenue—the first show place in town. Other New Yorkers followed suit. And then along came Ward McAllister, with his clam chowders and his champagne picnics.

The ladies wore their white kid gloves to the chowder parties, and afternoon frocks of lace and sprigged muslin, with velvet sashes, and picture hats.

When the picnics palled, Mr. McAllister inaugurated *cotillions*, and *barn dances*. "Tea houses" became popular, and afternoon "dancing receptions."

* * * * *

The sensation of Newport's first smart season was M. Michele Corne, an Italian painter who ate *love apples*! The vines had been cultivated as hot house plants, and used for decoration. But they were thought to be deadly poison, and lots of people were afraid to have them in the house (especially if there were children around).

But M. Corne sprinkled a little salt on one, one day—and took a chance. He lived thereafter to an extremely old age. And when he

died, they put a monument over his grave in the Newport cemetery that says:

"The First Man to Eat a Tomato—Michele F. Corne."

* * * * *

When Ward (Oracle) McAllister got too old to dance, he wrote a book called *Society as I Have Found It*, in which he answered various questions that perplexed the Smart Set.

As for the proper way of introducing a young girl "not well supported by an old family connection" (I hate to tell you this—I'm afraid your girl won't have a pony to her name). Mr. Ward says:

"She must have a pair of ponies (a *pair*, mind you!), a pretty trap, a well-gotten-up groom, and Worth to dress her." Personally, Mr. McAllister would not vouch for a girl with less.

* * * * *

After Ward McAllister came Harry Lehr—and in Harry's day there were such affairs as never were before. . . Why, even the Grand Duke Boris said the Czar would get the surprise of his life if he knew what was going on in Newport.

"In Imperial Russia we have never seen such luxury," said the Prince (who was staying with Mrs. Ogden (Widow) Goelet at *Ochre Court*). "It is like walking on gold."

A hundred carpenters would work for weeks building a pavilion or a miniature theatre for one night's entertainment. Whole companies traveled from New York—and theatres were closed—that Newport might see a musical comedy, or the Ballet Russe, in its own backyard.

A single ball cost \$100,000—and some of them cost more. Mrs. Pembroke Jones, interviewed by a society reporter, declared she set aside \$300,000 out of her house-keeping allowance for Newport's two month social season. (Mrs. Jones had to budget madly—poor thing.) And all the neighbors tried to keep up with the Joneses!

Hostesses, assisted by Harry Lehr, gave Monkey Parties and Servant Parties and Dog Parties—and a party where Harry Lehr impersonated the Czar of Russia.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish was a socially ambitious woman who ran around in circles. She was a successful hostess, and extremely popular. But she wore herself out trying. And when she died, her husband had these lines engraved on her tomb:

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound,
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

* * * * *

After the World War, peace lapped *Newport* round. . . Some of the Four Hundred went to work—John Jacob Astor's father-in-law drove a taxicab. Some rented their estates, some sold them. . . And now there is a general flavor of mild decay along the Avenues. God rest the Four Hundred!

XV

GOOD DRINK—GOOD MEAT—GOOD GOD, LET'S EAT!

I suppose none of us recognize the great part that is played in life by eating. . . Probably the table has more devotees than love; and I am sure that food is much more generally entertaining than scenery.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

NEW ENGLAND food is homely and hearty—plain and plenty. Baked Beans and Brown Bread and Fish Cakes. Clam Chowder, Red Flannel Hash, and Johnny Cake. Indian Pudding and Pork Apple Pies.

Pies for breakfast, and fish for supper. Beans on Saturday, out of the pot. Beans warmed-over, to make them hot—with fish cakes for breakfast, and cold meat for supper.

* * * * *

I had my first baked beans on the end of a toothpick—tid-bits from my grandfather, before I could talk. Mother tried to retrieve



"In Holland, Prussia, Russia, France and England. . ."

them, but she pounced too late. I am reported to have swallowed hastily, smiled seraphically, and emitted my first greedy word.

"More!" I said.

Hostesses (with plenty of food on hand) say it is a pleasure to watch me eat—and that makes it unanimous. Pleasuring hostesses gets a girl a lot of invitations, and ruins her figure.

In the interests of pure research, I baked a pot of beans yesterday (let the pounds fall where they may!), three loaves of brown bread, and an Indian Pudding—just brushing up. Because I am going to give you some recipes in a minute, and I don't want anyone saying I copied them out of a book.

When I was so small I had to stand on a chair to reach, I blew on the beans every Saturday morning, to see if they were done. My bean training, you see, goes back a long way. It is true that nowadays I usually open a can, doll the beans up, and let them go. But I learned the hard way—and our veteran bean pot is an heirloom now.

* * * * *

In Colonial New England, the Sabbath began at sundown Saturday, and ended at sundown Sunday. In Boston there was a law that no woman could cook, clean house, or make beds on

Sunday (oh untidy Bostonians!) . On Saturdays then, housewives had to cook enough to last thirty-six hours. This was when they thought up Indian Pudding—which was also called *Hasty* Pudding, because they ate it in a hurry, between sermons. By and by, they thought up Baked Beans and Brown Bread. And they all stayed hot for two days.

Fish was an every-day dish; and in the last three hundred years we have learned a number of very grand ways of cooking it. Some people don't think much of fish—Ogden Nash, for instance.

Mr. Nash says:

“The pallid cod and the finnan haddie
Merely irk this carnivorous laddie.”

Mother had an old beau who sent her finnan haddie, which we children thought a very indelicate attention. And we called it *fin and handy*, because we thought that was its name.

“How oft I think I do not wish
Ever again to feed on fish,” sighs Mr. Nash.

I bet he never had a New England Clam Chowder.

“Fish are relished by other fish,
Seagulls thinks them a savory dish,

But I will take them if taken at all,
Mounted and hung on a barroom wall." *

Not a lobster, you won't, you carnivorous laddie!

We *rear* lobsters in New England, in *rearing stations*, and we are not going to have any fish-haters making bric-a-brac of them.

The lobster industry in New England is on the way to oblivion, and the only way it can be saved is by doing a horrid thing to lady lobsters. Last year the State of Maine bought thousands of seed lobsters, and punched them. The punch released the eggs, and didn't hurt the prospective mothers. A lobster lays thousands of eggs a year, but only a few survive. In the rearing station, the seeds are coddled along, and eventually planted—to grow, and be caught.

Cape Cod used to furnish lobsters pretty exclusively. And the Pilgrims ate them by the ton. In 1740 lobsters were selling in the Boston market for three pence—and some of them are said to have weighed twenty-five pounds. By the middle of the eighteenth century, the supply began to give out. Then virgin beds were tapped off the northern coast. And now we get our best lobsters from Maine.

* *I'm a Stranger Here Myself*, by Ogden Nash. Little, Brown & Co.

Clams come from our five sea-side states. And the best oysters come from Cotuit, on Cape Cod.

Clamming is sport in New England. But telephoning the market is easier. Clammers walk along the sand-flats, walloping the wet sand with a rake like a maniac, and looking for holes. Up shoots a geyser!—and that is the clam—who is quite a spitter—spitting. Then the clammer digs like a terrier.

Clammers get back-aches, and terrible appetites. They usually have steamed clams for dinner, because it is easier to steam armored clams than to open the shells. But if you buy them, the market man opens them, and you get them in the nude, which is the best way for a chowder.

There is a terrible pink mixture (with tomatoes in it, and herbs) called Manhattan Clam Chowder, that is only a vegetable soup, and not to be confused with New England Clam Chowder, nor spoken of in the same breath. Tomatoes and clams have no more affinity than ice cream and horse radish. It is sacrilege to wed bivalves with bay leaves, and only a degraded cook would do such a thing.

Representative Cleveland Sleeper of Maine recently introduced a bill in the State legislature, to make it an illegal as well as a culinary

offense to introduce tomatoes to clam chowder. And immediately a chowder battle ensued—with high-class chefs asserting that a tomato and clam should never meet, and the low maestros of Manhattan advocating their unholy union.

Anyone who wants tomato soup can have it; but Manhattan Clam Chowder is a kind of thin minestrone, or dish water, and fit only for foreigners. In Boston we like our chowders rich and creamy, and this is how we make them:

NEW ENGLAND CLAM CHOWDER

First you must have:

A quart of clams (from Duxbury, if possible)

A quarter of a pound of salt pork

Four potatoes

Two onions

A quart of milk

A quarter of a pound of butter

Plenty of Common Crackers

Salt and Pepper

A kernel of garlic (if you like garlic)

And a jar of cream (if you want a very rich chowder)

Cut the pork up in small pieces and try it out. Strain the fat, and sauté the chopped onions gently, until they are golden-yellow. Fried onions won't give people indigestion, unless they (the onions)

are brown or black. Heat the clams in their own juice until the edges turn up (this will take only a couple of minutes). Dice and parboil the potatoes. When the clams are cool enough to handle, some people squeeze the dark part from their little bellies. This is done with the thumb and forefinger, and is not as surgical as it sounds. The necks are of no value except to the clam, and might as well be removed. Personally, I eat clams *as is*. But for company, I pinch their bellies and cut off their necks.

Pour everything together and add the milk and butter. Split half a dozen Common Crackers and float on the top, with a spot of butter on each. Spear the garlic on a toothpick, and let that float too. The toothpick will locate it, when you want to take it out.

I had a cooking school teacher once who said it was vulgar to say toothpicks.

"Say wooden skewers," she said. . . . But I call a toothpick a toothpick, and find them handy for rescuing garlic.

A proper chowder should marinate on the back of the stove for an hour or more while the ingredients become thoroughly familiar with one another. The cream should be added at the last.

Now that we are talking about fish, I will tell you about fish balls, that we make from salted

cod. Codfish is the oldest American food, and the Pilgrims practically lived on it. They dried the fish in the summer—salted it in the fall—and had it for a *pewter plate special* all winter.

Later it was shipped to Virginia and the Indies. In the middle of the eighteenth century, cod fisheries were the chief business of New England ship merchants, and many a fortune was made from the humble cod.

Colonel Benjamin Pickman had a codfish, carved and gilded, on every riser of his grand mahogany stairs. And there is one in the Massachusetts State House on Beacon Hill—a big wooden one—in the House of Representatives. In 1784 Mr. John Rowe (who came from the Cape) suggested that a cod be mounted and hung on the State House wall. But after a while the moths or something got into it. And when the new State House was built, the legislators ordered a new codfish made of pine, and nicely painted.

Cod was the staff of life three hundred years ago. And now we have it Sunday mornings—with our beans. The best boughten fish balls in New England are served at the Ritz in Boston, and cooked to order any time, with a dropped egg on top. I asked the chef for the recipe, and will give it to you in a minute. But first I want to tell you about shredded New England

cod that comes in a package, and can be cooked in a hurry.

All you do is soak half a box of it in water, and squeeze it dry. Mash three potatoes, add an egg, the cod, a few tablespoons of melted butter, and a dash of pepper, and beat until fluffy. If you do this Saturday night, you heat the beans in a spider Sunday morning, and shape the balls and fry them while the beans are heating.

They do it more elaborately at the Ritz.

RITZ FISH BALLS

One and a half pounds of potatoes
 A pound (or a little more) of salted codfish
 (soaked overnight)
 Three egg yolks
 Two tablespoons of butter
 A dash of Worcestershire
 A pinch of dry mustard
 And a bit of pepper

Boil the potatoes. Put them through a fine sieve, and place in a warm bowl. Cut the codfish in biggish cubes, and boil about fifteen minutes. Dry quickly with a napkin, and add the hot potatoes—and don't let it get cool and soggy! Add butter, Worcestershire, mustard (salt, if you need it), and the egg yolks, one by one. Stir briskly. Shape into balls or cakes, roll in flour, and fry in deep fat.

Serve at once with quartered lemons, on a linen serviette (ah, the good old Ritz!), with fried parsley and tomato sauce, on the side. A bottle of Chablis goes well with fish balls; and the waiter won't think you are mad if you order it, because he knows it.

Schrod (a juvenile cod, I believe) is another New England specialty. . . And then there are oysters.

When James Russell Lowell lectured in Boston, it was the thing to buy your girl an oyster stew (instead of a highball), on the way home from the lecture. A season ticket for the fifteen lectures cost two dollars—and the stews were a dime. Fashionable folk flocked to the Union Oyster House (still doing business at the same old stand)—and everybody had a stew before he went to bed. But on Saturday nights, they had baked beans at home, and for a bed-time snack, they had some more beans.

If you never smelled beans baking, you may think we over-rate them. They have a tantalizing odor that whets the meanest appetite. And if you don't believe it, I wish you could see the people who sit around the Women's Educational and Industrial Union on a Saturday, waiting for the beans to come out of the oven. (The Union is on Boylston Street in Boston, if you want to check up on me.)

I am going to tell you how we bake beans in my family. And how the Union makes its famous brown bread.

BOSTON BAKED BEANS

First, of course, you must have a brown, earthenware bean pot. On Friday get a quart of dry pea beans, and half a pound of salt pork—and be sure you have molasses on hand.

Soak the beans over night in cold water; and in the morning, pour the water off. Cover with fresh water, and bring slowly to a boil. Simmer until you can blow off the skins. Then drain.

Put a medium-sized whole onion in the bottom of the bean pot. And pour the beans over it. Score the pork and force it down until it just shows at the top of the pot. Add half a cup of molasses, a tablespoon of salt, a teaspoon of mustard, and enough hot water to fill the pot. The pork should stick up a little above the water line, so that it can brown fragrantly. Cook about eight hours in a moderate oven. The juice should bubble at the top of the pot all day. When it boils away, add hot water. One of the nice things about beans is that you can't over-cook them—unless you forget to add water, and let them dry up. Serve from the pot, with brown bread.

Miss Daisy Treen of the Union thought up something to make brown bread slice more easily—and that's bread crumbs. She just mixes

them right in. . . And this is the way they make the Union's famous

BROWN BREAD

Soak for a few hours a cup of bread crumbs in three and one-half cups of milk. Then rub the crumbs through a sieve, and save the milk.

Sift together two cups of corn meal, one and one-fourth cups of rye flour, one and one-half cups of graham flour, and two and one-fourth teaspoons of salt.

Add the crumbs, and a cup and two tablespoons of molasses, into which you have mixed three and one-half teaspoons of soda. Then stir in a half a cup of raisins, and the milk in which the crumbs were soaked.

Now butter some large baking powder tins. Fill them three-quarters full, and put on the covers. (If you haven't baking-powder tins, you'll have to buy some steamers.) Put the tins in a pot of boiling water, and steam for three hours.

I got five loaves out of this recipe; but the number will depend upon the size of your tins.

* * * * *

Eat it up is a New England slogan, and I guess that is how hash originated. In some places hash is considered a low-down dish. But not in New England. Red Flannel Hash, topped

by a poached egg, sitting in a pool of butter, exuding a faint fragrance of onions, and fried a lovely brown, is an aristocrat among hashes—a gastronomical ecstasy, thriftily evolved.

The secret of a good hash is an old-fashioned wooden chopping bowl and chopper. New-fangled grinders make a mash. For a memorable hash, try

RED FLANNEL

Mix together equal parts of chopped, cooked corned beef, cold boiled potatoes, and cold beets (a cup or two of each). Add a minced onion, a teaspoon or so of Worcestershire, and seasoning. Bind with cream, or the top of the bottle. Melt plenty of butter in an iron frying pan, and spread hash smoothly in the pan. Brown slowly, and when crust forms, turn as an omelet.

Hash was Monday mid-day dinner, when Blue Monday was Wash Day in New England. And in that day an Englishman visited our shores. And when he went home, he wrote his Impressions, with malice toward some.

“The inhabitants of New England,” he told the world, “have drawers in their dining room tables, in which to thrust the dishes, in the unwelcome event of a stranger’s visit.”

Now at that time there was a gentleman named Joseph Felt who lived in Salem, and

kept a Diary. And Mr. Felt took his pen in hand, to slay that Englishman.

If ever (stormed Mr. Felt) there was the mere semblance of fact for such a fabrication, we dare warrant that it was on one of our Wash Days, when commendable economy induces us to gather up our cold fragments, so that time need not be taken from our cleansing operations, and set them before our families as a sufficient meal for them, but which custom would consider as uncivil for strangers. Under such circumstances, some good dame of our community, on the point of congratulating herself that all would go on smoothly, the repast soon be ended and washing recommenced, when some one with the form and dress of a man, but with little manliness of heart and conduct, called at an unseasonable hour, to be refreshed, and thus keep his purse undiminished by the charges of the inn. That she might save her establishment from the appearance of being poor supplied, she might have put part of her least palatable fare into the drawer, intending, that if the visitor remained, she would make exertion for some better food. Now, so far from construing this as parsimony, it should be construed as proper economy for the family, and a suitable regard for strangers.

For this gem—if for nothing more—Mr. Felt deserves heaven.

Indian Pudding was another Wash Day dish, made with meal from Indian corn (called *corn meal* now).

An old-fashioned Indian Pudding baked interminably, and stayed in the oven for days on end. Grandmother kept hers for a week, and thinned it occasionally with milk.

Ruth Wakefield, who has the most popular eating places in New England (in Whitman, Mass.), has a modern recipe that she evolved from an old one—and here it is:

TOLL HOUSE INDIAN PUDDING

Scald three cups of milk. Mix together three tablespoons of Indian meal and a third of a cup of molasses. Stir into the hot milk, and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire, and add half a cup of sugar, a beaten egg, and butter the size of a walnut, one-fourth of a teaspoon of salt, and half a teaspoon each of ginger and cinnamon.

Mix thoroughly. Pour into a buttered baking dish, and put in a 300° oven. In half an hour, add a cup of milk, and continue baking for two hours.

Indian Pudding should be served warm. The old-fashioned accompaniment was heavy cream; but with a spoonful of ice cream in its golden middle, it is meltingly delicious.

Another good New England desert is Pork Apple Pie. New Englanders are very fond of pork.

"In the fall," the old folks say, "you put down a barrel of pork; and in the spring, there you be."

It is said that an old fisherman made the first pork apple pie, and then it was known as Sea Pie. He made it with dried apples, and salt pork and molasses. It wasn't dessert. It was food. His wife improved upon it, and now it is

PORK APPLE PIE

Fill a deep fire-proof dish with tart, peeled apples, cored and sliced. Sprinkle with three-fourths of a cup of grated maple sugar, half a teaspoon of cinnamon, half as much nutmeg, and a sprinkle of salt. Dot with twenty pieces of fat salt pork, no bigger than little peas. Cover with a rich pie crust, perforated with a fork. And bake in a moderate oven for about forty-five minutes.

To appreciate the proper porky flavor of a deep-dish pie is (as R. L. S. said) no less a piece of human perfection than to find beauty in the colors of a sunset.

* * * * *

There was a heavenly smell in our kitchen on Saturday, when the beans and apple pies were

baking, and the brown bread steamed on top of the stove, and sugar cookies cooled on the kitchen table. . . Coming home from a high school football game, in the gray, blue dusk of November—scuffing leaves along the way—we lingered at the gate, and said goodnight in the dark.

The world was very sad about six o'clock on Saturday. I wouldn't see Billy until Algebra, second period, Monday—and Billy and I were going to elope! When Billy said goodnight, I'd run lonely up the drive, being very heart-broken. . . And as soon as I opened the front door, I'd smell things cooking. It was as if the beans and the brown bread put out their arms, and the cookies chorused a welcome. Everything was warm and bright, and smelled nice. . . It was lovely coming home . . . and I knew that I could never run away. . . Smells mean a lot to a kid. It's too bad so many things come in cans these days.

* * * * *

If you are a W.C.T.U., STOP! Because here is where I go on about RUM!

Mother was a W.C.T.U. She had a white ribbon badge that she kept in her top bureau drawer. And when the W.C.T.U. had its an-

nual luncheon, Mother dusted the badge off and pinned it on her shoulder.

There was Prohibition then; and we children "took the pledge," because she made us. But it was only a temporary pledge (until we were twenty-one). And in the interests of experimentation, I did not see fit to renew it.

* * * * *

Rum is a good old New England drink, and I like rum. I learned to like it in the West Indies, where it was twenty-five cents a quart and smelled lovely. The distillery in Roseau scented the village with a warm fragrance that was deep and richer than the jasmine that climbed its old walls.

Rum is good with the juice of fresh pineapples and green limes, slightly sweetened and very cold. Kenneth (Buttered Rum) Roberts likes it hot with cinammon. And I like it hot with spices but I think that cinnamon spoils it. Here is my own idea, and I wish Mr. Roberts would try it some night.

NEW ENGLAND SPICED RUM

One jigger of rum (an ounce and a half at least)
 One heaping teaspoon of brown sugar
 One half teaspoon of allspice
 And the same of cloves.

Put sugar and spice in a glass, add rum and stir. Fill the glass with boiling water, and add butter. . . Sweet dreams, Mr. Roberts.

* * * * *

There is a piratical sound about rum:

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest—
Yo-Ho-Ho—and a bottle of rum!

The first rum was made in the West Indies, and it was so strong it made men scuttle ships. Saint Thomas in the Virgin Islands was the pirate strong-hold, and Virgin Island rum was famous wherever ships sailed. Ships in West Indies trade brought the rum to New England, and thrifty Yankees saw its possibilities.

In 1735, Andrew Hall, a Bostonian, had business in Medford. While he was there, Mr. Andrews had a drink of spring water that was cold as ice—and had no taste at all! And right away Mr. Andrews said:

“This is the place for a still!”

He bought the property, erected a shed, and sent for some molasses. And presently Mr. Hall was making rum.

Stills were in good repute in New England, and no novelty. Nearly every prosperous family distilled its own alcohol—for medicinal uses, and to make cordials.

One Hezekiah Blanchard had set up a public distillery, and was making out pretty well with annis seed and snake root. But Andrew Hall's rum put Hezekiah out of business, and started a run on molasses. The singular properties of the spring guaranteed its success. And Mr. Hall had a gold mine.

Medford ships—built on the shores of the Mystic River—brought molasses from the Indies to Medford—molasses and a few slaves. And, before long, the same ships brought rum to the Indies!

Old Medford Rum was different from Jamaica Rum, that was good enough for traders—and not at all like the rum of Saint Croix, that the pirates fancied. The rich planters liked *Old Medford*, and Mr. Hall got more orders than he could fill.

There was a barrel of rum outside the Medford shipyard on Ship Street, with a dipper beside it. The shipwrights going to work stopped for a drink—and stopped again, when work was done.

The smell of the rum was sweet and heavy along the waterfront. And the Indians liked it even better than the shipwrights. But the Indians had to pay for it. They exchanged skins and land with Mr. Hall. And sometimes they brought in some fine, French scalps.

During the French War, the Indians—bribed

with rum—were with the Colonists. If they hadn't been, the War might never have been won. Demon Rum then—in an indirect way—saved Canada for England—and *Old Medford's* fame was spreading.

In the early nineteenth century, before there were revenue taxes, rum was twenty-five cents a gallon, and people bought it by the barrel. They called it *Rumbullion* and *Kill Devil*. And they drank it on cold winter nights, to warm their bones.

They made *Kill Devil Flip* by mixing rum with beer in a pewter tankard, and thrusting a red-hot poker in, to make it hiss and sizzle. I have tried this, and thought the poker an over-rated touch—and the drink terrible. *Rum Booze* was another Puritan bomb-shell. . . . If you want to fool with a hot poker, you might like *Abbott's Flip*.

(Famous at Abbott's old Tavern, Holden, Mass.)

Break three eggs in a quart flip mug, and add a teaspoon of sugar for each egg. Stir the eggs and sugar together, and add a jigger of rum and a jigger of brandy. Beat the eggs briskly while pouring in the liquor. Now fill the mug with beer. The poker should be red hot, and when the mug is filled, it is thrust into the liquid. The foaming, hissing result is Abbott's Flip.*

* *The Wine Book*, by The Browns, Little, Brown & Co.

* * * * *

There was a meeting-house built in Medford in the summer of 1796—and the church record tells us that the builders consumed “five barrels of Medford Rum, one barrel of brown sugar, a case of lemons, and two loaves of white sugar.”

Brown sugar blends better with rum, I think, than white sugar. And honey, which is said to be an aphrodisiac, does a lot for drink. With this in mind a *company keeper* (circa 1940) concocted a cocktail—and called it: *Bundling*—

A jigger of rum
A teaspoon of brown sugar
A teaspoon of honey
A grain of salt
And a jigger of lime juice

Dissolve sugar and honey in lime juice—add rum last. And shake until very cold.

* * * * *

New England rum played an important part in buying African slaves. And even George Washington did some funny bartering. From Mount Vernon the President wrote:

With this letter comes a negro (Tom) which I beg the favor of you to sell in any of the Islands you may go to, for whatever he will fetch, and bring me in return for him:

- 1 hhd. best molasses
- 1 ditto best rum
- 1 barrel Lymes if good
- 1 pot Tamarind containing about 10 lbs.

It looks as if the Father of our Country traded a bad nigger for the makings of a punch. But it was the custom of the times, and Tom was probably a nuisance.

Rum grew up with the Thirteen Colonies, and the taxes the Mother Country put on molasses infuriated New Englanders as much as the taxes on tea. The *Gaspee*, an English man-o'-war, came over to chase ships carrying contraband molasses, and went aground off the New England Coast. And the people went out in boats and captured her and burnt her to the water's edge. Then the minister publicly thanked God that He had seen fit to ground her when He did. ("There's naught, no doubt, the spirit calms so much as rum and true religion.")

* * * * *

New England rum was always a *straight* rum; and aged, from the beginning, in charred casks that made it a beautiful amber color. Today it falls somewhere between the light-bodied Puerto Rican rums and the heavy-bodied Jamaica rums. It is not, I think, to be com-

pared with Bacardi, or a good Haitian rum—but then it is a good deal cheaper.

Rum lends a mellow flavor and aroma to food. The Hotel Statler in Boston, conducting culinary research, turned up a number of ancient recipes that call for generous portions, and the chef, experimenting on his own, created a grand pie.

HOTEL STATLER RUM CHIFFON PIE

- 2 egg yolks
- 3 ounces of granulated sugar
- 3 teaspoons of rum
- 2 teaspoons of granulated gelatine
- 1/4 cup of cold water
- 3 egg whites
- 2 ounces of granulated sugar (additional)

Beat egg yolks, add sugar and rum. Make a soft custard and cool. Soak gelatine and heat until dissolved. Beat egg whites and fold in sugar. When they begin to hold shape, pour gelatine in very slowly. When light and fluffy, fold in the rum custard and pour into a baked pie shell.

Rum was formerly used in fruit cakes, plum puddings, and pumpkin pies. A teaspoon was refreshing in a cup of tea, with sugar and a slice of lemon stuck with cloves—and it still is.

When John Adams learned what the ladies were up to—putting rum in everything!—he

decided it was time to call a halt. Mr. Adams was stiff and starchy, and he made Temperance speeches at the drop of a tricorn.

“In the taverns,” cried Mr. Adams, “diseases, vicious habits, bastards and legislators are frequently begotten!”

John Adams was a man who found fault with everything and everybody—even the irreproachable Abigail. Once on a Sabbath, his coach horses got out of hand, and caused a most indecorous disturbance. Mrs. Adams could hardly have been to blame, but her husband, who kept one of the inevitable Diaries, wrote in wrath:

I scolded the coachman first, and afterwards, his mistress, and I will scold again and again. It is my duty.

The Adamses—father and son, were exceedingly virtuous. But they did not have much tact, nor social charm. They bristled with egotism, and needed Abigail’s influence to gentle them.

When John Quincy Adams, the old, old statesman, knelt beside his bed he said each night the prayer his mother taught him—“Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray the Lord my

soul to keep. . .” . . . in Holland, Prussia, Russia, France, and England, he said it.

“I say it out loud, and I don’t mumble it either,” he told his biographer.

Mr. Adams got behind the prohibition movement in 1840, and persuaded many New Englanders to renounce the rum they loved:

So here we pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate.

Old Medford had fallen by then into the hands of the fabulous Lawrence family. There were two sons—Daniel and Samuel. Samuel became a General in the Civil War, and built a mansion on Rural Avenue. He had the biggest private library in New England, and a yacht two hundred feet long. He was the most important Mason in America, and the first Mayor of Medford. . . And Lawrence’s *Old Medford* was the best in the world.

Liquor had become a profitable industry in America, and distillers imitated *Old Medford’s* bottles, forged its labels, and prostituted its ancient name.

Legend has it that General Lawrence “got religion”—closed the factory, and destroyed the formula. But the truth is that he wouldn’t cut prices, and couldn’t meet competition.

In 1905 he went out of business. Then *Old*

Medford was worth more than vintage champagne, and rarer than rubies.

My father had some of what he called the *real old stuff*, and kept it in the sideboard. But Mother must have gone on a W.C.T.U. rampage, because, after Papa died, we found it in the dog house.

* * * * *

Early in the eighties, Louis Ober ran a tavern on Winter Place, in Boston. Some years later, Frank Locke opened a place next door. It was soon the custom to drop in at Locke's for a Medford Rum, and go on to Ober's for dinner. The places becoming essential one to the other, the owners got together—and tore down the wall between. Then it was—and still is—Locke-Ober's.

There was a famous bar-tender at Locke-Ober's, not so long ago, named Billy Kane, who has gone now to his eternal reward. But the legacy Mr. Kane left has given him immortality—*Ward Eight*, he called it. It is a sort of whisky sour made with the best Bourbon and served in a cocktail glass and this is it:

WARD EIGHT

One jigger of Bourbon
One teaspoon of powdered sugar

Juice of half a lemon
 A dash of Curaçao
 Grenadine to color
 A slice of orange
 And a berry for garnish.

Shake well—and think of Billy—

Billy's dead and laid in grave, and all his bones
 are rotten,
 But his Ward Eight will pick you up when Billy's
 long forgotten.

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